R. B. Colvin.

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Report of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals Committee

VOL. II. PRESENTATION OF MEDALS BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. *(Photo by A. Bassano.)*

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PRESENTATION OF MEDALS BY HER MAJESTY [illegible]

THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITALS

In South Africa

1900–1902

EDITED BY

THE COUNTESS HOWE

VOL. II.

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PREFACE.

THE following account of the movements of the Imperial Yeomanry Field Hospital and Bearer Company is practically the diary which I kept in South Africa, aided by notes by Major Hale and Dr. Green. Mr. Sheen has kindly read through the MS., and has given me much help and many valuable suggestions. It is, of course, out of the question in a report such as this to do more than outline our experiences and endeavour to illustrate them by photographs. With very few exceptions these were taken by members of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company, and in each case their source has been acknowledged. If the reader of these pages should find but little detail and only casual mention of our professional work in the field, it is because the full report of the work done by us is embodied in Part III. of the Committee's Report, and it seemed hardly advisable to burden the ensuing pages with technical professional facts and opinions. The continued absence of Major Hale in South Africa has unfortunately prevented him actively collaborating in this report, but I desire to say in this place that the largest share of praise—if we merited any—is most certainly due to Major Hale: his knowledge of campaigning, his energy, zeal, loyalty and good-fellowship contributed enormously to the success of the work we had in hand.

To our officers and men as a whole we owed more than is readily expressed: through all the arduous work in the Magaliesburg and in the Eastern Transvaal these men, who had their baptism at Roodewal (an accident of the war which, although disastrous to the British force there, yet proved of benefit to us as it tested our capabilities to the uttermost, and proved how excellently we were equipped), 'played the game': the record of their service will be found in the Appendices, p. 253 *et seq.*

Speaking for myself, and I am sure I may include numerous other members of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company in this expression of opinion, I can

sincerely say that the work I was privileged to do in South Africa was work which I shall always remember with the greatest possible pleasure, not only because of the good we were able to do and the misery we endeavoured to mitigate—it is to be hoped with some measure of success—but also because we formed not only among ourselves, but we hope among some of those with whom we came in contact, many life-long friendships.

In conclusion, I desire to state that such work as we did do, such commendation of our Field Hospital and Bearer Company as those who knew it in South Africa may be disposed to accord it was fundamentally due to the efforts of the Committee who sent us out. Our equipment was perfect: I venture to assert the best which any Field Hospital and Bearer Company has ever been blessed with. Throughout our service in the campaign we were in constant telegraphic and postal communication with the Chairman, Lady Howe, and Mr. J. G. Hamilton, Civilian Director and Treasurer in South Africa, and at all times we received not only every possible help and encouragement, but those expressions of appreciation which do so much to encourage and incite men to do their utmost.

C. S.

WITH THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FIELD HOSPITAL AND BEARER COMPANY

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VOL. II

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FIELD HOSPITAL AND BEARER COMPANY

BY

CHARLES STONHAM, C.M.G., F.R.C.S.

SENIOR SURGEON AND LECTURER ON SURGERY AT THE WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL,
LATE OFFICER COMMANDING AND SURGEON-IN-CHIEF
IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FIELD HOSPITAL,
ETC. ETC

WITH THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FIELD HOSPITAL AND BEARER COMPANY

CHAPTER I.

FROM LONDON TO CAPE TOWN.

March 13th—April 6th, 1900.

THE Imperial Yeomanry Field Hospital and Bearer Company, whose wanderings in South Africa are recorded in the following pages, entrained at Liverpool Street Station at 7 a.m. on March 13th, 1900, to proceed to the Albert Dock for embarkation on the ss. *Winkfield*, H.M. Transport No. 99. The anxiously anticipated day had at last arrived which was to take us to the seat of war and give us an opportunity to prove of what metal we were made and what could be done by a civilian Field Hospital and Bearer Company.

After weeks of hard work entailed by the equipment of such a unit, an equipment unequalled by any similar unit in this or any previous war, and which is dealt with in the latter part of this volume, we were at last ready to make a move. On the previous day we had been inspected, in the garden of Devonshire House, by His Majesty the King, in the presence of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, the Countess Howe (Chairman), and many members of the Hospitals Committee, and of numerous personal friends and well-wishers.

Early morning in March is apt to be somewhat cheerless and raw, and early rising is not indulged in by many as a matter of choice. When you are up it almost seems as if you were not all up, as if you had, without intending it, left something behind. Your mental condition is not improved by the cheerless rooms or the ashes in the grate, and, still further to embitter you, perchance an empty

tumbler or two, ghosts of past comfort, stand forlorn and mutely mock your misery.

At Liverpool Street a large and enthusiastic crowd, jostling and cheering, gave us a hearty greeting, and we soon found ourselves at the embarkation shed at Tilbury. As soon as the muster roll had been called and all reported present, embarkation rapidly proceeded, the men saying good-bye to their friends on the quay, as no one was allowed to cross the gangway, in spite of the fact that orders had been issued permitting the holders to do so. Considerable disappointment was thus caused. Our warm-hearted friends kept by the ship as long as they could and gave us a royal send-off, a crowd of medical students vying with each other in the loudness and variety of their valedictory remarks. Seeing a transport off to the seat of war is usually the occasion for much cheering and apparent joy; doubtless in many cases less pleasant emotions are thus kept in the background, and it is surely better to shout than to weep.

By 10.30 we were clear of the dock, and the cheers of our well-wishers were exchanged for the hoarse hootings of the whistles, and the shrill or despairing cries of the sirens of the steamers lying in the river. What a discordant medley of sound! The melancholy 'oh! oh!!' of one siren irresistibly suggested to my mind a funeral dirge for those poor fellows who might not come back.* But then perhaps, as many assured us, the war would be over when we got there! Passing down the river the various craft saluted H.M. transport, and the boys of the *Worcester* climbed the rigging and thronged the sides cheering lustily, while their band played 'Rule Britannia,' arousing natural feelings of pride in our breasts. We soon settled down and began to make the acquaintance of our fellows, of whom more presently, and anxiously waited for lunch. Alas! this was not to come just yet, for walking towards the galley to see how things were progressing, I found the two cooks going for each other with sullen determination, endeavouring to settle a little dispute by a method peculiarly British. Their equilibrium was, however, so unsteady, doubtless owing to the tempestuous state of the river above Gravesend, that the contest was rather remarkable for the number of times each knocked himself down rather than the other. Eventually matters were taken in hand by one of the ship's officers, with the result that the under-cook was placed in confinement, while his chief was left to get the lunch with what expedition he could with one undamaged eye.

We anchored off Gravesend for the night owing to some of the dynamo plant and further stores for the ship having to be brought off. While here the papers came on board with the news of the entry into Bloemfontein. A sergeant read the news out to the men, concluding with the remark, 'Here endeth the

* Of our men only two died, both of enteric at Pretoria.

second lesson.' Yes, for the Boers, but they needed many more, as we were to learn. It must be admitted that many of us heard the news with sinking and anxious hearts. Our one hope was that we should not be too late for active service, and this news seemed to damp our aspirations in a marked degree. We need have been under no apprehension.

The *Winkfield* was a new ship of the genus 'tramp,' and hence had but little passenger accommodation, the space for the men being further restricted by the requirements of the horses. The men were divided into messes of twelve, their hammocks being slung above the mess-table. The warrant officers had a mess of their own in a small cabin aft, and the sergeants' mess was stowed away in the fore-hatch. But though our environment was somewhat restricted, we managed to make the best of it, and there was but little 'grousing.'

STRETCHER DRILL ON THE WAY OUT.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

The ship was commanded by Captain Goulbourne, and besides ourselves (in medical charge) was taking out the 55th Company Imperial Yeomanry and three hundred remounts. Capt. Roden, of the Yeomanry, was in command of the troops, and with him were Lieutenants Mitchell, Cunningham, Cunliffe, and Jarvis, with Veterinary-Lieutenant Spanton. Captain Calverley was in charge of the remounts. We all soon became good friends and made quite a family party during the voyage.

The next morning we sailed at 3 a.m., and while *en route* to Las Palmas I will take the opportunity of saying something about our duties and amusements during the voyage out. The men (except those on fatigue) paraded each morning at 10 a.m. under their respective C.O.'s, and during the afternoon drills and physical exercises were indulged in, so that by the time we arrived at Cape Town even the rawest recruit had a good notion of his duties and of discipline. Speaking for the men of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company, I can confidently say that they very quickly got the grip of their new position, and by the time we went under canvas

in Cape Town were well disciplined and up in the work which they came out to do. The orderlies attended ambulance classes daily, and also looked after the sick on board. Fatigue parties were, of course, daily told off for the many duties which have to be carried out on a transport, and each man in turn learned what sentry-go meant. Oh, you dressers, how I used to enjoy seeing you holystone the decks, clean the scuppers and haul your meat rations about! And this not because I took any unwholesome delight in seeing you do dirty things, but because it indicated what sterling men you would all turn out. You took it all as a joke, like thorough good fellows. On our second day at sea a small stowaway, very hungry and frightened, was discovered, and for the remainder of the voyage he constantly practised the useful if humble art of potato-peeling.

DRESSERS CROWTHER AND GILL ON FATIGUE.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

The diversions on board were naturally limited: deck quoits, sparring matches, cards, an occasional smoking concert, Sandow exercises, and the like, being the chief forms of recreation. Major Hale* was, as usual, to the fore in all athletic amusements, and daily went through a course of gymnastic performances; from an intimate acquaintance with Hale's enormous muscular development I would recommend no man to quarrel with him, though this would be almost impossible. The want of exercise was severely felt by some of the men, but there was no help for it, and all had to make the best of things as they found them. The horses were a continual source of hard work and afforded us much interest and amusement. Only six died during the voyage.

On March 20th we arrived at Las Palmas, leaving again in about three hours; during our stay the bum-boat men did a brisk business in fruit and cabbages, the latter shaped like cigars. Dr. Green astonished us by his knowledge of Spanish, and, although he modestly made light of his accomplishment, his fluency

* Officer Commanding the Bearer Company.

excited our boundless admiration. I endeavoured to learn from him, but my linguistic powers are evidently of an inferior order, for I only remember Green's bargaining with a fruit-seller for some oranges: 'Uno bobbo pro fifty-fivo oranges.' That he did not get them certainly could not be due to any misapprehension by the Spaniard of his munificent offer, but rather to a lack of trading enterprise.

THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE ON THE TRANSPORT 'WINKFIELD.'
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

The inoculation of men against typhoid was now undertaken, the different batches of volunteers being inoculated from day to day by Dr. Stewart and Mr. Scot Skirving; some of them suffered but little, while a few developed high fever and considerable pain at the point of inoculation—all were, however, convalescent in about thirty-six hours. At present it is impossible to say what is the real value of this procedure, as complete statistics are not yet available; but, so far, we may venture to say that inoculation certainly seems to modify the severity of an attack, but how far it prevents an attack, or, if so, how long the immunity lasts, must be determined in the future.

THE S.S. 'MEXICAN' AFTER THE COLLISION.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

On March 26th we crossed the line, curiously enough precisely at 12 noon; the event was not marked by any ceremony, as so many were suffering from the effects of inoculation.

And so the voyage progressed

with uneventful regularity, the day's run being anxiously discussed, and affording mild excitement in the form of a 'sweep.' Fortunately we had lovely weather, and, as we neared our destination, the monotony was relieved by many speculations as to the progress of the war; one and all hoped that we might 'see some fun,' as Tommy thoughtlessly expresses it. But before sighting Table Mountain we were to see service of a kind neither anticipated nor desired by any of us.

The last of us had turned in at midnight on April 4th, but some did not sleep, as the ship's whistle shortly after began hooting dolefully. About 1 a.m. I turned out, and, looking out of my port (I had a deck cabin on the port side aft), saw, through the fog which prevailed, a large vessel immediately on our port bow, and at the same moment felt our ship shiver from stem to stern. We had collided. The first shock was succeeded by two much slighter ones. Every one at once went on deck, and a large ship was seen through the fog lying off on our port bow. Returning to my cabin I threw on a few clothes, got a life-belt, and made for my boat. The deck was astir with men on the same errand, but from first to last every man on the ship behaved well, and there was no suspicion of panic; indeed, each and all seemed quite calm and collected, although none knew quite what had happened, or whether our ship was in danger or not. It is impossible to speak too highly of the men's behaviour, standing to quarters until told to go below—a matter of about half an hour. Colonel Redhead, a passenger on the *Mexican*, told me that while he was having his 'nightcap' before turning in he casually asked the steward if there were many rats on board. 'No, sir,' replied the man, 'they have left, and I suppose we are going down'—and down they went. The two vessels were soon lost to each other's view by reason of the fog, their respective positions being indicated, however, by signals. The electric search-

'MEXICAN'S' BOATS COMING ALONGSIDE THE 'WINKFIELD.'
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

light was quickly brought into requisition, and rockets were constantly fired from our ship.

The R.M.S.S. *Mexican* (as she proved to be) made frequent signals of distress, and we heard her steam blowing off, reminding one of some huge animal mortally stricken. While our boats were being got out, volunteers to man them were called for, and many more than were requisite quickly responded; Major Hale and Drs. Green and Stewart also went off in the boats. The first boats came alongside at 5 a.m., and the people were quickly attended to and made as comfortable as possible. The condition of the women and children was especially calculated to stimulate our sympathy, were any stimulus needed: they had left the ship with all speed, and many of the former were almost without clothing—one or two, indeed, had only their night-gowns on, and were in a state verging on collapse, induced by fright, cold, and wet. The children had been hastily wrapped in blankets, or some similar article calculated to shield them as far as possible; it was pathetic to see the delight of the mothers when their children, temporarily separated from them in the boats, were restored to them safe and sound. Once on board the *Winkfield* assured of their safety and their wants attended to, they quickly made the best of things, and anxious inquiries as to the chances of their belongings being salvaged. Some of the Mexican passengers were Kimberley refugees.

THE LADIES FROM THE 'MEXICAN' ARE WELCOMED BY THE I. Y. FIELD HOSPITAL AND BEARER COMPANY
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

I suppose there is no situation which has not its comic side—one woman, being reassured as to the safety of her husband, asked if she could be allowed to return to the *Mexican* 'to get a few little things.' On being told that she was lucky to be off the ship she cheerfully agreed, but desired (a desire not to be granted) that she might be allowed to go and fetch—her glasses! Poor old lady, I wondered whether her vanity would cause her to elect drowning with her glasses to safety without them, but I had no time to pursue the inquiry. One of our officers took much pains to adjust his life-belt in front of the small glass in the saloon; whether he did this in anticipation of meeting fair ones from the *Mexican* or a mermaid did not transpire.

From the first arrivals we learned that the *Mexican* had only left Cape Town, homeward bound, at 4 p.m. the previous afternoon; she had been struck on the

starboard side, just forward of the bridge, and was damaged below the water-line; three of her boats had been carried away, and she was making water fast. We were but slightly damaged—our stem was crumpled up and the taffrail on the port-bow demolished. Soon after day-break the fog lifted, and discovered the *Mexican* about a mile distant. The sea was fortunately quiet, although there was a slight swell. By 11 a.m. the last boat, with Captain Copp of the *Mexican*, came alongside. H.M. transport *Montrose*, No. 93, also came up about 9 a.m., and remained by us till late in the afternoon, when she proceeded on her way to Cape Town, as her assistance was not needed; she carried some of the rescued mail-bags, of which we also had about one hundred and eighty.

THE BOWS OF THE 'WINKFIELD' DAMAGED BY THE COLLISION.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

After consultation between the two captains it was decided to take the *Mexican* in tow; but when we had proceeded about an hour, Captain Copp (who had returned to the *Mexican*) signalled to us to let go the hawser. This was promptly done, and the hands left the *Mexican* and boarded us. Eventually the *Mexican's* lights were hoisted, and we left her to her fate at 7.30 p.m. We all felt sincerely sorry for Captain Goulbourne, who was a great favourite; he did all in his power to help the *Mexican*—no man could have done more than he. High praise is due to the voluntary and manly efforts of the Yeomanry, and the men of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company, who succeeded in doing so much.

The next day we arrived at Table Bay at 7.30 a.m., and owing to our damaged condition, which excited much interest in Cape Town, we were berthed during the morning, taking precedence of other transports which were waiting to unload. Soon after we arrived the ss. *Tagus* went out to the scene of the collision, about seventy miles off, but on her return reported that the ship had foundered, apparently after blowing up, as pieces of wreckage, goods, ostrich feathers, &c., were observed drifting about.

CHAPTER II.

CAPE TOWN TO BLOEMFONTEIN.

April 6th—May 27th, 1900.

On our arrival at the South Arm we were greeted by Mr. J. G. Hamilton, the Honorary Civilian Director and Treasurer in South Africa to the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals Committee, and as soon as a few necessary formalities had been gone through Major Hale and I went ashore to report our arrival to the P.M.O., Surgeon-General Wilson, and represented to him that the Hospitals Committee hoped we should be sent forward to the front as soon as possible; we were unable to obtain any definite information as to our probable movements, but were directed to remain on the ship for the present. After seeing the P.M.O. Mr. Hamilton hospitably took Major Hale and me to lunch at the City Club, where we posted ourselves in the war news, such as it was.

When we left England the nation generally was jubilant and sanguine, the only thorn in the sides of those who over-confidently predicted an early declaration of peace being the continued siege of Mafeking. So buoyant are men's hopes that a few successes quickly counteract the despondency and gloom of even greater disasters.

So was it early in March, 1900. The surrender of Cronje, the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith, the clearance of the Natal territory, and the advance of Lord Roberts made the country generally over-sanguine, and, like the waters of Lethe, brought some measure of forgetfulness of the less happy days of Magersfontein, Stormberg, Colenso, and Spion Kop.

But the British did not yet understand the tenacity and stubbornness of the Boers, and the prophecies of those who assured us that we were only embarked on a pleasure trip to the Cape and back were very wide of the mark. The time was to come when, keen as we were to go out, we should be anxious to see home once more.

So much for the position as we knew it; but we had to learn from Mr. Hamilton what progress had been made, and it was with mixed feelings of disappointment and satisfaction, the origin of which it is not difficult to divine, that we heard the situation was practically unchanged, and that there was every prospect of our seeing plenty of active service. The general impression seemed

to be that the war would not be over for another nine months. Lord Roberts was still at Bloemfontein, where he remained until the advance north began on May 2nd, the day our unit entered that place. The rapidity of the British advance up to that point had apparently surprised the Boers, who retired without offering any resistance; but this activity rendered a prolonged halt at Bloemfontein imperative for rest, refitting, the repair of the railway, and the accumulation of supplies.

The southern part of the Free State was held by the British with a few weak and scattered posts, and the Boers in their flight at Ladybrand, seeing the

CYCLE TRACK AT GREEN POINT WHERE BOER PRISONERS WERE CONFINED.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

weakness of our lines of communication, broke through towards the south, our posts giving way before them.*

Sanna's Post and Reddersburg were sufficiently encouraging successes and doubtless put fresh heart into the enemy. By the middle of April, soon after our arrival, the south-east corner of the Free State was over-run by some seven thousand Boers under Olivier and Christian de Wet.

The defence of Wepener by 1600 Colonial troops under Lieut.-Colonel Dalgety—a deed of gallantry by no means the least during the war—was practically the only 'set off.' The garrison held out against a superior force of the

* Some of these events happened during our stay at Cape Town, but I have incorporated them here so that the reader may have an idea of the position of things up to the time we left Bloemfontein, May 27th.

enemy for sixteen days, and so gave time for British troops, under General French, to be sent against the Boers.

Early in May, when we reached Bloemfontein, the British held all the strategical points in the south-eastern part of the Free State, and the railway to Karee, the northern outpost, from which place the advance began on May 2nd.

The day after our arrival in Cape Town every one was busy off-loading our goods from the ship and storing them in the sheds, but on April 8th we were ordered to disembark and proceed to Green Point, where we pitched our camp amid numerous other units, awaiting orders for the front.

BATTERY OF 4·7-INCH GUNS AT GREEN POINT. THE DEVIL'S PEAK, TABLE MOUNTAIN, AND THE LION'S RUMP ARE SEEN FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

Green Point camp covered a large area: at one time while we were there there were from five thousand to six thousand men encamped in addition to horses. At Green Point and Maitland camps the stress of the situation caused some sanitary difficulties; at the latter place, however, matters were quickly remedied when a branch of the Yeomanry Hospital at Deelfontein was dispatched there by Colonel Sloggett, and placed under the command of Mr. Turner. We visited our friends, the 55th Company, and I also went to see my own regiment, the Middlesex Yeomanry, who were encamped at Maitland, and, like ourselves, were waiting.

Our camp at Green Point was close to the cycle track, which was now

occupied by Boer prisoners. The legend on the front of the grand stand had been partly erased, but the one word 'Sports' stood out untouched, and seemed an unpleasant libel on the many prisoners within, or, taken in another sense, a grim mockery of their monotonous existence. This enclosure was surrounded by a high palisade topped with barbed wire; at intervals of one hundred yards sentries were posted on raised platforms, with orders to shoot any one who passed within the death zone, *i.e.*, a space ten yards wide between the palisade and the inner wire fence. During our stay one Boer transgressed the limits, and paid the penalty. Groups of prisoners were always to be seen

PARADE OF THE FIELD HOSPITAL, GREEN POINT CAMP.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

smoking huge pipes and listlessly watching the camp and the passers-by; some of the more active played quoits or football. At night they sang hymns with more zeal than musical talent. Close to our camp were the guns of various kinds and antiquity which were taken from the Boers at Paardeberg, and also a battery of 4.7-inch cow-guns. Our life at Green Point camp was by no means rigorous, but it became deadly dull, and our one cry was 'Send us to the front,' but so far our daily inquiries at headquarters elicited no information as to our future movements. We continued our stretcher drill, &c., under more favourable conditions than on board, and also exercised the men in squad and company drill every morning, with the view of getting them into order and making them feel that they were really now regarded as soldiers. We also practised them in pitching and striking tents until they became proficient. We

collected our stores, wagons, water-carts, &c., which had been sent out in various ships, and we only wanted the rest of our impedimenta which was to come by the *Siberian*. On April 11th Lady Chesham visited our camp and made a general tour of inspection, and some days later Surgeon-General Macnamara came to inspect our equipment, and seemed very pleased with our ambulance wagons.

During our detention at Cape Town we received much kindness from Mr. Hamilton and others whose acquaintance we made. The base hospitals at Wynberg naturally received a visit, and I am sure no one could complain of their general arrangement and management. A day's racing at Kenilworth

THE BEARER COMPANY AT HAND-SEAT DRILL, GREEN POINT CAMP.
(*Photo by Major G. E. Hale.*)

may also be recorded among our pastimes; and Mr. Evans and Mr. Sheen visited the leper establishment at Robben Island. We were not yet having a very hard time of it, rather the contrary, but our detention here and enforced idleness was not our fault nor by desire.

The Mount Nelson Hotel was a great centre of attraction, doubtless owing to the presence of the many beautiful and charming ladies who were there, and no one would have supposed that such a thing as war was even thought of. It would be much better if ladies were prohibited going to the seat of war under any circumstances. Their proximity, except when they are skilled nurses and so employed, cannot help matters, and certainly serves to distract men's minds from their military duties, which at such a time should be paramount. Cape Town appeared much the same as I remembered it some

years ago, but was a veritable town of khaki. The post office was a natural centre of attraction. By the way, here is a good story told me by Colonel Grier, of the P.O.C. The amusement it gave me was not diminished by the fact that the story is against the reciter's department. Two Tommies were passing the post office in Cape Town; one remarked to the other that it was a fine big building. 'Yes,' remarked his companion in a grousing spirit, 'but it ain't 'arf big enough to 'old all the bloomin' parcels I've lost.'

Day after day we made inquiries as to our movements, but were quite unable to get any information as to when we should be sent forward. But

OUR SHOEMAKER, GREEN POINT CAMP.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

everything has an end, and at last, on April 28th, we again interviewed the Railway Staff Officer, who told us that we were to go up the next night, and must entrain by 9 p.m. We accordingly arranged with the transport officer for two steam sappers and some trailers to remove our equipment from the camp to the station. On our return to camp and on the issue of the necessary orders there was great jubilation. The following morning at 9 a.m. we struck camp and loaded the trailers with our equipment, storing such personal kit as we could not take to the front. By 11.30 all was on the move. The men spent the whole day loading the things on the train, and by 9 p.m. we steamed out of Cape Town, but we did not know our destination. Surgeon-Dresser Crowther had to be left in hospital (he rejoined us at Bloemfontein) with dysentery; but

although many of the men had suffered much from diarrhœa and some from a slight form of enteritis, we had no serious cases of illness. Mr. Hamilton journeyed with us. Throughout our stay in the country this gentleman did all in his power to help us. His work was extremely arduous, and entailed more kicks than halfpence, but we owe him a great debt of gratitude for his many kindnesses, and I am sure that the success of the Yeomanry Hospitals was in no small measure due to his untiring efforts.

Our journey up was, of course, full of interest. Early the next morning we were struck with admiration for the scenery of the Hex River mountains. Beyond Worcester, ten miles from Cape Town, the train ascends the Hex River

THE CAMP OF STRATHCONA'S HORSE AT GREEN POINT.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

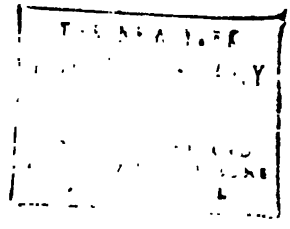
valley. At parts it seems as if the mountains offered an insuperable bar to further progress, but by means of tunnelling and numerous sharp, almost horseshoe-shaped curves and a varying gradient, the train eventually attains an altitude of 3588 feet just before Matjesfontein is reached. The views here put me in mind of the Jura, but lacked its vegetation. The mountains are bold in outline, but destitute of trees; the valleys, studded with karoo-bush, are partly cultivated in the neighbourhood of the sparsely scattered white farmhouses. At Matjesfontein the aspect changes. The continuous ranges of the Hex River mountains with the deep valleys between are replaced by isolated flat-topped kopjes standing out more or less boldly on the level karoo, which is plentifully studded with large, sharp, triangular rocks, about two feet high. Fighting in such country, naturally fortified as it is, would indeed be difficult for those who

attacked, and seeing it we began to appreciate the difficulties of Buller's work in Natal. Beyond Beaufort West the train again runs on an upward gradient between the Nieuwveld and Koude Bergen Mountains, affording fine views of numerous very flat-topped summits, especially near Three Sisters Road. On the way up our men amused themselves by throwing their biscuits to the small nigger children who ran by the side of the train at various points. Their generosity probably returned to them in the shape of empty stomachs before

PART OF THE LINE THROUGH THE HEX RIVER MOUNTAINS.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

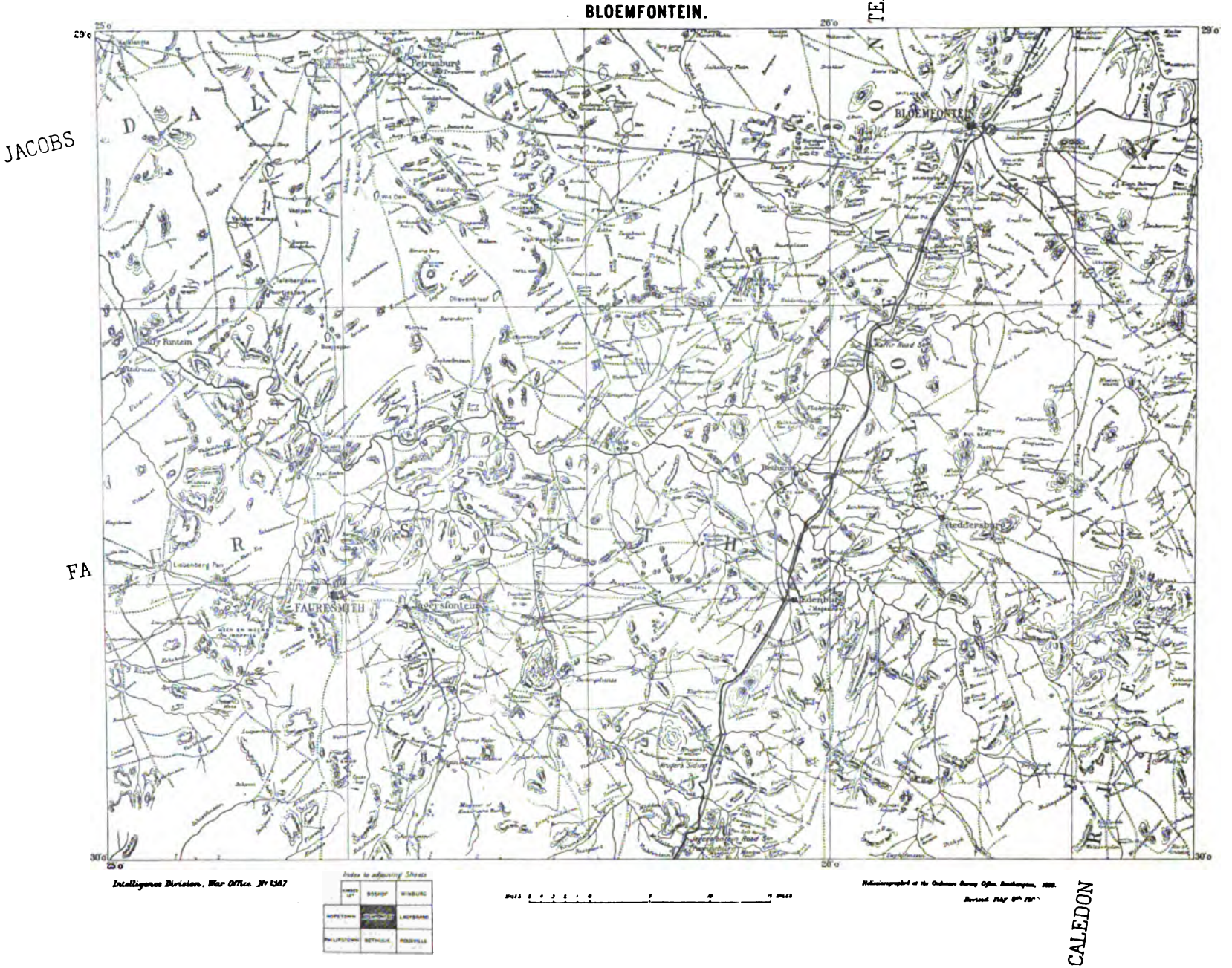
Bloemfontein was reached, and they learned not to part with limited rations in the future.

On May 1st we passed through some ostrich farms and saw the first swarm of locusts, both of which, being novel spectacles to most, were duly appreciated. Deelfontein was reached at 10 a.m., and we stayed there four hours to visit the Yeomanry Base Hospital (under Colonel Sloggett) and our many friends working there. The hospital was very smart, and all was in perfect working order. Mr. Fripp, Mr. Raymond Johnson, and Dr. Washbourn very kindly showed us over, and we were very pleased to note that the Committee's endeavours were being so successful, and mentally resolved that the Field Hospital and Bearer Company should prove as worthy of commendation. Leaving Deelfontein we soon made De Aar, and travelled during the night to Naauwpoort. The next



TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.

BLOEMFONTEIN.



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To face p. 17.

NOTE.—In this and all other maps the route taken by the Field Hospital and Bearer Company is indicated by an interrupted line; the camps by a circle.

morning at 8 a.m. we entered the Orange River Colony, at that time still the Orange Free State, crossing the Orange River by the deviation at Norval's Pont. The bridge, which had been destroyed by the Boers early in March, was not yet repaired, although the Royal Engineers and the Railway Pioneer Regiment, a splendid corps, which did thoroughly good service, were working very hard at it. On arriving at Springfontein at mid-day we were told that our train would not go on again till 2 p.m., as the Black Watch were preceding us on our way north, but moving on a little before this time we reached Bloemfontein at midnight, and proceeded to the Rest Camp, leaving a guard in the station to

SERVING OUT RATIONS ON THE WAY UP.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

watch the baggage. The next two days were fully occupied in off-loading our stores, putting our wagons together, and pitching our camp.

Our camp was not conspicuous by reason of its sanitation, and left much to be desired in this respect. This camp was subsequently called 'The Jaws of Hell,' or 'The Gates of Death.' I don't know how it got its name, but it certainly deserved it. It seemed to us that any animal dying within a reasonable distance of our tents was dragged by the natives as near to our lines as possible, and not infrequently some poor creature was driven there to die. In such a spot the flies were a perfect pest, contending with us for every particle of food, contaminating everything, and increasing to no small extent the typhoid, dysentery, and 'Modders,' which were rampant enough in all conscience. To get rid of this plague as far as possible the officers had 'fly

NORVAL'S PONT OVER THE ORANGE RIVER, SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE BOERS.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

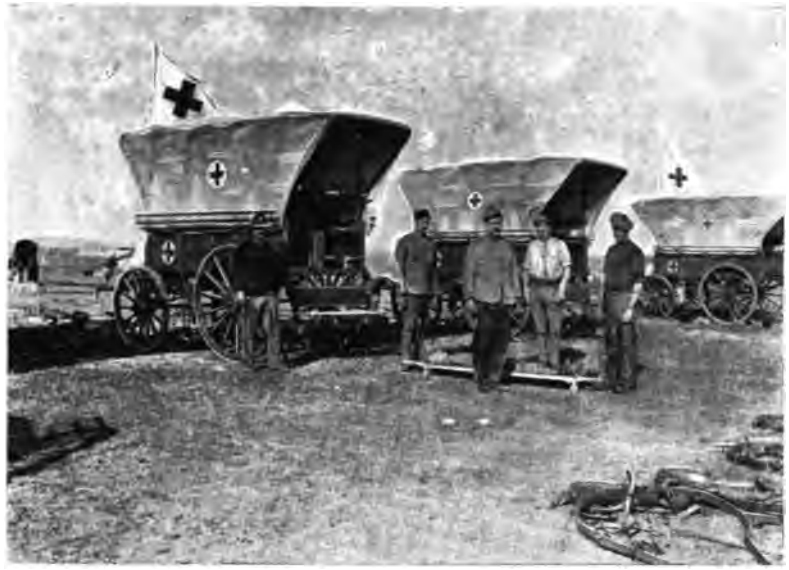
parade' about four or five o'clock every day, *i.e.*, just as the flies were settled down in our tents for the night, we drove them out under an attack with waterproof sheets, &c., and then closed up the tent for a time while they sought night quarters elsewhere. Every morning we had a long list of sick, and hardly a man escaped severe diarrhœa, some had bad dysentery, and Mr. Scot Skirving contracted typhoid, which was to become manifest at Rhenoster. The need for a special sanitary corps was here most apparent, and it is sincerely to be hoped that such a corps will be organized in the future. It is to everybody's interest that this should be done. Without it the proper sanitation of camps is impossible, and becomes a mere farce.

The morning after our arrival, Major Hale and I went to report to the P.M.O., Colonel Stevenson. We also saw the Transport Officer, with the object of drawing our mules and horses; but were unable to get orders from the former or animals from the latter officer. The Transport Officer very soundly declined to give us animals, which were sorely needed by all, until we had got orders to move; but these, for some reason then and now unknown to me, were not forthcoming, in spite of our repeatedly pressing for them. We called on General Brabazon and the Headquarter Staff of the Yeomanry the same day. From them we received considerable assistance during our stay in Bloemfontein, and our departure from the place was at last effected by their help.

SERGTS. JEFFREYS AND WILLIAMS, AND HOSPITAL STORE-TENT.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.

We spent many days preparing to take the field, getting ready our panniers, &c., so that every-

thing could be got at without difficulty. Sergeant-dresser Jeffreys was put in charge of the medical and surgical appliances, and Sergeant Williams, our steward, took over the hospital stores; both these N.C.O.'s proved of the greatest value to us throughout. The men had been allotted their various duties, and the stretcher-squads definitely detailed. This work of preparation was by no means a light one, but by May 6th we found ourselves in a position to march at any moment if we could only get orders and animals. Of the latter we had drawn two mules, which were absolutely necessary to enable us to get our rations into camp, and Major Hale and I had each drawn a horse.



WAGON-DRILL.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.

On May 10th my turn came to go down with 'Modders,' a local term, coined in view of the prevalence of the condition at Modder River. It is really a form of septic enteritis, which induces very severe and persistent diarrhœa, accompanied by severe abdominal pains and occasionally by a little fever. As a rule the condition rapidly improves and passes off within a few days. Sometimes it persists, on and off, for months, in which case it rarely does much harm, and does not usually prevent a man from working. As far as I was concerned it made me really ill. I remained in camp until May 21st, when my friend, Captain Langman, came and took me to his hospital, where I quickly recovered, and left to join our unit on May 30th. During my detention in hospital, Major Hale took over the command of the Field Hospital in addition to that of the Bearer Company, and so relieved me of any anxiety as to the work and preparations for a move.

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITALS.

KIT INSPECTION, BLOEMFONTEIN.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

During our stay at Bloemfontein we visited the various hospitals, and I was asked to see a good number of wounded men in consultation; this being practically my first introduction to the surgery of the campaign. The hospitals were the Langman, the Portland, and the Irish, Nos. 8, 9 and 10 General Hospitals, the last appropriating the artillery barracks, Dames' Institute, the Volks Hospital, and other buildings, while No. 5 Stationary was in possession of the Raadzaal. When we arrived at Bloemfontein, much of the trouble in connection with hospital necessaries had been overcome, owing to the re-establishment of railway communication; but congestion of all the hospitals was very great. This was especially the case with Nos. 8 and 9 General Hospitals, each of which was intended for five hundred and twenty patients, but at times during May they had twelve hundred and sixteen hundred respectively, without being at once able to obtain the required increase of doctors, orderlies, or equipment, the consequence being that all were over-worked. Taking the hospitals together, there was a daily average of nearly four thousand sick and wounded in the town during our stay there.

The criticisms passed on the medical department of the army, resulting in the appointment of a Special Commission to inquire into the facts, have doubtless biassed the minds of many who are perhaps but little able to realise the actual state of things, and the immense difficulties of the situation; and this feeling must be my apology, if any be needed, for

READY FOR THE FIELD: OUR GENERAL SERVICE WAGONS.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

READY FOR THE FIELD: OUR AMBULANCE WAGONS.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

referring to a subject which at the time created a painful sensation at home. The difficulties of the situation were enormous. Communication with the base was by a single line of rail only, deficient in rolling stock, and supplies of ammunition, food and forage, and all the necessaries of the army in the field had to be brought up some 750 miles. It must not be forgotten that the relative importance of things in the field is: (1), ammunition; (2), food; (3), fighting men; (4), medical stores. However hard it may be, and however repugnant to the feelings of those at home, it is nevertheless the hard fact that the sick and wounded must rank last in importance; and hence, when the difficulties of supply are great, their sufferings must be enhanced.

Nor must it be forgotten that the supplies of the R.A.M.C. are in large measure in the hands of the A.S.C. and Ordnance Corps. The R.A.M.C. hence obtains much of the supplies from these Corps, and can in no way be held responsible if these fail them. Of the work of the Medical Staff in Bloemfontein, I have nothing but words of praise; under-manned, over-worked, the doctors and nurses did all that was humanly possible to alleviate the suffering thousands which poured into the hospitals. It is easy to criticise, easy to condemn; but those who saw, as I did, the work done by the Medical Staff at Bloemfontein, and indeed throughout the campaign, and who were cognisant of the extreme difficulties of the situation, will, I am sure, give unstinted praise to the medical officers and nurses.

FORAGE FIRE AT BLOEMFONTEIN.
Photo by F. Green.)

That the R.A.M.C. was under-manned, and not in a fit condition to meet the calls made upon it in the war, is common knowledge; but this is not the fault of the department, and hence it cannot be blamed. From personal observation, I can unhesitat-

ingly assert that the staffs of these hospitals did all they possibly could to meet the great demands made upon them; but men cannot make bricks without straw in these days any more than they could in times gone by.

The repletion of the hospitals, the great prevalence of enteric and the innumerable funeral processions rendered Bloemfontein forlorn beyond description.

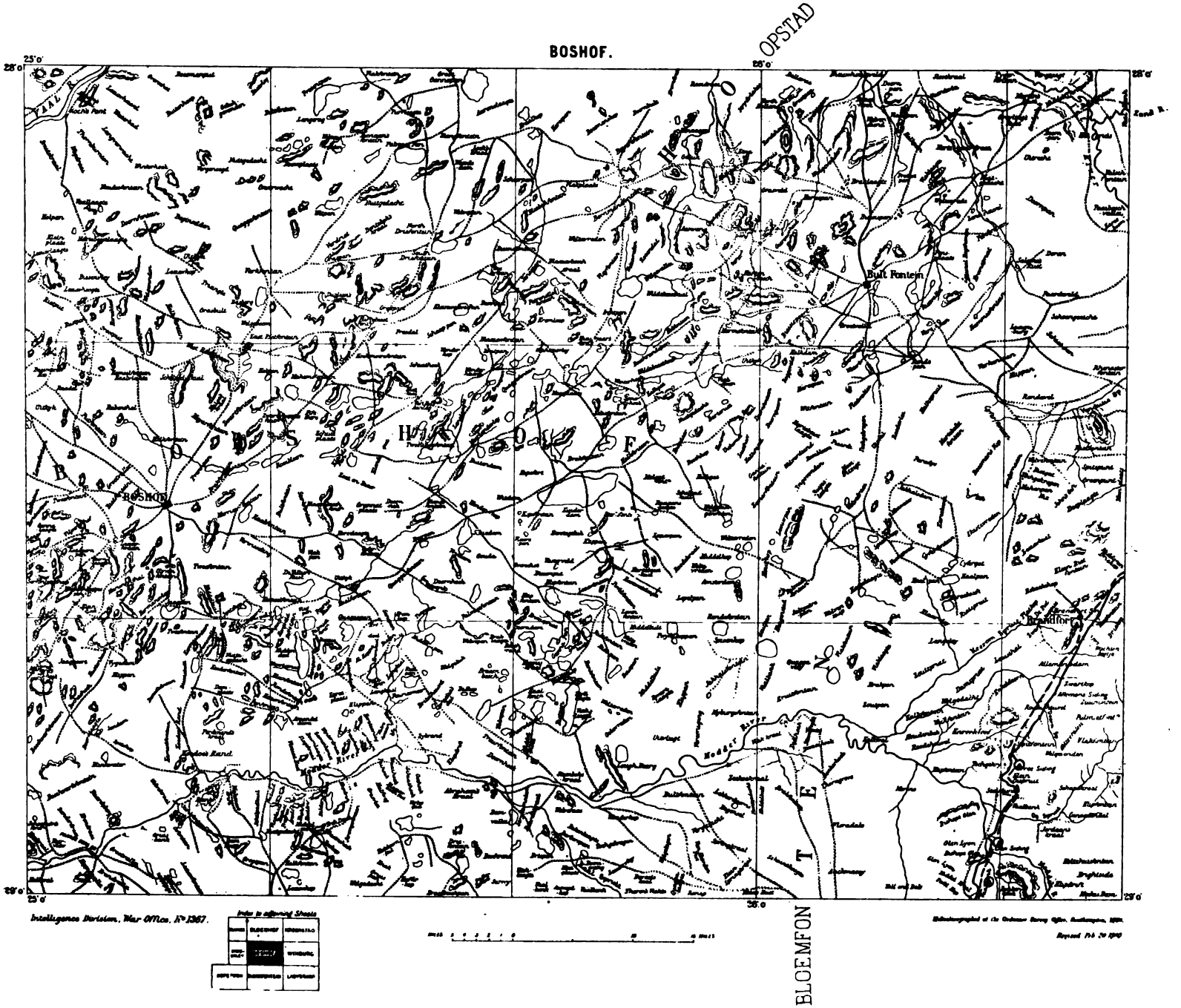
There was but little to help us while away the time after we had made all ready for a move, and we hailed with a degree of excitement a fire which occurred in the forage stacks close to our camp. Every one who was able turned out to help in the emergency, and when the last spark had been extinguished

ANNEXATION OF THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY, MAY 12TH, 1900.
BLOEMFONTEIN MARKET-SQUARE.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

the Bloemfontein Fire Brigade rushed up in great excitement: it was neither very imposing nor very serviceable, consisting merely of a small hand engine drawn by a man with a sore heel.

The relief of Mafeking on May 17th and the entrance into the Transvaal on May 26th, seemed to us still further to diminish our chances of active service, but on May 26th after a weary wait of over three weeks, orders came for us to march next morning, we being now complete with conductors, boys, horses and mules (of which more anon); so the tents were struck, the wagons loaded, and the men bivouacked for the night. We handed over to No. 9 General Hospital such tents and impedimenta as we did not want, which must have been very useful to them considering their over-crowded state. Superfluous kit and hospital stores were safely warehoused, to be drawn upon when required.

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE



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CHAPTER III.

BLOEMFONTEIN TO SERFONTEIN.

(Consult Maps facing pages 17, 23, 28, and 32.)

May 27th—June 6th, 1900.

On Sunday, May 27th, the Field Hospital and Bearer Company marched from Bloemfontein. The first few hours were not encouraging; the mules

CROSSING THE MODDER RIVER AT GLEN.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

behaved in that perverse manner peculiar to mules, bucking, kicking, jibbing, and indeed doing anything but that which was most required of them, but eventually they settled down somewhat and consented, reluctantly, to transport the wagons as far as Glen Siding, some thirteen miles distant. On the following day the Modder River was crossed by a very bad drift, which took so long in negotiating, owing to the evil disposition of the mules, that only three miles were accomplished; but the march had the effect of reducing the animals

to something like obedience, and judging by their subsequent performances, they philosophically caved in and made the best of it. On May 29th, Karree Siding was reached, and the following day saw the Field Hospital and Bearer Company at Brandfort, where we learnt that the Boers had cut the telegraph wires on either side of the town. As I was not feeling well enough to march when the hospital left Bloemfontein, I had decided to wait another two or three days and proceed to Brandfort by train, accompanied by Capt. A. Langman of the Langman Hospital, who was coming up-country with us for a few days. We left on May 29th, and joined the unit the following day.

At Brandfort we found a Boer field hospital, or ambulance as they call it.

THE FIELD HOSPITAL AND BEARER COMPANY ON THE MARCH.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

The wagons were clumsily built and very dirtily kept, but the dressing panniers were good and fitted with antiseptic dressings by a French firm. We did not meet the doctor in charge, but one of the patients, a Swede, told us he was a very clever man and that some Dutch ladies acted as nurses. These we saw, and if their size was any guarantee of their kindness and ability as nurses, they must certainly have approached perfection. Falling into conversation with this Swede he told us that he had been shot through the shoulder, and we asked him why he had taken up arms for the Boers, as the British and Swedes were good friends. He disclaimed any ill-feeling, saying that he was not fighting against the British nation but against the capitalist, and no arguments could shake his conviction that it was a capitalist war, an opinion shared by his companion, a

Boer, who had been shot through the chest. We again saw this ambulance at Kroonstad, and in De Wet's laager at Rhenoster. In the evening we joined the Field Hospital and Bearer Company, which had camped just outside the town, and heard from Major Hale of the difficulties first experienced with the mules. Leaving Brandfort we marched to within three miles of the Vet River, crossing one nasty drift early in the day. Our march as far as Vereeningen was along the railway line. Our daily chief anxiety was to find water, as no camping grounds had been indicated to us when we left Bloemfontein. It was natural to suppose that in a country so deficient in water as is South Africa, some information on this subject would have been obtainable, but

SOME OF THE MEN MARCHING UP COUNTRY.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

our inquiries on this matter were met with looks of surprise, and the information that we could camp wherever we saw bully-beef tins. Having no special predilection for such surroundings, and holding the opinion that water was more necessary for man and beast, we often cut a march short or had to lengthen it to camp near a good water supply, being guided in great measure by our map. As we were marching quite alone, and therefore had nobody to consult as to our movements, and as we had not received any orders as to how fast we were to proceed, we adjusted our marches on what seemed to us to be the best lines. We usually struck camp at 6 a.m. and marched soon after, outspanned for an hour or so to water the mules and have some food about 11 o'clock, and camped for the night about 5 p.m. But these times were, of course, liable to

considerable variation according to the length of our march, the proximity of water, the passage of drifts, and other circumstances.

The country was typical veldt, level, or more or less undulating, dotted all over with innumerable ant-heaps about two or three feet high and the same in circumference. In the distance rose numerous flat-topped kopjes, which, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, seemed very much nearer than they really were. One day's march was the counterpart of another—very different from the country we were yet to see in our marches in the Magaliesberg and to Barberton. It must be admitted that the veldt was, to most of us, monotonous, although it is true that the spirit of the veldt does in time get hold of one, especially when one has left it; there often comes a strong yearning to get back and breathe the fresh air of South Africa, and travel once more over the countless miles of veldt country. In the summer, after the rains, the veldt is green and affords plenty of good grazing, but in the winter it is sun-dried and baked, the grass is withered and poor stuff, and numberless stones, with the afore-mentioned ant-heaps, do not add to its attractions to an eye accustomed to the well-grassed fields and hedges of home. Our 'boys' made excellent ovens for baking bread out of the ant-heaps: they bored a hole about six inches in diameter through the top which communicated with an excavation made at one side, the hole acting as a chimney. A fire was then lighted, and, when only the hot embers remained, the dough was put in and both holes were blocked up: in about half or three-quarters of an hour the bread was baked. The Cape ant-bear, or Aard Vaark (*Orycteropus capensis*), makes his burrow near the ant-heaps—a large hole about a foot and a

THE VELDT.
(*Photo by F. Green.*)

VELDT AND ANT-HEAPS.
(*Photo by F. Green.*)

half in circumference: many of those we saw were quite fresh, and we often made up our minds to dig one out, but never did so, to our regret. Nor did we ever see one of these animals, for they are of nocturnal habits, and are at all times very shy. Vultures, plovers, khorhans, hawks, harriers, owls, and many other birds, prominent among which were the very numerous shrikes and rare but stately Secretary-bird and Stanley's Crane; an occasional hare or a colony of mere-cats (*The Suricate, Rhyzœna tetradactyla*) afforded amusement and occasional sport, sometimes with subsequent gastronomic satisfaction, on our way up.

Empty jam, marmalade, biscuit, and bully-beef tins, with the magic names Libbey, Machonochie, and Armour, mocked us all day long, while innumerable

A MID-DAY HALT.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

dead horses, mules, and oxen afforded food for fat, repulsive vultures, and to us an opportunity of showing that we possessed—in those early days, at least—handkerchiefs.

On camping at night sufficient tents were pitched to accommodate all our men; for, although the days were delightful, and as warm as the early days of an English summer, yet the nights were bitterly cold, and frequently the water in our basins was frozen hard. It is noticeable that the change of temperature was very sudden: directly the sun sank below the horizon, cold, often bitter, succeeded agreeable warmth, and many of us, when camped early enough, put on our warm clothing as soon as we saw that the sun would set in about ten minutes.

The search for wood for cooking purposes was as necessary as that for water, but this rarely caused us much trouble, for there were still numerous wooden

posts along the line which had served for supporting the barbed wire which ran on each side. What a country for barbed wire! It was everywhere, and a pair of wire-nippers was a necessary article of equipment. Here, as nearer home, this wire was a nuisance, for the animals frequently became entangled by it, and were thereby rendered useless for some time.

The health of our men, many of whom had been very seedy at Bloemfontein, rapidly improved, and we always found that they remained well so long as they

CROSSING THE VET RIVER DRIFT.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

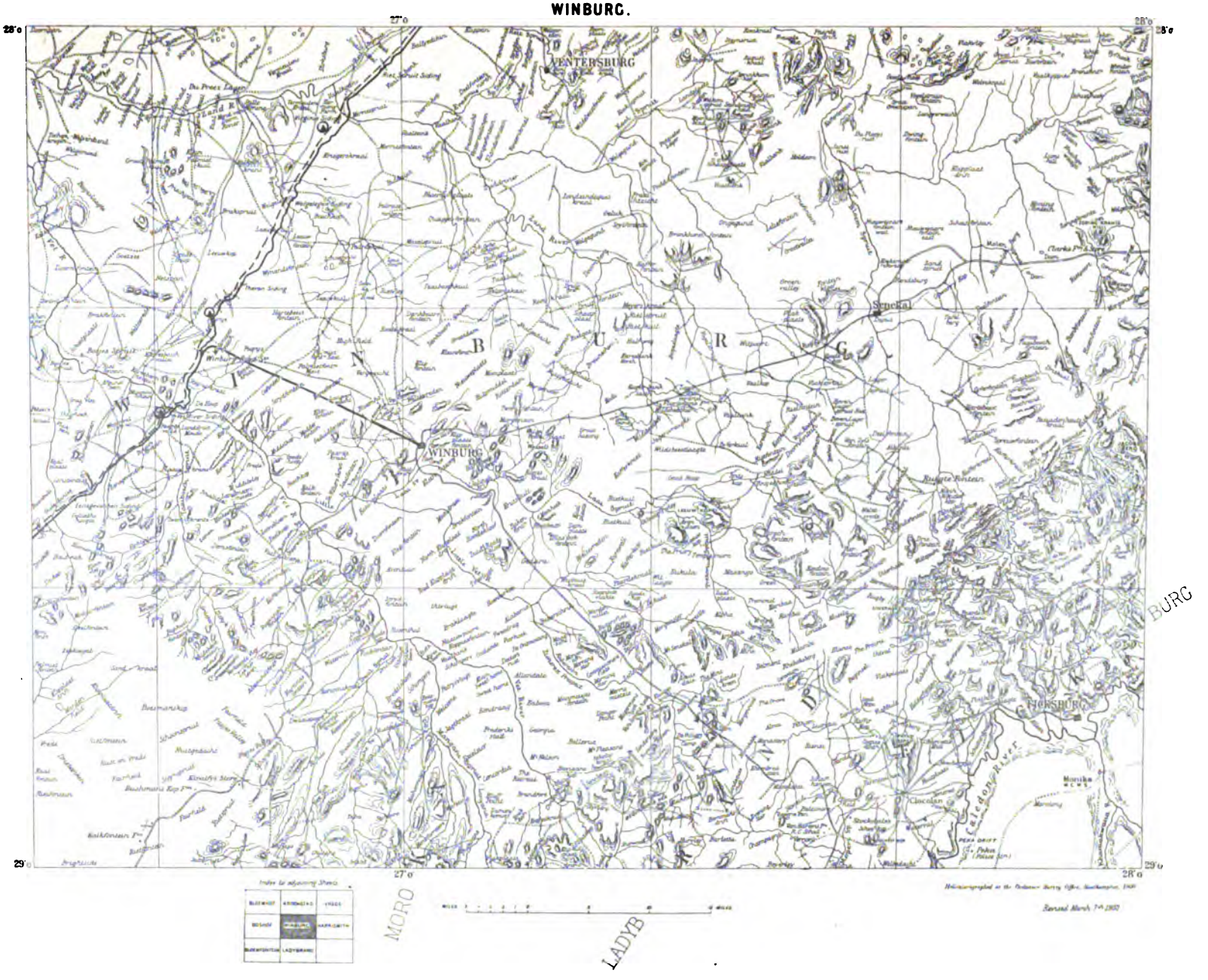
were on column, but went sick in standing camps. This was so throughout the army in our experience.

On June 1st we crossed the Vet River and marched to Smaldeel, where we said good-bye to Captain Knight and a draft of Imperial Yeomanry who were marching up, and whom we had joined the day before; he was pushing on faster than we could go with our wagons. The next I saw of Knight and his men was in De Wet's prisoners' laager a week later.

The drift over the Vet River is a good one, and the banks of the river, clothed with trees, presenting a pleasant aspect after the dried-up, arid, treeless veldt, provided a welcome opportunity for bathing. Just after crossing the drift our 'boys' took it into their heads to loot sheep, and had already killed about twenty before they could be stopped. This, of course, quickly brought the Boer

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.

WINBURG.



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farmer, who had a pass, down on us. He demanded 2*l.* for each sheep, but this we contested and eventually got him to abate his price. The good ladies of the household clamoured loudly, but ineffectually, for supplies of tea, coffee, and sugar, and further requested us to catch Steyn, whom they seemed to regard with anything but friendly feelings.

Starting early the next morning, as we had a twenty-four mile march in front of us, we crossed the Doorn Spruit at Welgelegen by midday, and then

CARRYING OUR FIRST PATIENT OVER DOORN SPRUIT.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

pushed on to Sand River at Virginia Siding, camping the other side of the drift. The fine railway bridge here had been destroyed, but the Royal Engineers and the Railway Pioneer Regiment had constructed a deviation which was guarded by the Derbyshire Regiment. The drift is very steep, and at the end of a long day our animals required considerable vocal and mechanical stimulus to make them accomplish the feat of getting our wagons over, unfortunately at the expense of one pole. During this day Mr. Sheen was able to render timely assistance to a Boer lady at a farmhouse we passed; he was rewarded by a liberal donation of butter and eggs, a most welcome addition to our mess.

On June 3rd we camped at Holfontein after a march made very disagreeable by a high wind and clouds of dust.

The following day we arrived at Kroonstad, and pitched our camp among

the trees on the south side of the Valsch River, on which the town is situated. It is a pretty place surrounded by trees to the south, but to the north stretches bare veldt country. We understood that it was a fashionable holiday and health resort for the inhabitants of the Free State and Transvaal. Contented people! you are to be envied; most of us would, I think, have considered Kroonstad a most dismal place to do anything but die in, even allowing much for its then unfavourable conditions. The shops were all shut, the hotels and churches occupied by sick and wounded, and the whole place wore an air of extreme depression and desolation except at the railway station, where there was a large store of forage, provisions, &c., and close to which the

SAND RIVER BRIDGE AND THE DEVIATION.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

Scottish Hospital, under Colonel Cayley and Professor Clark, of Glasgow, and No. 3 General Hospital under Lieut.-Colonel Wood (since deceased), were pitched; they had arrived by train a few days previously, and were busy with numerous typhoid and other cases. Oh, that typhoid! — omnipresent, haunting all, killing hundreds, and incapacitating thousands, and yet with determination and money capable, to a great extent, of prevention. Cases of typhoid and other water-borne diseases can be reduced to a minimum provided due attention be paid to the purity of the water supply, which can be ensured by boiling. It is true that to boil water for a column on the march is more easily advocated than effected, yet it is to be noted that typhoid and similar diseases are chiefly disseminated in standing camps, and in such there is no difficulty in adopting the necessary preventive measures. The money expended on the needful apparatus would be a mere bagatelle, and would be the means of saving

many thousands of pounds in hospital equipment and medical stores, to say nothing of the saving on transport of the sick and medical necessaries. The country would gain not only in money, but in that which no money can buy, men's health and lives. It is to be strongly urged that steps may be immediately taken to inquire into this vital question, and that some plan may be adopted to give practical effect to such recommendations as may be made by those competent to advise.

The sick and wounded were further accommodated in the Dutch Reformed Church, Grand Hotel, and the Kroonstad Hotel, and some Boer patients were cared

EARLY CAMPING: HALF A DAY OFF.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

for by their own people in the Russo-Dutch ambulance. On our arrival the pressure on the medical authorities had been considerably relieved, and the 18th Brigade Field Hospital under Major Ford, who had done such good work at Kroonstad, had moved on to rejoin the advancing force. No doubt there had been considerable difficulty in dealing with the large number of sick and wounded between the date of Lord Roberts's entry into the town (May 12th) and the completion of the railway on May 25th, but this was unavoidable, as the Boers had destroyed the line, blowing up nearly all the bridges and culverts between Kroonstad and rail-head at Sand River.

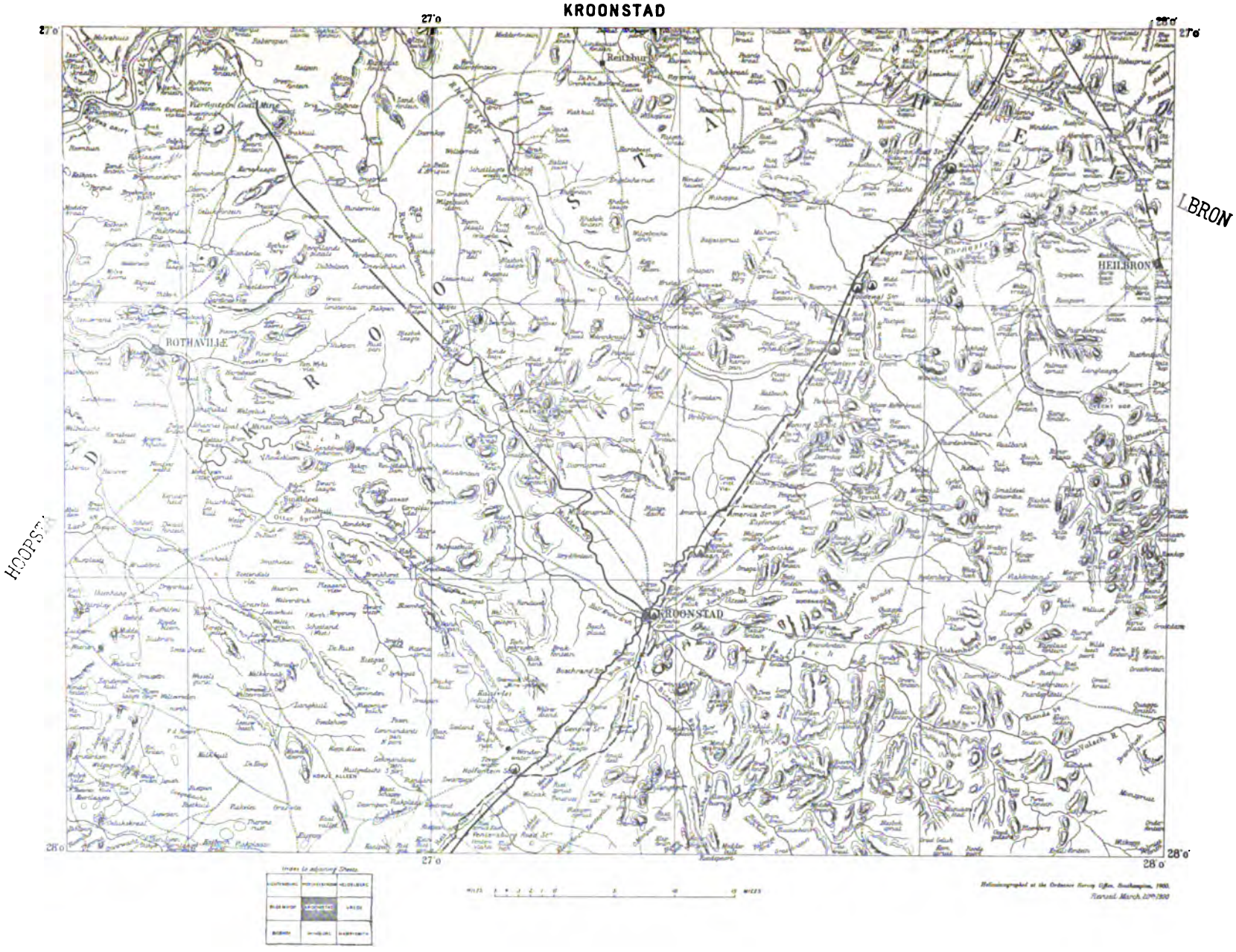
We could not repress the regret that our splendidly equipped Hospital and Bearer Company should have been detained idle at Bloemfontein since May 2nd, when we could, had we been so ordered, have easily caught up Lord Roberts

and entered the town with him on May 12th. As already said, our not doing so was not, however, our fault. We were only too anxious to move onwards, but our detention was apparently in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining transport animals.

As soon as we had camped we sent Quartermaster-Sergeant Hall to draw rations for our march to Johannesburg; but we could only obtain enough for four days, which we were to pick up as we passed the station the next morning. During the night five of our mules strayed, so we drew five more; but eventually having recovered three of the lost ones we were that number to the good. All sorts of rumours of Boers and impending attacks had been imparted to us during our few days' march, and during the evening an officer came to our camp to tell us that an attack was to be expected in the early morning. But it never came off; so, drawing our rations, we made a short march to Jordaan, camped early, and gave the mules a good day's rest, taking advantage of it ourselves to have a general clean-up and washing-day.

Soon after we had marched on June 6th, a mounted patrol under a New Zealand sergeant overtook us, and after reconnoitring the country from a kopje on our right flank rode up and told us that a body of Boers, seven or eight hundred strong, was advancing in a south-westerly direction on Kroonstad. The sergeant, however, did not seem very certain, and as none of the patrol had field glasses we shared his doubts. Two of the officers rode up to the kopje and, after inspecting the supposed horsemen with binoculars, pronounced them—cattle. The sergeant was much obliged when, on joining the patrol at our camp, some four miles north of Serfontein, we gave him the information; but he had already wired his version to Kroonstad, so we speculated on the excitement it would cause, and became more sceptical than ever as to the proximity of Boers. At Serfontein we heard that Captain Knight and his Yeomanry draft had been captured. Still we did not believe. But the cry of 'wolf' was quite genuine this time, and the events of the morning were to dissipate our unbelief in a startling and unmistakable manner.

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.



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CHAPTER IV.

ROODEWAL AND RHENOSTER.

(Consult Map facing page 50.)

June 7th, 1900.

JUNE 7th heralded a series of attacks on the line between Kroonstad and Pretoria, and brought into greater prominence the remarkable personality of General Christian De Wet. It was further an eventful day for us, as we had our first experience of work in the field, and made the acquaintance of the Boers under circumstances disastrous to a British force.

Major Stonham (Field Hospital.) Major G. E. Hale (Bearer Company.)

THE COMMANDING OFFICERS.

The previous night had been unusually quiet, but just before dawn the camp was roused by a heavy wind which seriously strained the tent-ropes and, having blown down one tent and raised a 'dust-devil,' subsided as quickly as it arose. Réveillé sounded at 5.30, and was practically accompanied by heavy gun-fire some three miles or so north-east of our camp. We were quickly on the alert, and our hopes of active work were again excited, as we could see the guns firing from two distant kopjes, and mark the shrapnel bursting. In the intervals of gun-fire, heavy volleys and independent rifle-firing were heard. Owing to a slight rise in the veldt ahead of us it was impossible to ascertain the positions of the opposing forces, but it was evident that the guns on the kopjes were shelling a force on the low ground, and we came to the conclusion, which eventually proved correct, that

the guns belonged to a Boer commando which was attacking Roodewal Station with the object of cutting the line and interrupting the British communications.

Roodewal Station was about a mile and a half from us, and some two miles beyond it was a long steep kopje running at right angles to and on the north-west of the railway. This kopje was really the southern escarpment of a high table-land, stretching far away to the north. About midway between the station and the kopje ran a branch of the Rhenoster River.

But little time was allowed for breakfast, and as soon as the mules were inspanned we moved forward to the scene of action, anxious to see what was going on, and to begin the work for which we had come out if our services should unhappily be needed, as seemed more than probable. The men were ordered to march together near the head of the column between the wagons and the railway, so that if the Boers were between us and the British force they should not be mistaken for infantry and so draw the Boer fire. Moreover, by keeping near the railway they could, if fired upon, get some measure of protection from its slight embankment. These precautions were by no means superfluous, as events proved.

As we advanced the firing became more incessant, and we could make out that the force bombarding the line had four guns, but that the other (*i.e.*, the British) had rifles only. Very soon one gun was brought much nearer to us on our right flank; this was attacking the station, and was subsequently reinforced by a second gun which unlimbered some thousand yards from us for the purpose, as we at first thought, of being trained on our wagons, but this proved to be incorrect; it bombarded the station.

A few minutes after we had moved off, the Mounted Infantry patrol, which camped near us over-night, galloped by on our right, making for the crest of the rising ground about a mile ahead of us. Having reached this, they surveyed matters for a few minutes, and then, having attracted the attention of the enemy, who promptly rode after them, beat a hasty retreat towards us, some going on either side of our wagons, others crossing the line. The scouts firing on the enemy from the neighbourhood of our wagons drew the Boer fire on us, and for some minutes bullets whistled about our ears, though fortunately without doing harm.

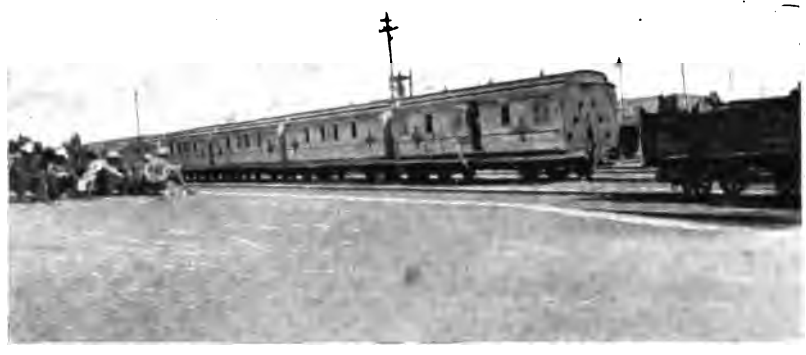
Seeing how matters were going it was deemed expedient to halt our wagons, and withdraw some little distance to the shelter of the rising ground. In turning, the pole of one of the baggage wagons of the Bearer Company was broken, and Major Hale with a few men remained to put matters right, which they did under a smart fire from the Boers which necessitated their taking temporary shelter behind the railway embankment. Riding along our line of wagons I was much annoyed to find that three or four of those in rear had, on receiving the order to turn and retire, proceeded to gallop away as

hard as they could and were still making off with the utmost celerity. Riding after these wagons, with the intention of making them return to where the remainder had halted, I saw a group of mounted men by them, and realised that the Boers had captured us. On my approach one of the Boers rode towards me, and took me to the Field-Cornet, who had one of the patrol a prisoner and was interrogating Mr. Impey, one of our civilian conductors, who, as he was not wearing a red-cross brassard, for which he had no liking, was suspected of being a combatant. The Field-Cornet, whose name I failed to ascertain, was very courteous, and expressed his regret that any shots had been fired across us. The mistake, he said, was due to the fact that the scouts had fired from our position, and that the Boers did not know we were a hospital until we hoisted our flag (which was done as soon as possible), but had thought we were a convoy or an ammunition column. It may be stated in this place, that although we had red crosses on our wagons they were far too small, as were also the flags which each wagon carried on the left of the driver's seat. The red cross, whether on a flag or on a wagon, is all very well so long as it is large enough to be seen at a distance, but it was abundantly evident to us long before our period of service was ended, that the present distinguishing badges of Hospitals and Bearer Companies are inadequate. Red cross flags get dirty, and the red cross no longer shows up as it does when the flag is new and the white ground clean. Further, when marching with a large body of troops and numerous transport wagons, we found that many of the wagons carried flags of any pattern or make fancied by their drivers. This is wrong. No flag should be allowed except the red cross, and if this rule were once established the mere presence of a flag, which can be descried at a great distance, would indicate a hospital. Further, the brassard worn on the arm is useless to protect men when there is firing at long range; indeed, it is usually grimed with dirt, and cannot be distinguished even at short ranges. The Boers at Roodekopjes (Aug. 19th), told us that if stretcher-bearers did not want to be fired on they must carry small flags, which we then had made from some of our spare linen. In future campaigns such flags should be given to all stretcher-bearers. Hospital trains should be painted white, as was the 'Princess Christian;' the

THE BOERS WHO MADE US PRISONERS ADVANCING ON OUR WAGONS.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

others were dark, the red cross on a white ground, dirty and discoloured, did not show up, and hence the trains were, at a distance, indistinguishable from the ordinary ones. All hospital wagons, &c., should also be painted white.

I make these remarks because it is only fair to point out the difficulties of recognising the red-cross flag at long distances, and the practical impossibility of discerning the brassard. It was doubtless due to this difficulty that the Hospitals and Bearer Companies were fired on, although I neither affirm nor deny that such firing was at all times unintentional. I can assert, however, that as far as we could judge, we were never fired on in face of the knowledge that we were



THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL TRAIN.

non-combatants, and further that, so far as I was able to ascertain, the Boers 'played the game.'

The Field-Cornet inquired who Mr. Impey was, and I told him 'one of our conductors.' Notwithstanding this the Field-Cornet said he should take him and send him with the other prisoners. I expostulated, and said that if this were done we should lose our interpreter. He did not seem inclined to yield the point, and it was only after I had pledged my honour that Impey should not leave our camp that the Boer officer receded from his position, paying a tribute to the honour of the British by saying that my assurance would be quite sufficient guarantee. So Impey was left to us, a wiser man, and now fully converted to the advantages of the brassard when at close quarters.

This matter being settled I obtained permission to take the wagons back to our main body, about a third of a mile distant. Having given the necessary orders to the men and wagon-drivers, I rode back with the Boers, and endeavoured to persuade the Field Cornet to let us move forward to the station as soon

as the firing ceased, but met with no success; we must 'wait for the General's orders.' Consequently we outspanned, fed the animals and ourselves, and served an emergency ration to each man.*

Hearing that one of the scouts had been badly hit and was lying on the veldt beyond the line, stretcher-bearers were sent out to bring him in. A tent was pitched and the surgical necessaries prepared, but the bearers came back with the information that no wounded man could be found; this man shortly after walked into our camp unhurt.

Meanwhile Major Hale and those with him had temporarily repaired the damaged wagon, and had been asked by a Boer to go out and pick up one of their gunners who had been seriously wounded and was lying some little distance off. Accordingly Hale, Green, and some of the men went in search of him, while a wagon was being inspanned and got ready to send after them. Unfortunately a heavy fire was directed against the searchers by the British force at the station, so that they had to beat a retreat. This man was subsequently found dead with a bullet through his heart.

ROODEWAL STATION DIRECTLY AFTER THE ACTION ON JUNE 7TH, 1900.
(Photo by F. Green.)

By about 12 noon all firing had ceased, and we began to get anxious to go on. After waiting in vain for orders from the Boer general, we inspanned and marched for the station without them, reaching there about 1.30 p.m. Roodewal Station was, so far as stores went, practically rail-head. When Lord Roberts had advanced northward some month or so previously, the Boers had blown up the bridges beyond Roodewal Station; hence large quantities of stores, ammunition, clothing, and mails had accumulated here, and such as were imperatively needed had to be taken forward by ox-convoy. The 4th Derby Militia and a few details were guarding the line. They had arrived at Roodewal on the evening of

* The emergency ration is contained in a sealed tin within which are two others, one containing 4 ozs. of concentrated beef (*Pemmican*) and the other 4 ozs. of cocoa paste. This ration is not to be opened except by order of an officer, or in extremity. It is to be produced at inspections, &c. The ration is calculated to maintain strength for thirty-six hours if eaten in small quantities at a time. Instructions for use are on the lids of the tins.

June 5th, and, as Boers were known to be about, outposts were placed in all directions, and a few shots were fired. The next day the scouts reported small bodies of Boers in the neighbourhood. A company was left to guard the station, the remainder of the regiment marching to the foot of the kopje, some two miles distant, where they camped. The Boers from the top of the hill watched the careful alignment of the tents and, as they told us later, derived much amusement therefrom. That night a half-company was sent up the kopje on picket, but failed to discover any Boers, although at 2 a.m. there was some sniping, and soon after daybreak the camp was being fired on from all

ROODEWAL STATION, JUNE 7TH, 1900.
IMPROVISED DEFENCES MADE WITH BOXES OF SMALL-ARMS AMMUNITION.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

sides. There was practically no cover for the men, and they were absolutely at the Boers' mercy. About 8 a.m. one of the sergeants, so we were informed, wanted to raise the white flag, but Colonel Baird Douglas threatened him with his revolver; the colonel was killed soon after by a bullet in the brain. Shortly after this Colonel Wilkinson was severely wounded, and the white flag was hoisted after an encounter which had lasted two hours. As a result of the capitulation, 503 Derby Militia and about 150 details fell into the hands of the Boers, who were then at liberty to concentrate their energies on the station. The force stationed at this spot held out longer, since they had been able to improvise defences with railway trucks, ammunition boxes, bales of clothing, &c.

On one of these defences the white flag of surrender, a white sweater tied to a stick, still floated.

The scene at the station will live in our memories for ever, and is beyond my descriptive powers.

Our first care was, of course, for the wounded. We found fourteen of them lying in the station sheds, or propped up against the extemporised defences. Poor chaps! many of them had been hard hit, but we quickly put them up temporarily, and gave such as needed it stimulants and morphia. Eight had been killed, and were buried near the station by their comrades before these were hurried

THE FLAG OF SURRENDER, ROODEWAL, JUNE 7TH, 1900.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

away to the prisoners' laager—of which more anon. Many of these men were very seriously damaged by shell wounds, and all seemed delighted when we put in an appearance. It would not be too much to say that our being there saved the situation from a surgical standpoint; one does not like to think what misery would have been endured without our help. General De Wet's secretary told me later that the General had decided to send a messenger to Kroonstad asking for surgical assistance, but on hearing that we were present did not do so.

The station itself was crowded with Boers, who took but little notice of us and allowed us to do much as we liked. The trucks were riddled with bullets and damaged by fragments of burst shells. The shells had ploughed through the main station building, as evidenced by huge rents in the walls, the broken glass and riddled water-tank. The Boers were busy looting and scattering in all

directions things they did not want. Mail bags, of which there were over 2000, were lying about in all directions; many were torn open and their contents scattered in huge heaps on the ground. Several Boers were occupied in tearing open letters and parcels. Every conceivable thing was being examined, and annexed or thrown away according to the fancy of the individual. The ruined station was soon one huge litter of papers, letters, socks, handkerchiefs, cigarettes, tobacco, cigars, chocolate, photographic apparatus, &c. Warm clothing claimed special attention, and many of the Boers were seen in various stages of undress, discarding their own clothes for better, and, arrayed in new kit, boots and Stohwasser leggings, seemed to fancy themselves a good deal. One stout old Boer had donned the red-tabbed tunic of a Staff Captain which he had tightly buttoned; another was wearing a Sam Browne belt and sword. They were very courteous and chatted with our men, telling them they might take what they liked as the rest would be burnt. We were fortunate in being able to secure several warm coats and some riding breeches. Phlegmatic and sour-visaged Dutch women drove up in Cape carts which they loaded with coffee, sugar, and other stores. The destruction of the mails especially annoyed us, but we managed to save two mail bags and about a couple of hundred loose letters, all for the Guards' Brigade. Heaps of warm clothing, so much needed by the troops at this time of the year when the nights are bitterly cold, were strewn about all over the ground, only to be burned when the final act of destruction was consummated. It was indeed a sorry sight.

THE WATER-TANK AND STATION-MASTER'S ROOM DAMAGED BY SHELL FIRE.
(Photo by F. Green.)

Piles of small-arm ammunition boxes, hundreds of huge 280-lb. siege shells, and many large solid armour-piercing shells were piled in groups, and close by were numerous boxes of food, milk, and hospital comforts. Indeed, we saw quantities of all things which are needed to supply an army in the field. In one of the station buildings was a woman and her child, the station-master's family. They were fraternising with the Boers and preparing coffee for them. We heard later that the station-master had turned traitor, and practically sold the British, his

then employers. We learned that the station had been guarded by eight officers and one hundred and fifty men, chiefly of the 4th Derby Militia (Sherwood Foresters), but also some men of the Post Office Corps and the Railway Pioneer Regiment.

As soon as we had seen to all the wounded, Major Hale and I consulted as to our next move, and decided that the Field Hospital should go on to the Derbys' camp under the kopje about two miles distant, where we heard there were many wounded, and that Major Hale with the Bearer Company should remain behind to bring on the wounded and get such provisions as he could. With a view to moving

RAILWAY TRUCKS OF ROODEWAL:
THE BOER IS AVAILING HIMSELF OF THE CHANCE OF A NEW OUTFIT.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

forward I interviewed Commandant Faurie, a big, truculent-looking, bearded Boer of unprepossessing appearance, with a cleft palate. As he could not speak English, the Boer doctor, who, I understood, was Faurie's son, interpreted for me, and I obtained the required permission. This doctor told me he had temporarily dressed some of our wounded before we came up, which was quite true. Just as I was starting off with the hospital an amiable-looking, blue-eyed, elderly Boer came up to me, and, saluting, presented me with two leather cases, smiling as he did so. I opened them, and found they contained medicines and surgical necessaries. I thanked him, and he gave me to understand by signs that he had found them among the mail bags, and had given them to me for the use of the wounded.

BOERS LOOTING THE MAIL-BAGS AT ROODEWAL.
(*Photo by F. Green.*)

While the Field Hospital was moving forwards, Major Hale at the station set about loading the wounded in the ambulance wagons. To make room for them he had to throw out some of our rations, a very serious matter, as we had only a two days' supply for our own men, and we should now have many more to feed, and under present circumstances it was very doubtful when we should be able to get more. With this difficulty facing him Major Hale interviewed Faurie—who at the time he thought was De Wet, until further acquaintance proved this to be incorrect—and put the case before him, pointing out that unless we could obtain provisions we should be sorely put to it to feed the wounded, the number of whom we did not yet know, to say nothing of our own men. Commandant Faurie at once told Hale he might load one of the railway trucks with such food and necessaries as he chose to select. This was accordingly done, and the truck was pushed along the line in the direction of the Derbys' camp for about 400 yards. Beyond this point it could not go, as the line had been destroyed. Major Hale asked Faurie to put his name on the wagon to guarantee its safety, but he said he could not do this as he had no chalk. At about 4 p.m., having given all the wounded a drink of milk, Major Hale moved his convoy off to come up with the Field Hospital, and on reaching camp at sundown he took in hand the camp arrangements. He first interviewed the Boer Commandant, who had told me (*vide infra*) the tents we did not want would be burned, and obtained from him permission to keep the whole. He then had all dead animals

BOERS LOOTING CLOTHING AT ROODEWAL.
(*Photo by F. Green.*)

dragged away to a respectable distance, and collected such food, &c., as could be found. Most fortunate was it that this was done, as the railway truck which Hale had loaded was blown up with the rest of the stores at the station, the Boers not knowing that it had been set aside for hospital use, as they afterwards assured us.

The Field Hospital marched off for the Derbys' camp accompanied by many Boers, who were going to their laager which lay in the same direction. On our left flank were the guns—British guns, by the way, which had been captured by the enemy some time previously. A Boer with whom I rode to camp told me they had captured some shells a few days before at Lindley, and so were

OUR AMBULANCES AND THE BOER GUNS EN ROUTE FOR THE DERBYS' CAMP.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

enabled to use the guns. I think this made me feel more sick than ever; our men killed and wounded, forced to capitulate after a brave resistance, the lines of communication interrupted, and thousands of pounds' worth of valuable stuff looted and destroyed, to say nothing of the mails, and all this with British guns and ammunition!

A few days later, while in conversation with Du Toit, General De Wet's secretary, I adverted to the wholesale destruction of stores, which would prove as useful to the Boers as to us. Du Toit agreed, but said they had no transport available, and hence could only destroy the supplies. With reference to the mails he told me that General De Wet had some time previously given orders that all mails were to be burnt, because he had found that the Boers read and made fun of the private letters contained in them, and that he had determined

that this should be put a stop to by destruction of all mail bags. The officer in charge of the guns was exceptionally intelligent for a Boer, spoke English well, was very communicative and *bon camarade.* He expressed himself, as did most of them, as being heartily sick of the war, of the eventual outcome of which he evidently did not entertain sanguine views, and he struck me as being one who would 'chuck the sponge' as soon as he got a chance. I wonder if he did.

On approaching the Rhenoster River, after crossing the line, on the other side of which was the Derbys' camp, the guns took the lead of the Field Hospital,

RHENOSTER SPRUIT AND RUINED RAILWAY BRIDGE.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

and when we arrived at the top of the steep drift we found three ox-wagons were crossing from the other side towards us. On one of these were piles of loot and the big drum of the Derby Regiment. It was evident that if the Boers did not allow us to get over before they did we should be delayed a long time. Feeling that we ought to make all possible haste to reach the wounded in the Derbys' camp, I represented the state of the case to the Commandant in charge (I don't know who he was), asking him to allow me to take at least three wagons over without delay. The three most important wagons, viz., medical and surgical equipment, hospital necessaries, and medical comforts, had been placed in front of the others. Permission was at once granted, and the Commandant further stopped two of the ox wagons in the drift and allowed the whole of the hospital to

pass over first. The Rhenoster River at this point has steep, almost perpendicular sides about thirty or forty feet high, and the drift is approached on either side by a steep road cut in the side. Although looking formidable it really offered no difficulties, as there was but little water in the river. During the rains it is frequently unfordable, but the water quickly subsides. As soon as I had seen two wagons safely over and felt sure that the others could follow, I left the conductor, now wearing his brassard, to see after the rest, and rode forward with all speed to the camp at the foot of the kopje, about three-quarters of a mile distant.

A few Boers were in the camp, turning things out of the tents and selecting what seemed good to them, but they did not in any way interfere with us; indeed, one of their officers said we could choose what tents we wanted for the wounded, as the rest would be burnt. Eventually, as before stated, we kept them all. Stores and papers were scattered about the camp, the tents were in many cases riddled with bullets, and not a few were splashed with the blood of those who sought to defend their camp. In front of the camp ran the railway patrolled by mounted Boers, the rails torn up, and the bridges and culverts blown up and burning.

THE CULVERT NEAR RHENOSTER KOPJE
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

Our attention was at once directed to a group in the centre of the camp, and it was the saddest sight any of us probably had ever seen. Most were lying, a few sitting, fewer still smoking cigarettes, all looking harassed and fatigued, but unfeignedly delighted to see us.

Glancing over the recumbent forms the practised eye easily singled out the dead, even if the heavy military cloak drawn over them had not given a hint, the import of which could not be mistaken. Others lay moaning and begging for water, some having but a few hours to live. It was a grievous scene and one to make the heart ache; but for us it was no time to indulge in sentiment, and however keenly we felt for the poor chaps the necessities of the case demanded action, for we at any rate could alleviate much of the

misery before us. There were thirty killed and ninety wounded, of whom five subsequently died.

Orders were at once given for kitchens to be made ready and hot milk and beef tea to be prepared for such of the wounded as would not require chloroform. The operating tent was pitched, and all preparations made for the necessary surgical work. Meanwhile the dead were placed in a couple of tents set aside for the mortuary; water was freely served out to the wounded, and morphia given to those in pain; the temporary dressings which had been applied by the regimental surgeon, Dr. Buchanan, were looked to and adjusted, and in many

PITCHING THE OPERATING TENT IN THE CAMP OF THE 4TH DERBY MILITIA.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

other ways we did all we could, pending the time when our surgical necessaries should be in readiness.

The Sherwood Foresters had much to thank Dr. Buchanan for; single-handed he had done all in his power to help them, and from the time we came on the scene until he left for Kroonstad, he cordially co-operated in our work and rendered great service.

It was now that we fully appreciated how thoroughly we were equipped, and how loyally our dressers and orderlies buckled to the work—indeed, every one performed his duties admirably, and although most of us were working on empty stomachs and would probably have to do so for some time, each vied with the other in carrying out his orders and doing his utmost.

Operations kept on in one continuous stream from 4 p.m. till past midnight. The cases were taken in order of their severity, and for this purpose all the wounded were sorted by two of the officers with Dr. Buchanan's help, while the rest were engaged in the operating theatre—fractures, flesh wounds, wounds of the neck, chest, abdomen, this one requiring the removal of bullet, that of splinters of bone, another amputation, and so on in succession until it was found that all the most urgent cases had been attended to, and every one except the night orderlies, after a much-needed meal, went to bed tired out. We had one

INTERIOR OF OUR OPERATING TENT.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

Boer shot through the pelvis who was so bad from internal hemorrhage that an operation was negatived; he died in the night.

Generally speaking the men wounded at the station had individually received more severe injury than had those in the Derbys' main camp. This was due to the fact that most of the former were wounded by shells, the latter by shrapnel or Mauser bullets. Two men wounded by shell required amputation at the shoulder joint, but unfortunately both succumbed. In many cases the men had wonderful escapes from bullets passing through the neck and other very dangerous regions of the body, and in some it seemed almost incredible that vital structures could have escaped. This is not the place to discuss in detail the surgical work done by us, but those who may be interested in this

will find a full report of it in Vol. III. of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals Report.

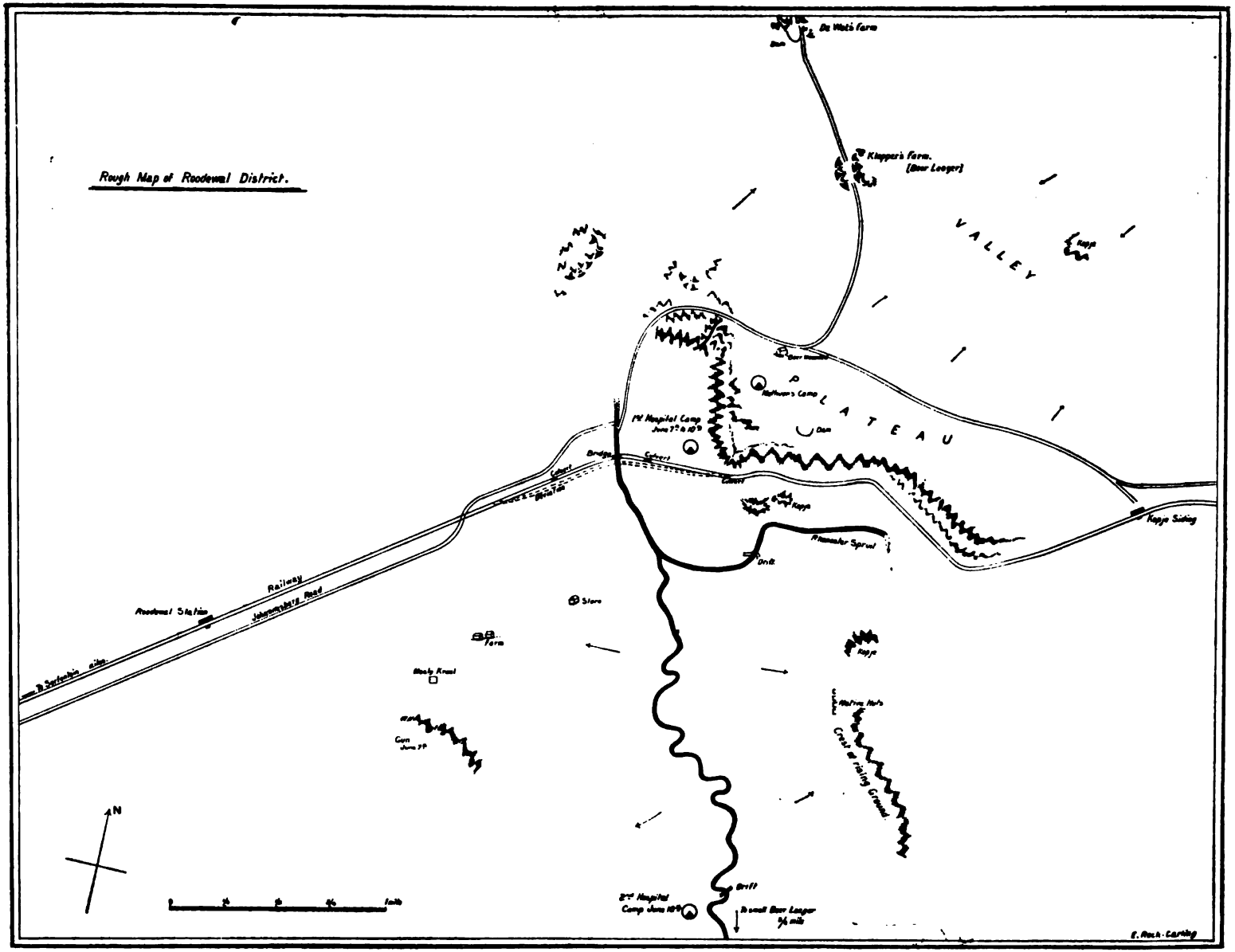
The wounded were very good and patient; some, made comfortable after a hot meal, grew loquacious over the wonderful escapes they or comrades had had. One man had the contents of his kit-bag, which was laying near him in his tent, scattered in all directions by a bursting shell, he himself being unscathed. Another produced from his breast pocket a handful of battered coins, dented and defaced by a spent bullet, the head of Kruger on a 'tickie' being the most

OPERATING IN THE FIELD.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

damaged of the collection. While one of the Derbys' officers was carrying a wounded sergeant to such cover as was obtainable a Mauser bullet drilled a clean hole right through his nose and passed into the sergeant's head, blowing out his brains.

The scene in our camp that night was one to remember. In the distance was the blazing station which the Boers had fired, and during the evening we had a firework display which would have made Mr. Brock throw up business in disgust. Every now and then the very air was rent by a terrific explosion, shells of all sizes, over-heated, blew up, and, with the occasional report of small-arm ammunition, made such a display as few of us will forget. Close by a burning culvert sent up dense columns of smoke. Within the camp the main

centres of activity were the patients' tents and the operating tent: in the latter, work was proceeding at high pressure. Now a Tommy, partially under the influence of chloroform, would sing a snatch of a comic song; another indulged in language of more force than purity, and yet a third would incoherently call on those at home. Outside was an empty stretcher, waiting to carry the patient to his tent, and a squad of men stood ready to fetch the next. A weird and gruesome night, made none the less so by the knowledge of what the mortuary tents contained, and the mournful duty of the morrow.



PLAN OF THE GROUND ROUND RHENOSTER RIVER.

(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

CHAPTER V.

AFTER RHENOSTER.

June 8th and 9th, 1900.

THE next morning, June 8th, we were up early, and, while having breakfast, were able to get the lay of the land, which we had had no time to pay much attention to before. The kopje overlooking the Derbys' camp was really the commencement of the higher ground stretching away in a north-easterly direction. Immediately to the south was the railway embankment, with a smouldering broken bridge close to the kopje, from which frequent detonations of exploding small-arms ammunition still reached us. Boer vedettes sat their horses motionless on the line.

The country to the west of the kopje was quite open, offering no shelter except in the river-bed, some thousand yards or less distant. The railway bridge here spanned the river just south of the drift, or rather had done so—it was now in ruins. Away to the southward again the country was open for a long distance, many kopjes being visible on the horizon; towards the north spread also rolling veldt, with a pass between two kopjes immediately flanking us.

A dense pall of black smoke hung over Roodewal Station. For four days none dared approach the spot on account of the sudden and constant explosions.

During the day many Boers paid us visits, passing from their laager on the south of us, in the neighbourhood of which our second camp was pitched, as will appear hereafter, to the main laager, near De Wet's farm in a north-easterly direction. They were all well-behaved, and fraternised with our men, who were anxious to obtain Kruger money, their valuation of which must have been peculiarly gratifying to the Boers—who knew better.

Our work was as hard as ever all day. Directly after breakfast dressings and operations were taken in hand, and patients were allotted to the various officers, each of whom had his own dresser and orderlies.

During the day Commandant Duplooy came to take the operating marquee, but, on its being explained to him that this had nothing to do with the Derbys but was part of our equipment, he refrained from touching it. Duplooy was a

fine-looking old man with blue eyes, a full grey beard, and kindly face. Major Hale brought him into the operating tent, where work was in progress; he was evidently very much impressed with our arrangements, and gave orders that no Boers were to come through the camp, so that the wounded might not be disturbed and our occupation could proceed in peace. He also told us that he had protected the British ambulance at Stormberg and sent it safely back to the lines. One Boer came for advice about his eye. I found he had an inflamed pterygium, and gave him a sedative lotion, for which he was duly grateful and offered to pay, saying that all Boers had to pay for anything they had; his offer

BOER VEDETTES ON THE LINE NEAR THE DAMAGED CULVERT.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

was, of course, refused. A man named Meyburg also came with two women to inquire after his brother Piet, who had been shot through the abdomen. On being told that he had died early in the morning, they asked to be allowed to see him. An orderly was sent with them to the mortuary tent, and the friends were told that they might take him away or we would bury him. They requested that we should do so, but asked us to put up a cross to indicate the place of his burial, so that his wife and friends might visit the grave. This request we willingly complied with.

Again, another man came to inquire for an officer whom he had shot the day before: he had seen him drop (this was Colonel Baird Douglas). When told that the officer was killed the man seemed much upset—indeed, all the Boers

expressed themselves as being very sorry for the wounded. One Boer told us that he was surprised they (the Boers) had not all been killed as they came across the open veldt in front of the station, but the men who defended it said they did not see any Boers except those serving the guns. The statements as to the number of Boers killed and wounded varied considerably. Du Toit told me they had only one killed (Piet Meyburg), and three slightly wounded, who had been attended to by their own ambulance. This we knew to be incorrect, for another man had been killed, as related above, at the station. On the other

A BOY FIGHTING WITH THE BOERS.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

hand, one of the engineers at the pumping station said that he himself had killed three men, and had counted twenty-one lying in the river-bed, but this we none of us credited. We saw no sign of dead or wounded when we crossed the drift, although it is true that the Boers had plenty of time to remove them, nor did we subsequently find any graves.

While the Boers were in our camp a rifle went off accidentally. The offender was at once brought to book by a Field Cornet, who found that the magazine of his rifle was full; he gave the man a dressing down, who, he said, would be reported to General De Wet, who would probably have him sjamboked for carrying a loaded rifle against orders.

Major Hale and I felt that we ought to endeavour to communicate with

the authorities, and send a dispatch down stating what had happened and the number of killed and wounded. This was accordingly prepared, and we asked a Boer who seemed to have authority if facilities could be given us for sending some one to Kroonstad. At first he demurred, but, having extracted a promise on our honour that we would not use our information as to the whereabouts of the Boer laager to their detriment, he gave the following document:—

Honigkopjes 8st. Juni 1900

Hij bij deze wordt verlof vergund aan den soldaat Arden Elphick voor het brengen van boodschappen ten dienst der rode kruis. de brieven is open zoodat elk burger het recht heeft de brieven over te lezen. Beloftte is gegeven geen vijandelijke communicatie te voren. van hier naar Kroonstad en terug Ik heb de eer te zijn

J. Chosee. sec.

TRANSLATION. *Honigkopjes, 8th June, 1900.*

Permission is hereby granted to the soldier Arden Elphick to carry messages in the red cross service. The letter is open that every burgher may have the right of reading the letter. Promise is given to supply no unfriendly communication, from here to Kroonstad and back,

I have the honour to be

J. Chosee, *Secretary.*

Being doubtful as to this man's actual authority, we decided to see General De Wet before taking any further steps or making use of the safe-conduct.

General De Wet's secretary, F. Du Toit, came into camp at 10 a.m. and warned us not to go near the station, a warning hardly necessary in view of the repeated terrific explosions of big shells and ammunition. We asked Du Toit if we could be given a safe-conduct to take wounded to Kroonstad and bring back provisions, and also if we could send a dispatch to Cape Town for England. He said that De Wet alone could give such permission, and that he

would take me to see him as soon as he had attended to the removal of a couple of bell-tents which he required for the General's use. Accordingly soon after mid-day I went with Capt. Langman, who carried his camera and a red-cross flag, there being with us Du Toit, Commandant Steyn—a nephew of the ex-President—and his son, a youth of about seventeen. We had a ride before us of about three miles before we reached De Wet's farm, and during this we and our Boer companions chatted about the war and the general outlook. Du Toit spoke freely, but Steyn was more reserved, and evidently more bitter and less well informed.

Du Toit was a short, strongly built man with a dark beard and I should

F. DU TOIT, SECRETARY TO C. DE WET, AND SOME OF OUR MEN.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

say between thirty and thirty-five years of age. He wore a grey tweed suit with ill-fitting leggings to match, and a squash felt hat. He spoke English perfectly, and had visited England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, and Austria, of which places he talked with considerable animation and intelligence. He was certainly open-minded, spoke without reserve, and any one, ignorant of the circumstances, who had been riding with us would never have supposed that our Boer companions and ourselves were captors and captured. Discussing the war, Du Toit said that the average Boer only knew of the British by the people of Johannesburg, and while admitting that many of these

were excellent fellows, he said the bulk did not fall within the same category. He further said that until the British army came into the country many of the Boers had no idea of what an English gentleman was like, and he expressed the hope that we had found reason to disbelieve all the evil tales we heard of his people. 'There are good and bad Boers, as there are good and bad English,' he remarked, and further expressed the opinion that had the two people known each other better, instead of judging by exaggerated and often deliberately untruthful stories, there would never have been a war, and we should have been friends. We did not argue the point, as it might have led to unpleasantness, which, under the circumstances, was to be avoided.

'Why,' I asked Du Toit, 'did the Free State take up arms against us? We had no quarrel with them, but, on the contrary, had always maintained friendly feelings towards the Government and people.'

'Quite so,' he replied, 'that is true, but now I will tell you why we joined with the Transvaalers.'

He then gave the following reasons, which I here record much in his own words:—

In the first place, the Free State had concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with the Transvaal in 1897, and thus, even were there no other causes, they were bound to fight. Secondly, although the Free State and Transvaal were independent states with distinct governments, yet they were drawn closely together by community of descent, language, and interests, by blood-brotherhood, and in many cases by intermarriage and the closest family ties.

But Du Toit attached by far the greatest importance to his third reason. He said that the destruction of the Transvaal and its final absorption by Great Britain would herald the downfall of the Free State, and hence the Free Staters were fighting not so much for the Transvaalers as for themselves.

I objected to this view of the situation, and said I felt sure that had the Free State remained neutral and kept on the same friendly footing with the British as heretofore, the British would have respected its independence, and no party in England would for a moment have thought of or countenanced an invasion of the Colony.

'Possibly not,' he rejoined, 'but even if the British did not actually attack us and deprive us of our country,' which he seemed to doubt, 'yet their occupation of the Transvaal would place the Free State in the commercial power of England. There would be no means of communicating with the outside world except through British territory, and this isolation would probably lead in the no distant future to excessive dues on imports and exports, so that the Free State would be obliged to come under British rule.'

No arguments of mine could shake Du Toit's firm belief in the absolute necessity of the hostile position of the Free Staters. It was quite evident from the way he discussed the situation that there was no love lost between the Free State and the Transvaal. Both Steyn and Du Toit told us that at present there were no Free Staters north of the Vaal and no Transvaalers south of it. They further said that the Free Staters entered on the war with no knowledge of their capabilities as soldiers, the discovery of which had proved as much a surprise to themselves as to the British. Du Toit claimed that the continuance of the war was due to the tenacity and inborn fighting instinct of the

A GROUP WITH GENERAL DE WET'S BAGGAGE WAGON TAKEN AT HIS FARM ON JUNE 8TH, 1900.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

Free Staters. 'Without us your people would have ended the war in two months.' Allowing much for *esprit de patrie* it cannot be denied that Du Toit's estimate of the fighting qualities of the two republics is near the mark, and that the Free Staters had but a poor opinion of the Transvaalers.

The turn the conversation had taken gave an opening to inquire as to the reports that the Transvaalers and the Free Staters were not on good terms, the latter thinking that they had been turned into catspaws and then left to bear the brunt of the war. From what Du Toit said on this subject I judged, although he virtually denied it, that there was a decided feeling of this nature abroad. I further asked if ex-President Steyn had not lost his popularity among the Free Staters, and if they did not hold the opinion that he had sold them with

the view of advancing himself to the presidency after Kruger's death, in the event of the union of the two States. Du Toit, however, would not allow this, although I felt convinced, from his way of treating the subject, that there was a good deal of truth in the story.

I asked Du Toit what he expected would be the outcome of the war. With evident sincerity and conviction he told me he felt sure the Boers would win in the end; and on my pointing out to him that the British were resolved to carry the war to a successful issue, he admitted that the British Empire was doubtless by far the stronger Power, but argued that the Boers had proved themselves no mean soldiers. They all wished the war was over, but Steyn added that they meant to fight to the bitter end. They talked of fighting through the Transvaal summer, and said that then the British would suffer much from fever, which they thought would be a point in the Boers' favour.

It was clear that Du Toit's opinion as to a victorious ending for his own side was born of deep sentiment and love for his country, rather than dictated by his reason and knowledge of the power of Great Britain. The wish was father to the thought. He seemed to me like a child who cannot understand the loss of those dear to him, for he said, 'Victory must be ours, because I cannot understand a free people such as we are being subjected to any other race.' We failed to persuade him that their freedom would be as great under British rule as it had ever been, and further insisted that it would certainly be more assured than would be the case if the fortune of war decided against the British, and left the Orange Free State and the Transvaal to unite. I suggested to him that in such an event Kruger would eventually absorb the Free State, and practically make it a dependency of the Transvaal.

But Du Toit took a very different view, although it was evident he had no great faith in Transvaal promises. He said, 'Even if the Governments combine, and even admitting that the Transvaalers outnumber the Free Staters in the joint Houses of Representation, yet the Free State would hold the balance of power because the Free Staters are a wiser and far more intelligent people than are the Transvaalers.' An undoubted fact.

This all sounds very well, but having admitted the mental superiority and enlightenment of the Free Staters, there is little which can be said for Du Toit's hopes. To imagine the Transvaal governed by a minority of wise and enlightened men is to imagine a good deal more than most of us are capable of.

Referring to his statement of the absolute resolve of the Boers to fight it out, I asked Du Toit how it was that the men were giving up their arms and coming in. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I know they are, but they are comparatively few in number, and we don't want them. It is only the riff-raff who surrender. You are getting

the chaff, we keep the meal.' He then asked me how many more men the British could put in the field, and I am afraid I let my imagination run riot in my answer. I could not help remembering a story I had recently heard of Kruger's grandson, who was sent to England to keep an eye on the various large towns and let his elderly ancestor know when the men ran out. After visiting London and many other big towns, he sent home to say that there were still a few left, but encouraged Kruger to go on. At last he visited the coal country, and seeing for the first time colliers coming to the surface, in wild alarm he wired to Kruger, 'Stop the war, grandfather. The English are bringing men up from hell.'

Du Toit also said that European complications would soon demand the

MRS. DE WET'S TRAVELLING WAGON.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

attention of the British, and expressed the belief that some foreign Power would send troops out to their aid. I replied, 'That is all very well, but we could prevent them coming, with our navy.' His answer to this, evidently sincere, fairly staggered us: 'Oh, yes, but I suppose you know that the navy has had to go to the East, as Russia and Japan are at war?' A similar rumour was current among the Boers in the Transvaal.

This is a fair specimen of Boer official methods of keeping up the martial ardour of their men.

When questioned as to De Wet, Du Toit was enthusiastic, almsot eloquent, and spoke as one having not only a high respect for his leader, but a genuine affection for the man. He told us that De Wet was naturally kind and warm-hearted, but at the same time was determined, energetic, and not to be trifled

with. A severe disciplinarian, he did not easily overlook laxity, and frequently applied the sjambok himself to those who appeared to stand in need of its undoubted stimulating effects. During such a scene Du Toit said that De Wet spared neither himself nor his fellows, but when once he had finished the castigation he was as friendly and kindly as ever. Du Toit further said that De Wet's capture would indeed be a blow to them—the greatest yet inflicted. In reference to this matter it was evident that Du Toit stood in special dread of General French.

Steyn objected to our franchise demands, and when we told him that they were no greater than the British granted in our own country and the colonies, he said, 'Yes, but the case is not parallel, because you always quite swamp the foreigners who get the franchise, whereas in our case the foreigners (uitlanders) equal or outnumber us, and under the same circumstances the British would act as we have done.'

And so in friendly discussion we passed the time away while riding across the veldt, until we perceived the fine dam which De Wet has made close to his farm. Just before we came within view of the house Du Toit said, 'I suppose you know your people have burnt the house? But it does not matter, as there was nothing in it, and just before the war broke out the General had decided to pull it down and build another on the top of the small kopje behind.'

Another few minutes brought us in actual sight of the house and farm buildings intact, and Du Toit exclaimed, 'There, what false reports do get about! We agreed, and thought of the Russo-Japanese war. About a week later the farm was burnt, and De Wet was reported to have said that he would make the British pay a million for it, a threat which he certainly carried out. On turning into the homestead we found the General's baggage cart in charge of the driver, a Scotchman, named Bennet,* and two other men, who told us that De Wet had not yet came back. We decided to wait, and spent the time going round the farm with Du Toit and Bennet. The house was quite small, with three rooms on the ground floor, only one of which had a wooden flooring; this appeared to be the children's room, as we found some small dolls, pieces of rag and broken toys lying about. There was not a scrap of furniture, and the place, according to Du Toit, had been abandoned long ago.

The outbuildings were of the usual type, a shed for the Cape cart, two or three for horses, and one for mealies and potatoes.

Close to the house is the very fine dam already mentioned, on which De Wet had spent much money. He had built up one side of it, and it was the finest piece of work of its kind that I saw in South Africa.

* This man deserted on June 11th during Lord Methuen's action, and Capt. Langman met him some days later at Kroonstad.

Coots, geese, ducks, a flock of ibis, and other wild fowl were here in plenty, making us long to add something to our meagre ration. Du Toit told us that De Wet was very particular about his birds, and protected them rigorously. After inspecting the place we returned to the wagon, but De Wet had not arrived. Very soon his son rode up, bareback: a sturdy, good-looking little chap of about twelve; no boot-laces, the tongues of his boots hanging down, clothes ill-fitting and anything but clean, altogether the typical son of a Boer farmer. What a contrast to the youngster of a British general! This boy shook hands

GENERAL C. DE WET'S SON, JUNE 8TH, 1900.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

with us, and then we rigged him up with a bandolier and rifle, and Langman took his photograph. Mrs. De Wet's travelling ox-wagon also put in an appearance, halting some few yards distant, but we did not see the lady. Perhaps she, in common with her sex, hated the 'verdomde khaki' too much even to look at us. There is no doubt that the animosity of the Boer women is much greater than that of the men. The latter hates the British race, the former also the individual, and would be quite incapable of understanding Du Toit's sentiments when, in answer to a remark of ours that we had been so far well treated, he said, 'Of course; when we have made you prisoners we are friendly. We are not fighting individuals.'

Langman also photographed the men with De Wet's wagon, who were all

very agreeable and gave us coffee while we waited. At last, after about an hour, Christian De Wet rode up accompanied by two or three Boers, with whom he conversed for a few minutes, when Du Toit went up to him to explain our mission. He received us very courteously, raising his hat in return to our salutes, and shaking hands. Christian De Wet is a strongly built, sturdy, typical Boer, with a dark beard, kindly though determined face, and wears neutral-tinted goggles to protect his weak eyes from the glare of the sun. As he did not speak much English Du Toit interpreted, and throughout De Wet paid close attention to what was said.

I explained that we had many wounded and wished him to give us a safe-conduct for part of the Bearer Company to take a convoy to Kroonstad, and return with provisions, of which we were very short. De Wet said that at present he could not comply with this, but would let me know in a day or two if we could go. I then asked him if he would send the returns of killed and wounded by a runner to Kroonstad. This he consented to do, and when I handed him the papers, prepared by Major Hale and me, for his inspection, he, without looking at them, told me to seal them up in the envelopes, after which he took them and fulfilled his promise. These papers were the first official intimation of what had occurred at Roodewal and Rhenoster, and were forwarded to the P.M.O., Army, at Cape Town. De Wet further undertook to send a telegram from Capt. Langman to his father and one from me to the Countess Howe, Chairman of the Hospitals Committee. Both of these arrived in due course. When, some days later, Capt. Langman went down to Kroonstad *en route* for Bloemfontein, he found that our dispatch containing the list of killed and wounded had been brought in by a Frenchman under a flag of truce, who returned to rejoin De Wet's commando.

MAJOR STONHAM NEGOTIATING WITH GENERAL DE WET (CENTRE OF THE THREE BOERS) FOR THE TRANSMISSION OF DISPATCHES.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

During our conversation two young Boers rode up with dispatches for the General. They had evidently come some distance and we surmised that they

brought news of the British movements. Both of them wore khaki British warms, and Stohwasser leggings, doubtless part of the loot from Roodewal station. De Wet told me that he would give us timely warning of any impending action, and, if necessary, would direct us to a place of safety for the wounded and ourselves. As will be seen, he faithfully kept his word. At parting De Wet shook hands, gravely saluted, and ordered our horses to be caught for us; he also gave us permission to ride back through the Boer laager, the nearest way to our camp, and sent one of his men with us a short distance to put us on the right track.

The main laager was situated about two miles N.E. of our camp, being to

GENERAL DE WET (RIGHT) TAKING COFFEE WITH F. DU TOIT (LEFT).
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

the north of the line and the Johannesburg road. As we rode through the laager almost all the Boers we met saluted or greeted us verbally. They stared in an interested manner and were all friendly.

The Boer camp was very different from those formed by the British, as we were so often to remark later. They had selected an admirable place, surrounded on three sides by kopjes, but open to the northward. The commando was split up into small parties, camped some distance apart, so that even if the situation of the laager was shelled the chances would be decidedly against much damage being inflicted. This was in marked contrast to the dense grouping of men and animals in the British camps. So far as we could see, the Boers only had four guns, a few bell-tents and Cape carts, two or three ambulance wagons, and many bullock-wagons. It was difficult to estimate their numbers, but we came to the con-

clusion that they were well under two thousand. After passing the laager we met an ambulance and two bullock-wagons with one or two wounded men, but we could not see how many wounded were lying down, as all the wagons were covered. We arrived in camp soon after 4 p.m., and at 4.30 I took charge of a burial party, Mr. Evans officiating as chaplain. We buried eighteen British and one Boer. Many of our men attended and were formed up in two lines at right angles to each other, the officers forming the third side. The sight was impressive, and vividly recalled to us the seamy side of war. Unfortunately it was one we were to see a great deal more of. I could not help thinking of the lines, 'Let those who make the battles be the only ones who fight.' The next day our men put up

IN THE BOER LAAGER: A GROUP OF MEN WITH THEIR CAPE CARTS.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

rough temporary wooden crosses to mark the graves. When we were coming home all the graves at the kopje and at Roodewal Station were marked by permanent crosses and outlined with white stones.

After the funeral we again brought the operating tent into requisition, where we were engaged till midnight.

During the day Major Hale had been doing the work of the camp as only Hale could do it. He had collected all the food together, estimated how long it would last us—an estimate which rendered half-rations necessary; had done what was possible to clean the camp, had the dead animals dragged away and buried, and had begun to move some of the tents about two hundred yards to a clean piece of ground to the northward. A good day's work indeed, which he completed on the morrow.

During the evening the Boer heliograph was working busily in the direction of Kroonstad, and Roodewal Station still provided us with pyrotechnics.

Before turning in Major Hale and I conferred together, as it was evident that our present camp was not in a very safe position. If the British advanced it seemed clear that the kopje over our camp would be the centre of the Boer position, if they decided to show fight, and the result to us would be the same whether the British advanced from Kroonstad on the west or from the east—in either case our camp would be shelled. Moreover, we did not know how much reliance we could place on De Wet's promise to apprise us of the course of events, although his apparent

R.I.P.: RHENOSTER, JUNE 8TH, 1900.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

honesty of purpose weighed much with us. After discussing the situation from all points of view we came to the conclusion that we had better remain where we were, and keep in communication with De Wet, so that we might at any rate get some inkling of what was likely to happen, and so have time to place our wounded, as far as might be, in a position of comparative safety: fortunately the river-bed was not far off and would afford some cover, if necessary.

The next day (June 9th) Major Hale completed our new camp, and all the wounded were moved, only our stores being left in their original place. Our work continued as before, but operations were now but few, as the patients were doing well, and happily needed no further treatment of this nature. During the morning two messengers came in from De Wet to express his regrets that the truck which Major Hale had loaded with provisions at the station had been

destroyed. A little later, about 10 a.m., a Boer rode in to ask us to fetch two wounded soldiers who had got into their camp the previous night. I at once went off with an ambulance, orderlies, and some surgical necessaries, but about a mile and a half distant we met the two men being driven in in a Cape cart. One of them had a bullet wound of the left orbital margin (the eye was fortunately not damaged); the other a flesh wound just above the left wrist. They told us that the Boers had fed them and treated them very kindly, and also said that the laager was broken up and the Boers had moved off. One of the men declared

GRAVES AT RHENOSTER AS WE LEFT THEM.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

they had gone north, the other said east. How they came to make these statements I do not know—the enemy had not moved.

Boers were passing our camp all day long, going from one laager to the other, and apparently very busy. They were also entrenching the river-bank on its south-west side, towards the open country in the direction of Kroonstad. We had an opportunity of seeing these trenches later, and found that the Boers had cut away the top of the bank, about 30 feet high, and so made several places large enough to take a man, a small place in front being hollowed out to contain cartridges, food, &c.

In the afternoon Field-Cornet De Vos rode into camp with a letter which Captain Knight, D.A.A.G., Imperial Yeomanry, had sent to De Wet, requesting that a doctor might be sent to see a sick officer and some men in the pri-

soners' laager. De Vos said that the General had sent him to ask us to go and do what we could. Accordingly Langman and I again found ourselves riding out in the direction of De Wet's farm, which we passed on our right, and went on to the prisoners' laager, distant about two miles, in a northerly direction from the main Boer laager. The two laagers were not in view of each other, but both could be seen from the farm which stood mid-way between them.

De Vos was an elderly man who talked to us mainly of the country, but fought shy of politics and the war. The prisoners all spoke very highly of him, and said that he had treated them 'splendidly.' He was the commandant of the prisoners' laager.

At the camp we found Captain Knight and some fifteen other officers, and a total of about seven hundred prisoners, mostly of the Derby Militia, with some of the Railway Pioneer Regiment, Yeomen, and a few Highlanders, and men of the Post Office Corps.

Cape carts had been given to the officers, and under one of them Lieut. Preece of the Post Office Corps was lying, suffering from slight fever. We treated him and about twenty others as far as was possible under the circumstances. One man, who was very ill with fever (temperature 104°), we took back to our camp, De Vos lending a Cape cart and driver for this purpose.

Several of the officers had gone to bathe under an armed escort. The prisoners were being well fed and had plenty of fresh mutton, but were short of biscuits, warm clothing and blankets, and had no stimulants. In conversation with Captain Knight I mentioned that we were on half-rations, and had no fresh meat to make beef tea for our patients, although, of course, we had plenty of tinned soups, &c. De Vos, who was one of the party, said, 'You can have plenty of sheep for 1*l.* per head,' and I at once said I would buy twenty. It was agreed that if they were driven into camp the next morning we would pay him for them provided that he sent a receipt for the money, but as will be seen this proposed transaction was over-ruled by De Wet, much to our advantage. On leaving I promised to return at ten the following morning and bring medicines and dressings for veldt sores, together with such other comforts as we could spare; but as matters turned out I was unable to see the prisoners again.

About 4.30 p.m. we started with De Vos in search of General De Wet. On arriving at De Wet's farm we found that he was not there, but was said to be visiting the main laager. Thither we therefore proceeded, and after inquiries of numerous camping parties as to the General's whereabouts finally reached his own quarters, consisting of a bell tent, an Indian shelter, and a bullock-wagon. Here we found Du Toit, Steyn, Bennet, and others; the

General himself was visiting the different groups composing the laager, but, as it was thought he would return shortly, we decided to wait. The party was quite convivial, our hosts giving us coffee and we supplying cigarettes which they seemed to appreciate highly. We were told that there was one small boy of twelve who was fighting: Du Toit sent for him as we expressed a wish to see him, but unfortunately he was not to be found. We asked how such a youngster liked fighting, and were told that he seemed to enjoy it very much, and had said to a Boer who told him he was too young and small to be in the field, 'Oh, no; you see if I am small it only takes a small stone to hide me.'

Du Toit talked to us for a long time, and told us that, contrary to what we had heard, Kroonstad had not fallen, but that the Boer spies were there and no British force was coming from that quarter, although an action was impending as the British were only eleven miles off, near Vredefort Road to the north-eastward. He said he was not aware who was in command, nor did he know the strength. It was, therefore, as yet uncertain whether the British force was strong enough to attack, or was only a reconnoitring party, but in view of a probable engagement he advised that we should move our camp. I asked him 'Where to?' and he then took great pains to explain what positions the Boers would take up in the event of an attack, indicating to us a place on the south side of the line where he thought we should be all right and where there was good camping ground, with plenty of water and wood. Du Toit further said that General De Wet might not agree with the advice he had given and might have other suggestions to offer, but before we left him he promised to send us a messenger at daybreak if De Wet, on hearing what advice we had received, should disagree. In answer to a question Du Toit counselled that we should move our camp as soon as possible, as the rapidity of the British advance was uncertain, and the sooner we were clear of the kopje, which the Boers meant to defend, the sooner we should be safe from the British shells. In all he told us Du Toit was transparently honest and anxious to help us.

In further conversation Du Toit asked if any of the Boers had molested us or given us any annoyance. We told him 'no,' although two men had come into camp in the morning and had tried to take two of our ponies, but on an appeal to Field-Cornet De Vos, who was then in camp, they were sent away empty-handed. Du Toit said, 'But as I have ordered them all to keep out of your camp, you have only to tell your sentries to order them off.' I pointed out to him that this was all very well, and that we were grateful to him and other officers for the help they had given us, but that Boer discipline was not like ours, and that, even if they could understand English, there would be

many who would take no notice of the order of a sentry of the enemy, even though we were a hospital. Du Toit at once saw the force of this, and taking me to his tent gave me the following order which we could show to any Boer who should cause us any annoyance:—

Alle burgers
worden mits deze belet zich
binnen het Ambulans Kamp der
Engelschen te begeven, zonder een
schriftelijke order van een bevoegd
Officier, daar er zieken en gewonden
zijn die het ryden & gerwel niet
kunnen verdragen.

Op last van den
Hoofd Kommandant
F. du Toit Secretaris

Rhenoster Rivier
9 Juni 1900.

TRANSLATION.

ALL BURGHERS are hereby forbidden to enter the English Ambulance Camp without written authority from a responsible officer, as there are sick and wounded who cannot stand riding and noise.

By command of the Chief Commandant,

Rhenoster River, 9th June, 1900. F. DU TOIT, *Secretary.*

And so we chatted away for about a couple of hours on all sorts of topics, interchanging chaff freely, but, as the General did not come and it was growing late, we decided to move homewards, De Wet's adjutant, a youth of seventeen, who told us he had been in the saddle all day and had ridden forty miles with dispatches, being sent with us as safe-conduct.

As we passed through the laager the small fires of each individual group were burning brightly, serving to show how scattered the camp was. Each party was singing hymns with much fervour, putting me in mind of the Boer prisoners' laager in Cape Town. About ten minutes after we had started we met General

De Wet, with whom we exchanged salutes and shook hands, while our guide told him why we had come to the laager.

As soon as he grasped the situation De Wet turned and rode with us in the direction we were going, and took us to a tent, where there was a man who could speak English perfectly. And a fine-looking fellow he was, standing about six feet high, broad, and strong-looking in proportion. I thought, and still think, he was an Englishman. De Wet was now without his tinted glasses, and his face still further impressed me with the feeling that he was a self-contained man of iron will and inflexible determination. As we rode home we agreed that, from

THE BABOON BELONGING TO THE 4TH DERBY MILITIA.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

what we had seen of him, De Wet would never give in; there was that about him which conveyed to us the idea that he was almost a fanatic, and one hardly open to listen to reason on the war. I told the General of our having seen the prisoners as he had requested, of our subsequent attempts to find him, and of Du Toit's advice to us about moving camp. In order to make certain that I had the right place well fixed in my mind I drew a map in the sand, our interpreter holding a naked candle the while. The General watched attentively, and, as I put in my various landmarks, he expressed approval; and, when I put my finger on the spot to which Du Toit had told us to go, he said 'Yes.' While recommending us to move to this spot, the General said that we were at liberty to go where we liked now, and need no longer consider ourselves as prisoners. This being satisfactorily settled I next reminded De Wet that at our last inter-

view I had asked him for a safe-conduct for a sick convoy to Kroonstad, and again preferred my request, urging as an additional reason for his now granting it that in view of the impending action we wished to get rid of some of the cases, or, at least, have power to do so, in order to provide ample room for any fresh wounded who might stand in need of our assistance. I also said that we would, of course, take wounded Boers as well as our own men.

De Wet at once assented, and said that he would write the necessary permit and send it to our camp the first thing in the morning.

De Wet then personally expressed his regret that the truck which Major Hale had loaded with food and stores at the station on June 7th had been blown up with the rest of the stores. He said, and repeated more than once, that this was done by mistake. I assured him that, although we regretted it as much as he could, yet we were persuaded that it was done in error. He further said that he had sent us a message to that purport, and, had he not seen me, he was going to write to the same effect, and to tell us to move, as he had promised at our former interview. He went on to say that it was his intention to send us some sheep to compensate for the loss of the food owing to the destruction of the truck. I thanked him for his kind intention, and said I had that day arranged to buy twenty sheep of De Vos, which were to be driven into camp the next morning.

'No, you will not pay,' said De Wet. 'I will see to that. But is twenty all you want? I meant to send fifty or sixty.'

I said we could well do with more, but that I had only bought twenty because I could not afford to buy any more, being cut off from money supplies. He at once said, 'I will send you all you want, but I may not be able to send them all to-morrow, as they will have to be collected.' I thanked the General, and felt much relieved, as we were running very short of food, and did not know what our chances might be of getting fresh supplies. De Wet then asked if he could help us in any other way. I said no, unless he could give us a little bread, biscuit, or meal. In reply, he said that they themselves were very short of all these things, but that in the morning he would make a small collection from each wagon and send what he could. I feel sure he would have done this had he not been hard pressed. In fulfilment of his promise he sent us twenty sheep the next day, and thirty more on the morning of July 11th, while the British force was shelling the Boer position. Our business being concluded, I expressed my acknowledgments to De Wet for the kindness we had received from him and his officers, and said that I should certainly let the fact be known in England, especially in view of the many statements of a very different nature which had been made there. The General was evidently very pleased—his face

almost beamed; he warmly shook hands, and, having exchanged salutes, he mounted and rode off. After a few minutes' conversation with our interpreter, who seemed a very good sort, we also went on our way, sending our guide back as soon as we were clear of the Boer laager, and arriving in camp tired and hungry about 9 p.m.

I put Major Hale in possession of the facts, and we determined to move to the position indicated by De Wet. So, having given the necessary orders, we turned in for the night.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR SECOND CAMP AT RHENOSTER AND OUR RELIEF.

(Consult map facing p. 50).

June 10*th and* 11*th*, 1900.

THE next morning, June 10th, our work began at 4 a.m., I regret to say with the funeral of four men who had succumbed to their injuries. By 6 o'clock

OUR SECOND CAMP AT RHENOSTER.
(*Photo by W. Sheen.*)

we were all hard at work striking camp and getting ready to transport everything two miles to the southward on the other side of the line.

Early in the forenoon Mr. Evans, escorted by a Boer, rode over to the Boer laager and returned with twenty sheep which De Wet had got together for us, he also brought a message to say that thirty more would follow the next morning; they could not be sent that day as they had to be collected from

neighbouring farms. The General also sent the safe-conduct which he had promised, and in return a suitable letter of thanks was sent to him by his messenger.

Verlof wordt hiermede verleend aan Major Stonham, Field Hospital, Imperial Yeomanry met een deel van zyn Ambulans bestaande uit 6 of 8 Ambulans wagens, eenige gewonden en een aantal zyner manschappen naar Kroonstad, en terug met nog eenige provisie wagens erby, welke provisie bedoeld is voor boven-gemelde Hospitaal. Alle burgers worden tevens gelast hem ongehinderd te laten passeeren en zelfs, waar noodig, alle mogelyke assistentie te verleenen.

Rhenoster Rivier,
10 Juni 1900.

C. R. de Wet.
De Hoofd Kommandant.

TRANSLATION.

LEAVE is hereby granted to Major Stonham, Field Hospital, Imperial Yeomanry, with a part of his ambulance, consisting of six or eight ambulance wagons, some wounded, and a number of his men, to proceed to Kroonstad, and to return with some provision wagons, the provisions being intended for use in the above Hospital. All burghers are also hereby directed to allow him to pass unmolested, and even, where necessary, to render him all possible assistance. C. R. DE WET,

Rhenoster River, June 10th, 1900. *Chief Commandant.*

To reach the new camp we had to cross the Rhenoster River, an unfortunate circumstance, as it entailed a good deal of jolting and consequent pain to the more severely wounded. We quite anticipated that, for some at least, the ordeal would be disastrous. On the whole, however, the patients stood the journey well, better indeed than we had ventured to expect when we considered that there were many who had undergone more or less serious operations. I regret to say that one case of amputated shoulder died *en route*, and another soon after our arrival. Before starting all the patients had such food as they were able to take, and morphia was given to many. In transporting our wounded, two

medical officers went with each convoy, of which there were two, taking with them supplies of milk, brandy, and morphia. The officers accompanied the patients who were under their special care, so that with all cases were those in attendance who were perfectly conversant with the nature of each and its possible requirements in transit.

It was 9 o'clock when the ambulance wagons moved off under Major Hale, Capt. Langman going with the party to guide them to the place indicated by De Wet and his secretary. While Major Hale was taking the first batch to the new camp, the rest of the patients were carried on stretchers across the river, where the returning ambulances picked them up. By this means time was

TRANSPORTING THE WOUNDED TO OUR SECOND CAMP AT RHENOSTER.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

saved, and the worst cases were transported with the minimum degree of discomfort. The general service wagons containing our tents, which had not been pitched, and some stores, went with the ambulances, so that Major Hale was able to begin to pitch our new camp at once. The cooks and cooking apparatus were also sent forward, that all might be in readiness as soon as possible. So well and energetically was the work done that all our patients were moved by 11 a.m., and by 1 p.m. everything had been sent forward.

Our new camp was on the west side of the river, the banks of which were here much less steep, and at two places allowed an easy passage across. The ground was good and there was plenty of water, with many trees near, so that we were well off for wood. Indeed, a better place we could not have had. Major Hale and the men who had gone forward to pitch the tents had worked

like Trojans, with the gratifying result that early in the afternoon our camp was on the high road to completion, a smart piece of work which pleased us very much. We were now within half a mile of the second and smaller Boer laager, which they had evacuated. A few Boers passed our camp during the afternoon, and later on we saw numbers of them moving down the road behind the kopje which we had just left, and we thought, but could not be certain, that they were taking up a position there, as De Wet had told us he intended doing. The next morning we found that such was actually the case.

Two of the dressers visited the ruins at Roodewal station and narrowly

THE RUINS OF ROODEWAL STATION:
'BRITISH WARMS' BURNT AND DAMAGED SCATTERED OVER THE VELDT.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

escaped an accident. Immediately after they had left some howitzer shells blew up, and, it is supposed, killed the old man seen in the accompanying photograph, who was sorting the warm clothing. In response to friendly salutations from the dressers he only vouchsafed the remark that they were 'verdomde Engelschmen.'

Lieutenant Preece was driven into our camp in the afternoon in a Cape cart by one of De Vos's sons. I had seen him the day before: he was slightly feverish, and I had asked De Vos to let him come to us. Unfortunately our enforced move had prevented me from again visiting the prisoners' laager as I had promised to do. In default I sent a note back by the driver with a supply of medical comforts and medicines, with directions for their use.

SECOND CAMP AT RHENOSTER.

Captain Knight sent us by Lieutenant Preece a box of food, sausages, bacon, jam, &c.; this he had offered the day before, but we would not take it. We were glad of some of the things for our mess, and divided the rest among such of our sick and wounded officers as were allowed such diet.

Mr. Scot Skirving went sick to-day with slight fever and general malaise, which necessitated his keeping his bed, much against his wishes. Unfortunately this proved to be enteric, and Mr. Skirving was sent down to Kroonstad and did not again serve with us in the field to our general regret. He, however, joined our detachment at Pretoria for some time before returning to England.

This same afternoon I visited a farm near our camp at the request of an old

A BOER FARMHOUSE.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

Boer that I would see his daughter who 'had fits.' It was here that I first fully appreciated the hatred the Boer women had for us. Although we did all we could for this woman while we were in the neighbourhood she never treated us with anything but disfavour, not openly expressed but unmistakably shown in her general bearing. This manner we met with throughout our stay in the country. I told the woman that she had epilepsy and should never sleep alone, as the fits came on during her sleep. Her only reply was that her husband had been killed at Magersfontein. The way she said it meant worlds. The farmer kept us fairly well supplied with milk, eggs, and fowls for the wounded while we were in this neighbourhood.

The next day (June 11th) was to see us once more surrounded by the British.

At about 8.30 a.m. a Boer brought into camp the following :—

Order aan Izak
Bester, H. Kloppen,
en C. C. Froneman
5 Kloppen om 5
Tenten te gaan halen
die er niet nodig
is in dienst
van den ambulance
Bij Order.
C. C. Froneman
Fecht Generaal
11 Juni 1900

TRANSLATION.

Order to Isaac Bester, H. Kloppen and C. C. Froneman to fetch away five tents not required for service of the ambulance.

By order,

C. C. FRONEMAN, *Fecht General.*

June 11th, 1900.

The man was very polite and courteous, and said we were not to send the tents if we needed them for the wounded, and that if we could not spare five perhaps we could let the General have less. We had more tents than we wanted, as we had kept all the Derbys', so Major Hale ordered some of our men to load five on the wagon which the Boer had brought. He could not, or would not, give us any information about an impending action. We were not, however, left long in doubt. A messenger came in from De Wet to say that he could not spare a burgher to deliver the rest of the sheep he had promised, but that they were in charge of a native, who would bring them in as soon as possible. In due course they arrived, the full thirty.

Early in the morning a final explosion of shells took place at the station, and a considerable quantity of small-arms ammunition also went off. At first we thought it might be an attack from the direction of Kroonstad, and the British force, which also heard the explosion, was puzzled a good deal by it. Many people, Lord Kitchener among them, afterwards inquired of us what it had meant.

Towards 10 a.m. intermittent rifle fire began from the kopje under which we had been camped, and small parties of scouts were seen coming and going in the direction of Kroonstad. About 10.30 a.m. two Boer guns, one 12-pounder, and one 15-pounder drawn by six shaggy country-bred ponies, driven from the carriage

and not ridden, and accompanied by some 150 mounted men, crossed the railway line and came along the ridge just on our right flank. They unlimbered near a Kaffir kraal about one thousand yards north-east of our camp, and quickly fired a couple of shots, which were as promptly replied to, the British shells falling just in the rear of the Boers. The latter then limbered up, and leisurely marched to the drift half a mile in our rear. Having crossed this, the guns with the mounted Boers in open order coolly moved off in a westerly direction about noon.

The British main attack was directed to the kopje dominating our old camp, and the two Boer guns whose manœuvres have been mentioned were intended,

WATCHING THE ACTION AT RHENOSTER, JUNE 11TH, FROM OUR G. S. WAGONS.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

apparently, to prevent the British left turning the Boer right. The accuracy of the British gunners was gratifying to us, for we were in the direct line of fire, and had they over-shot the mark the shells would have dropped in the middle of our tents. After the Boer guns had moved off under cover of the rising ground so that their retreat should not be observed, the British shells kept falling on the position they had recently held, and, realising the Boer tactics, one could easily see why their losses should be so slight. Soon after the retirement of the guns the first evidence of the British cavalry came into view—three riderless horses. Meanwhile the Derbys' kopje and our old camping ground were being heavily shelled with lyddite and shrapnel, and we congratulated ourselves on having moved, and felt duly grateful to De Wet. After the action some of the

THE YEOMANRY ADVANCING TOWARDS OUR CAMP ON JUNE 11TH, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BOER RETREAT.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

Yeomanry officers said, 'We were afraid we might be shelling you, as an escaped prisoner told us you were camped just under the kopje.' Long after the Boers had bidden it farewell British shells continued to plough up our old camp and stir up the dust on the kopje. Heavy rifle-fire and a pom-pom added to the din, and it was evident that the main body of Boers held the hill. Some distance in our rear, *i.e.*, to the right of the Boer position, rifle and Maxim fire kept up the concert. The whole thing was, however, of short duration, as the Boers quietly, and without any haste, retreated, dispersing as they did so—some this way, others that—in a fan-shaped manner so that no large bodies were to be found together. This was, I believe, described by the press as an action terminating in the 'rout of the enemy, who *were* scattered in all directions'—a small verb makes a great difference in the meaning of a sentence.

We had a capital view of the whole affair, as our camp was practically in the very centre of the position, and we eagerly watched what was happening from our wagons, veritable grand-stands, which would have commanded a high price could we have let them out to the sensation loving public.

LORD METHUEN VISITING THE FIELD HOSPITAL, JUNE 11TH.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

A few minutes after the

Boers and their guns had gone over the crest to the westward of us some of the British cavalry appeared on the crest from which the Boer guns had recently been withdrawn, and after carefully examining us rode into our camp. They proved to be the Yorkshire Yeomanry, and received a satisfactory answer to the inquiry, 'How the devil did you get here?' Many of the men showed an inclination for cigarettes, and congregated near our tents until we represented to them that the Boers and their guns were still quite close, and we did not wish their fire drawn on our camp. They then went south in a compact body, but so far as we know did not pursue the Boers, as we soon saw them turn towards the line in a northerly direction. Lord Chesham with the Bucks Yeomanry came up soon after, and after making some kindly inquiries about us and our patients, rode off to Roodewal Station, or rather to what had been, for it was now in ruins.

Early in the afternoon Lord Methuen came into camp, interrogated us as to the particulars of the past five days, and inspected the hospital. He spoke to all the officers and men, saying he was sorry for them, but they had done their best, as indeed they had. One of the men told Lord Methuen that they had been sold by the store-keeper, and the General at once sent to make inquiries as to his whereabouts. He expressed himself as very pleased with all he saw, and said it was extremely fortunate that the Field Hospital and Bearer Company were on the spot; we feel sure our friends the Sherwoods would endorse this.

One man of the Shropshire Light Infantry was brought in to-day dead, and some ten other men were slightly wounded. During the afternoon many friends and officers came to see us and learn the news.

At 5 p.m. we reported our presence to Lord Kitchener, who had taken up his quarters in a small farm about a mile distant from us and nearer the line, and asked for orders. The General talked a considerable time with us about the events of the past few days, and also of the day's action as we had seen it from the Boer side. He said that he was moving on to Kroonstad in the morning, and that as soon as we heard from him that the road was clear we were to evacuate as quickly as possible, and then march to Johannesburg, going thence to Pretoria if so directed by Lord Roberts, to whom we were to telegraph. Major Watson (A.D.C.) kindly undertook to send our letters and wires with the official dispatches; so we made up a mail-bag, and sent it to the General's headquarters in the evening.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR LAST DAYS AT RHENOSTER. EVACUATING THE HOSPITAL.

June 12th—June 21st, 1900.

On June 12th Methuen and Kitchener moved off towards Kroonstad at 3.30 a.m., the farm in which the latter had slept and the store-keeper's house being first treated to the contents of a box of matches, in accordance with a proclamation which had been issued to the effect that damage to the railway would meet with such treatment to the houses in the neighbourhood. Later in the day Kitchener returned from Honingspruit, and reported all safe at Kroonstad, the fate of which place had been somewhat doubtful.

We admitted numerous cases into hospital from Lord Methuen's and Lord Kitchener's forces, chiefly dysentery, rheumatism, and some few certain or probable typhoids. Major Hale was busy most of the day arranging for a sick convoy which was to go to Kroonstad as soon as Lord Kitchener sent to say that the road was clear. It was by this time essential that we should get rid of some of our patients; we were already over-full, and were receiving many fresh cases daily. After the morning's work Dr. Green and I rode out to see our epileptic patient at the farm, and found all the women very much upset by the firing, and anxious to know if their farm would be burnt. We also noted that one young Boer and the store-keeper whom Methuen wished to interview, dressed in their Sunday best, were in the house. We said we presumed they had been fighting yesterday, but had since got rid of their arms, and posed as respectable, law-abiding, never-break-your-oath farmers. They, of course, protested that they were all the best friends the British had ever had. How many such 'friends' did we not meet, men who had received at the hands of the British every consideration, but who did not understand a war on so-called humane principles. The humanity was all for the enemy, and poor Tommy paid the piper with his health and life, while his sorrowing and too frequently bereaved friends at home footed the bill. To talk of the humanity of war is to juggle with words. The harder and harsher war is made must surely be the most humane course—it is the shortest.

The store-keeper, who from all we heard about him deserved hanging,

appealed to us about the burning of his store, and protested volubly, though not convincingly, that he was most faithful to the British, of whom he was inordinately fond, so fond indeed that he appears to have eaten their bread in friendship, and then attempted to retain their everlasting faith by shooting some and delivering the others into the hands of De Wet. He showed us a pass (signed, I think, 'Miller,' but I am not sure) allowing him to go to Vredefort

Mr Crowther. Mr. Marrett. Mr Hughes. Mr. Carling. Mr Gill. Mr. Nimmo.

OUR SURGICAL DRESSERS.

Road, and asked us to assist him. We told him it was no business of ours, but that we felt confident his store had been burnt for a very good reason. He then asked us to furnish him with an escort to the British lines. We told him that no escort was necessary, and that he was already within the lines, but offered to give him a note to the Commanding Officer who, we assured him, would be delighted to see him. This man again came to our camp some five days later. He had been staying with the old farmer all the time, although he was 'wanted.' What eventually happened to him I did not hear.

While we were having the usual coffee (execrable stuff) at this farm, the owner told us he had 'found' a lot of British warm clothing, and he hoped we would take what we wanted! Generosity indeed, as it belonged to the British. From here we went across the drift by which the Boers had withdrawn their guns the day before, and so to a small mud hut, occupied by an old man who had sent in to say he had been hit by a stray bullet, and who had been seen by Green the previous day. The old fellow was eighty-five, and proved to be a native of Derby who, having deserted from a ship fifty years before, had exiled himself from his native land, married a negress, and settled down in this out-of-the-way place. This veritable Methuselah was much excited when he heard that the 4th Derby Militia had been cut up, and wanted Dr. Green to send some of them up to talk about his native town. The day before, while standing at his door, made of an upper and lower half as in some stables,* to see all he could, a bullet passed through the closed lower half of it and lodged in the fleshy part of his thigh, whence it was removed by Dr. Green. We made arrangements to send for him to camp, and eventually forwarded him to Kroonstad by sick convoy.

When the afternoon's work was done Langman and I rode out to our old camp to see what might have happened to us had we stayed there. On the way we rode to the Kaffir kraal close to our present camp, where the Boer guns had been the day before. We found the natives terribly frightened, but bartered with them for a couple of guinea-fowl and some chickens. Then the fun began. The natives tried to catch the guinea-fowl and we joined in, but found our horses not quite so quick as polo ponies, so after a varied chase we gave it up, content with a couple of fowls, which we sent into camp, and if the guinea-fowl were as tough as the chickens we had not lost much.

Our old camping ground was plentifully littered with shrapnel-bullets and case, and there were also many holes where lyddite had exploded. It struck us both that these holes were very small, the largest measuring only about three by two feet, and being quite shallow. The earth was stained green, and on applying a match the lyddite spluttered away and burnt gaily. It is worthy of note here that Dr. Green and I were at Hart's Hill (Colenso) on November 26th, almost a year after the action there, and we found that this green matter would still burn.†

On the top of the kopje we found a picket of the Shropshire Light Infantry among some stone sangars, which the Boers had thrown up. Here and there the

* This form of 'half-door' is very common in Boer houses.

† Lyddite is fused tri-nitro-phenol or nitrated carbolic acid. It is sparingly soluble in water, which does not affect its explosive properties so long as it remains undissolved. After solution and subsequent evaporation the solid residue would be explosive.

stones and rocks were split up by a shell, but there was little to indicate what had been going on so recently. Some of the British were camped on the high ground of which the kopje formed the abrupt termination. The Shropshires occupied our old camping ground, but moved to the plateau during the afternoon.

Early on June 13th, Lord Kitchener sent a message to say that the road was clear and we were to send a sick convoy to Kroonstad. Major Hale accordingly went to see him and obtain definite orders for the convoy which would march in the morning. Meantime the wagons, food, and medicines were got ready, the men told off who were to go with Hale, and the officers' lists of

UP-LOADING A SICK CONVOY AT RHENOSTER FOR KROONSTAD.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

their patients and how they were to be accommodated, *i.e.*, lying down or sitting, were made up.

Mr. Scot Skirving, who had enteric, Capt. Langman and Dr. Buchanan (the Derbys' regimental medical officer), who had given us so much help, and whom we were sorry to lose, were also going down. Some thirty men who had been kept in hospital for a few days suffering from slight complaints, were now sent back to their units as fit for duty.

Just before lunch some Yeomanry officers came to inquire about the assistant station-master, who was 'wanted.' We had no idea he was in camp, but on making inquiries found that such was the case. We interviewed him and a friend he had with him, asking how it was he came to be in one of the hospital tents. He said that De Wet had made him a prisoner, but had let him

go because he was a neutral, and had directed him to come to us. On being told that he should have reported himself and that he would be discharged from hospital, he turned absolutely green with funk, and asked where he should go. 'To the British lines since you are in British employ,' was the answer. I never saw a man so frightened in my life, and this we took as fairly good evidence that he had had some share in giving information to the Boers. A few days later I saw this man on Kroonstad station; how he got there, and how he cleared himself I do not know.

The last part of the afternoon was occupied in writing letters and compiling returns for the authorities both in South Africa and at home.

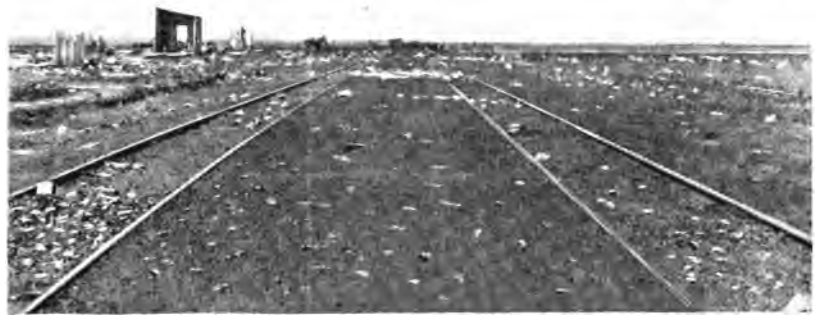
One of our conductors was sent to-day to bring in some cattle which Colonel Spens had promised us, but he returned without them, owing to some error on the part of a subordinate.

At 3.30 a.m. on June 14th distant firing was heard in the direction of Kopjes Station, and by 6 a.m. the firing became pretty general. Lyddite and shrapnel were bursting over the small kopje to the north-east, but by 9.30 a.m. all firing had ceased. We were told that the Boers had attacked a construction train near Kopjes Station.

About 9 a.m. our sick convoy under Major Hale marched for Kroonstad. He took forty lying down cases in ten ambulance wagons and in addition forty-six sitting, making with those who could march a total of one hundred and six cases. We were very pleased with this proof of our ability to carry twice as many lying down cases as the same number of Government ambulances could accommodate. Colonel Wilkinson of the 4th Derby Militia and the officers expressed themselves most kindly on leaving us, and said we had been their salvation.

At noon a mounted orderly came in, and asked us to send an ambulance to Kopjes Station to bring in two wounded men. Green and I made preparations while the wagon was being got ready, and then set out. We crossed the river and our old camp, skirted the Rhenoster Kopje, 'Derbys' Kopje,' and, traversing the British camp, after six or seven miles reached Kopjes Station, where the train had been stuck up in the morning. Here we found one man who had hurt his back, though not severely, his horse having reared, fallen, and rolled on him when a shell burst near. The other wounded man was in a small room off one of the station buildings in which Lord Kitchener had slept the night before on his return from the south. The floor was covered with clots of blood, and the man, a private in the Shropshire Light Infantry, lay huddled up in one corner. He had been hit on the right side of his neck, about the middle. The bullet had passed upwards and forwards beneath the skin and shattered his chin. Poor

chap, he was in a terrible plight, dirty, covered with blood, loose fragments of bone and clotted blood in his mouth, and withal dazed and half delirious, so that it was with great difficulty we could examine him, a process which he resented, evidently not knowing that he was in the hands of friends. We patched him up as well as circumstances permitted and put him into the wagon, but with small hope of getting him into camp alive. It was truly surprising how he rallied; by the time we got back to camp he was comparatively a new man, and was at once submitted to the necessary operation. We learned afterwards that he was doing well at Kroonstad, where we sent him by our next convoy.



THE RUINS OF ROODEWAI STATION.

(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

On our way back through the British camp I went to see Colonel Spens, Shropshire Light Infantry, about the promised oxen, but he was away with Lord Kitchener, so I left him a message, with the result that we received seven good ones the next day. As we were leaving the camp a battery was limbering up to go in pursuit of a Boer convoy in a north-easterly direction. and soon after we saw the shells bursting and the cavalry advancing, but as it was near sundown we concluded that the convoy would escape—and it did. At the river we met a battery of artillery and many mounted men coming up from Kroonstad, which place they reported quite safe. We heard from several sources that Lord Methuen had spared De Wet's farm because he had treated us well. The farm was, however, burnt a few days later.

This day all sorts of rumours were rife (indeed, when were they not?)—

hospital trains taken by Boers, Sand River bridge blown up, station-master to be shot at daybreak, and heaps of others—nearly all false. But rumour is generally diverting, and gives much scope for conversation and the exhibition of faith: later on, I am afraid, we had none and believed nothing, or next to nothing.

On June 16th, Dr. Green and I rode out to what had once been Roodewal Station. At this time it was represented by wreckage: not a building was standing, and no one would have imagined what it had been. Sheets of galvanised iron, which once formed buildings, but were now twisted into all sorts of shapes,

THE RUINS OF ROODEWAL STATION.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

were strewn about in every direction. Clothes, blankets, papers, half-burnt letters and parcels, boots, tins, remnants of blankets, of clothing, of railway trucks, and all conceivable things, made a heterogenous covering for the veldt for a considerable distance. Huge solid chilled shells, fragments of 280 lb. howitzer shells, shrapnel and pom-pom shells, were scattered around. Some had been thrown a long way by the terrific explosions: we found several solid 280 lb. shells about 500 yards or more from the station; two of these were stuck up in the ground like ricketty tomb-stones. In one place was a large cone-shaped pit, wide enough at the bottom to pitch a bell tent. This had been made by the bursting of a huge pile of 280 lb. lyddite shells which we had seen there on June 7th. Into this pit the natives were hauling the dead, and in many cases half-burned, mules and horses. In one place the ground was literally spread with charred 'British warm' coats,

which was specially annoying when one knew how much these were wanted by the troops during the bitterly cold nights we were having. Men were busy repairing the line, but the new station-master knew nothing about trains, and referred us to the officer in charge of the construction train at the bridge. From the telegraphist we ascertained that communication with Kroonstad would be established during the afternoon.

On June 18th, Dr. Green and I again went to see Colonel Spens. On our way we stopped at the bridge to see how matters were progressing. It was most

THE RUINS OF ROODEWAL STATION: A PILE OF 280 LB. SOLID SIEGE SHELLS IN A HOLE MADE BY THE EXPLOSION OF LYDDITE SHELLS.

(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

interesting to watch the men of the Railway Pioneer Regiment repairing the line and building a temporary bridge over the Rhenoster. Here we met Colonel Townsend, R.A.M.C., and Mr. Makins, one of the consulting surgeons, with whom we lunched later in day, and heard that Lord Methuen had gone out in the direction of Heilbron in pursuit of De Wet.

We arranged with Colonel Spens that, when we moved off, he should take over the arms and ammunition of the men in hospital, and the spare Derby tents. We also saw Captain Waghorn, in charge of the construction train and work at the bridge, and settled with him for a train to take a sick convoy to Kroonstad the next day. We were continually getting fresh batches of sick, and this day

admitted fifty-seven, so that our work still occupied the greater part of our time. That our patients were comfortable and contented was evidenced by the remark of one of them that they were 'all treated like bloomin' kernels.'

On reaching camp again, we found that Major Hale had returned from Kroonstad, bringing five days' rations and forage, and some bread for our mess. Capital bread it was too, and quite a luxury! We were very sorry to hear that two wounded officers had died on the way down. Dispositions were at once made to get the rest of our sick down the following morning, so that we could continue our march as soon as possible.

DÉBRIS AT ROODEWAL STATION.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

Accordingly, early the next day (June 19th), we loaded up one hundred and twenty sick, mostly light cases, in the train waiting for us. Drs. Green and Stewart accompanied me with this convoy, and Major Hale took over the hospital work as well as the camping arrangements during my absence. The journey to Kroonstad was accomplished in about an hour and a half, our sick being then deposited in No. 3 General Hospital, and the officers conveyed to comfortable quarters at the Grand Hotel. Our patients housed, I went to see Mr. Scot Skirving, who was in the Scottish Hospital, and I was glad to find him much better, his attack of enteric proving a very mild one. Dr. Clarke, the chief surgeon of this hospital, took me round it and showed me many very interesting cases, including some of our Rhenoster wounded, who were looking very fit and well. The hospital was most comfortable, and nothing could have been better than its arrangements. There was no chance of our getting back to Roodewal, so Drs. Green and Stewart found quarters on a luggage-truck in the station, while I was kindly accommodated by Lieut. Sotheby, 4th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Railway Staff-officer, and passed an excellent night on the floor of his office. There was a thunder-storm that night, our first experience of the South African variety, and it came as an eye-opener in the matter of storms.

In the morning, after visiting Colonel Wood, officer commanding No. 3 General Hospital, to inquire after our late patients, we made inquiries as to a train to

Rhenoster, but as there seemed no prospect of our getting one Dr. Green and I inspected Kroonstad once more. We met our old friend Vet.-Lieut. Spanton, who had come out in the *Winkfield* with us. We also found the Boer prisoners being indeed most 'barbarously' used by their British captors. They were lolling about smoking in the market square, listening to the Buffs' band! As Green remarked it was quite a garden-party, only wanting tea and ices to make it complete. When we got back to the station we heard that the line was open, and that a train would start at 6.30 p.m., so we bundled into the guard's van with some six other officers, and Canon Knox Little. We had bought some bread and a tin of jam, so we had something to eat during what proved to be a most tedious journey, for it took about fourteen hours to do the twenty-eight miles to Rhenoster Bridge. We certainly were not over-comfortable, nor very warm, but we made the best of it by piling up the parcels, &c., and so getting something to sit on and a little room for our legs. The train was so heavy that the engine could not get it up the gradients, and just beyond Honing-spruit it had to be split up, the engine taking the first part to the siding and then returning for the rest. A second train behind us was in much the same plight. But all things come to an end, and we reached Roodewal about 7.30 a.m., and camp about 9 a.m. on June 21st.

BUILDING THE DEVIATION BRIDGE AT RHENOSTER SPRUIT.
(Photo by F. Green.)

Major Hale had been very busy during our absence making ready for our forward march, and had completed all the necessary arrangements, so that we had only to notify Colonel Spens regarding the tents he wanted and the equipment, arms, &c., which were left with us.

Bullock-wagons were sent for these in the morning, and we handed over twenty-two bell tents, which we had taken from the Derbys' camp, fifty blankets, and many other things which we could not take with us, but which would be most welcome to the Shropshires.

On this our last night at Rhenoster we naturally discussed the work we had done and our experiences, and felt that we had much to congratulate ourselves upon. The assistance we had been able to afford, at a most critical and trying

time, tended to erase from our minds the remembrance of the delays which had been imposed upon us at Cape Town and Bloemfontein. The test had, if such a stimulus were wanting, put the heart in us to do our very best, and had shown us that our equipment was so excellent that we could cope with any emergency. It had proved our men, had enabled us to ascertain which could be best relied upon for this, that, or the other work, and the general duties of the camp. It had, in fine, consolidated our plans for the future, and made us all feel that a civilian Field Hospital and Bearer Company, manned and equipped like ours, could hold its own wherever and whenever it should again be put to the trial. Officers,

THE DEVIATION BRIDGE AT RHENOSTER SPRUIT.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

non-commissioned officers, and men had worked with heart and soul, each in his respective rank vying with the other in friendly rivalry as to who should prove the most efficient and do the best. In must not be forgotten that these men were, with but few exceptions, civilians, a fact the consciousness of which contributed not a little to make them 'bukh up,' and emulate the services of those trained for the army, and nobly they did it, not only on this occasion but throughout our service in S. Africa. Further, there was a strong feeling of *esprit de corps*, each man desiring that the Imperial Yeomanry Field Hospital and Bearer Company should stand pre-eminent in usefulness and efficiency.

When I say that our experiences at Rhenoster had consolidated our plans

for the future, I mean that it had proved to Major Hale and me that the tentative amalgamation of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company into one unit for practical purposes had proved so successful that we determined to follow this plan throughout, nor did we find during our service any reason to alter this plan, which worked well throughout, and which, it is to be hoped, will be universally adopted in the future.

Under this arrangement we formed one camp, Major Hale taking charge of

THE FIRST TRAIN COMING OVER THE DEVIATION BRIDGE.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

all camping, transport, and supplies for the men and animals, while the management of the hospital and hospital necessaries fell to my share. The officers and men of Field Hospital and Bearer Company were regarded as belonging not to one or the other, but to the general unit.

Writing at this distance of time, I am sure that we must all feel that at Roodewal and Rhenoster we fully justified our existence, and that the amount of good we were called upon and were fortunately able to effect, was well worth the trouble and expense of fitting us out. But there still remained much for us to do before the faces of many of us were turned homewards.

CHAPTER VIII.

RHENOSTER TO PRETORIA.

(Consult Maps facing pp. 32, 95, 97, 105.)

June 22nd—July 5th, 1900.

By 7.45 a.m. on June 22nd we had struck camp, packed our wagons, and were ready to move off for Vredefort Road, which was reached about 6.30 p.m.

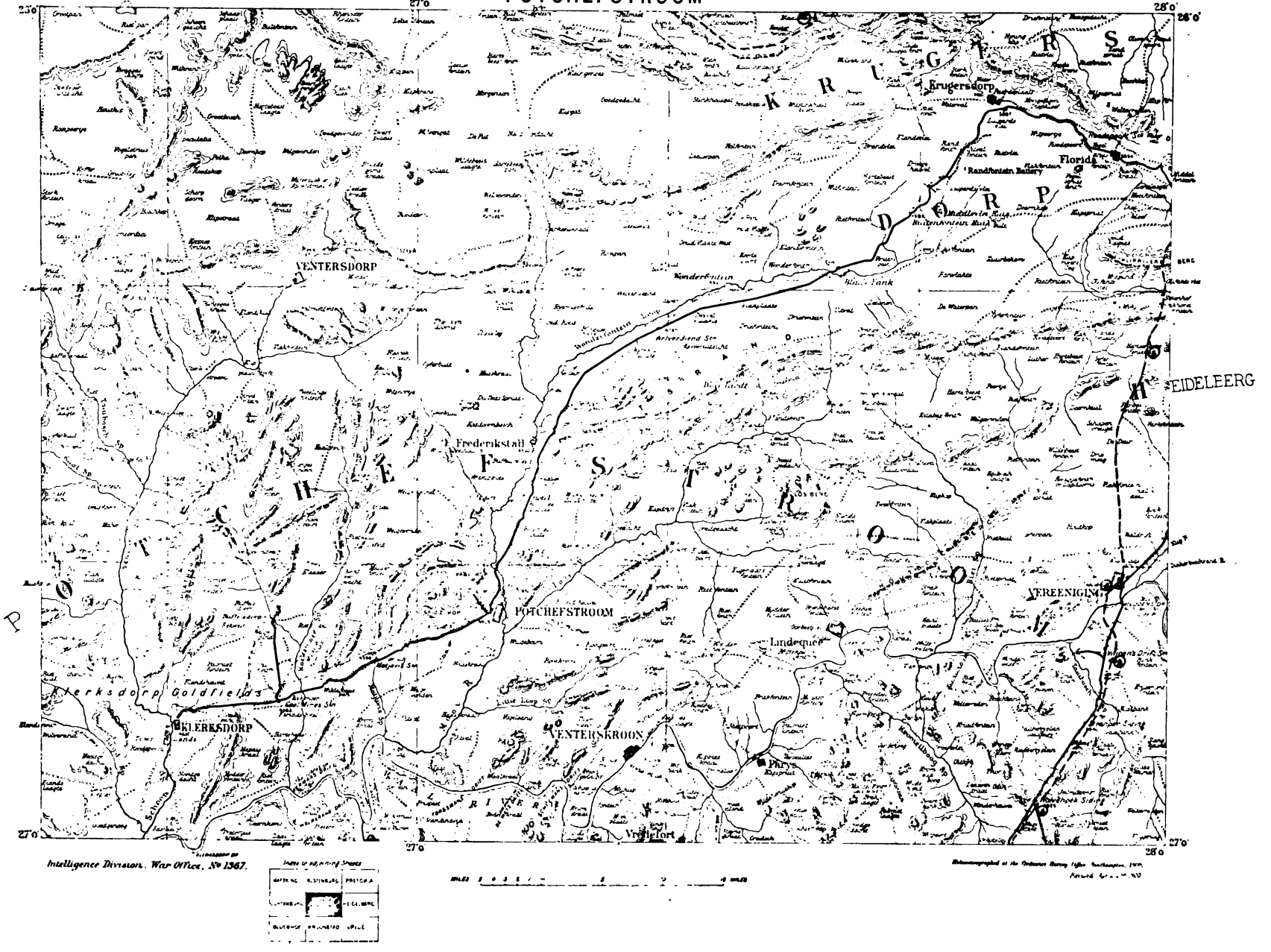
MEN OF THE F. H. AND B. C. CROSSING THE VAAL RIVER BY THE FERRY.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

On arrival, we found a construction train going south to repair a culvert which had been blown up the night before near Honingspruit, the lines of communication being thus again interrupted. At Vredefort Road the South Wales Borderers were encamped under the command of Colonel Roche. The medical officer here approached us as to the possibility of our remaining for some time; this was, of course, impossible in view of our orders to march with all speed to Johannesburg, where we were to wire to Lord Roberts.

We interviewed Colonel Roche, and arranged with him to give such temporary help as we could. A lieutenant of Yeomanry informed us that there

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.

POTCHEFSTROOM



Used by permission of D. M. I.

To face p. 95.

were some sick and wounded men in one of the station sheds, and asked us if we could afford them some assistance. Accordingly Mr. Sheen, one of the dressers, and I accompanied this officer, who pointed out the shed, and we at once did all we could to make them comfortable. The next morning Dr. Stewart was left behind with an ample supply of medicines, dressings, stimulants, and other medical comforts, and food for the use of these patients, who would be sent on by train to Johannesburg as soon as possible.

On June 23rd we pushed on to Wolverhoek, which reminded one of a village fair owing to the number of horses, trek-oxen, and sheep, and the quantity of forage in the neighbourhood of the station. Our camping-ground here was very good, and there was some excellent grass, which our mules had begun to feel the

OUR WAGONS CROSSING THE VAAL RIVER.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

want of pretty badly. Since leaving Rhenoster three had died on the road, and all were in very poor condition owing to the scarcity of forage and mealies, for although we had oats the mules would not eat them.

At Wolverhoek there were nearly a thousand men with two guns; some of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, and about four hundred of the late prisoners at Pretoria, many of whom were armed with Martinis. After dinner we lit a good fire, and brewed some hot punch with the first rum ration we had had for a long time; and very good it was, only having, like Oliver's porridge, one cardinal defect—there was not enough of it. The rum ration, when obtainable, was half a gill for each officer and man on Tuesdays and Fridays; but on column we had more often than not to enjoy it after the manner of the Barmecide.

We camped about three the next day (June 24th) at Viljoen's Drift, close to the Vaal River; but the mules were too much done to push on any further, as the

road was deep in sand, which made travelling very laborious. Viljoen's Drift is a small village of tin shanties, boasting a couple of coal-mines. As we marched in, an armoured train, employed to patrol the line between here and Vredefort Road, was going south. Close to our camp was some marshy ground in which were a fair number of Rüppell's snipe; they were evidently breeding, as their plumage and 'drumming' testified—the sight of them transported Hale with joy, as he is a noted snipe shot. In the afternoon Dr. Stewart rejoined us, having come up with fifty-seven sick from Vredefort Road, to whose comfort we attended before the train took them on to Johannesburg.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE VAAL RIVER AT VEREENIGING.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

The next day (June 25th) was a great day for us, as we crossed the Vaal River and entered the Transvaal. We camped early at Vereeniging, so as to give our animals a good rest and feed.

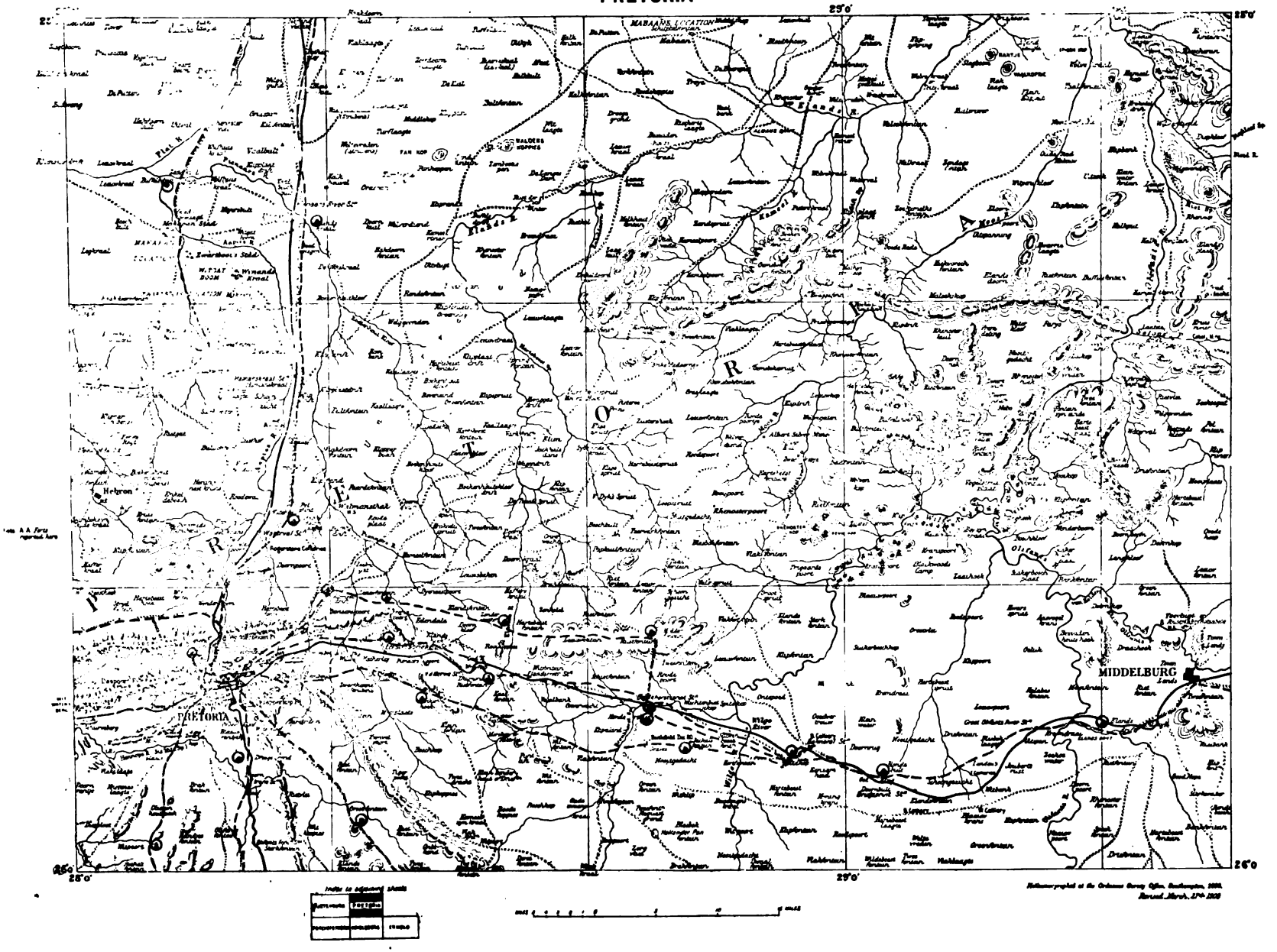
Colonel Boyd, R.E., the commandant at Vereeniging, came into camp soon after we had pitched to inquire what rations and forage we wanted, and although he was hard up he gave us the two days' we requisitioned.

An officer approached us later, and told us that we had camped just in front of the rifle-pits, but as we were moving on in the morning we were not ordered to shift our ground.

The bridge at Vereeniging had been blown up by the Boers, but what remained showed it had been a fine structure. Its place was now supplied by a deviation.

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.

PRETORIA



Used by permission of E. M. I.

To face p. 97.

Starting early next day (June 26th) we camped at Herzenbergfontein at 2.30 p.m., after a very enjoyable march over a good road. The scenery was improving; in the distance were the mountains round Johannesburg, and we passed over undulating ground, scattered over which were occasional clumps of fir and willow, with glimpses of water here and there.

On June 27th I rode on early in advance of the convoy, accompanied by Sergt.-Major Burden and Private Hartland (who knew Johannesburg and could speak a little Dutch), in order to find out where we were to camp in the town, and also to get some wires through to Cape Town and London. The effects were very pretty as we rode through the valleys of the belt of hills surrounding the town and over the Klip River, the clearest water I saw during the whole of the time we were in the country. We reached Johannesburg at 11 a.m., and I saw the Brigade Major, who said we were to camp at the Wanderers' Club. He also wired to Lord Roberts for me in accordance with Lord Kitchener's orders to us, to inquire if we should go on to Pretoria; the reply directing us to proceed thither reached us later in the day. Having found the way to the Wanderers' Club, I rode out to meet Major Hale and our convoy and take them to the ground, which was close to the station.

PART OF OUR CAMP IN THE GROUNDS OF THE WANDERERS' CLUB, JOHANNESBURG.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

We decided to remain in Johannesburg for one day in order to give our animals a rest, draw rations, and straighten things up a bit before going on to Pretoria. At this time Johannesburg was pretty dismal, the mines were closed down, most of the shops and stores were closed and the windows boarded up. This, we learned, had been done before the British entered the town, in anticipation of street rows; none, however, occurred. The town itself, so far as its buildings went, presented a sufficiently striking contrast, being a curious mixture of palatial stores and offices, in many cases ostentatiously vulgar as some of us thought, with mean, ill-kept, dirty little houses. Some of the streets were fine, and on the outskirts of the town were many good avenues with substantial buildings. But Johannesburg and its varied interests has little to do with us, so I will not digress.

We resumed our march at 8 a.m. on June 29th, skirting the north of the town, and reached Witpoort at one o'clock, where we camped for the night.

The day was very unpleasant, cold, windy, and horribly dusty. The red dust is one of the chief plagues of Johannesburg and its vicinity; many of the doors bore plates with the quaint legend, 'Come in. Closed on account of the dust.' Our road was broad and good, and led us through open country beyond the high ground encircling Johannesburg. The following morning, Dr. Green, Sergt.-Major Burden, and I rode forward in advance to report our arrival in Pretoria, and obtain orders as to our camping ground and next move.

The landscape was hilly and picturesque, and we sighted many well-to-do farms. Crossing the Hennops River at Six Miles Spruit, our approach to Pre-

SORTING THE MAILS.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

toria from the south-west followed the main road through the mountains, and passed beneath one of the large forts, crowning an eminence. Thence, past the artillery barracks and the race-course on our left, it led us into the town, which we had all longed to reach. As we did not know the whereabouts of any of the official quarters we inquired for the Army Headquarters, and after considerable difficulty and many wrong directions found them. I explained to one of the A.D.C.'s that Lord Kitchener had ordered us to proceed to Johannesburg and there await orders from Lord Roberts, who had wired for us to come on at once. I also asked to whom I should apply for camping ground. Being told that Colonel Grierson would be in shortly, and that he had control of such matters, I decided to wait, and was soon sent for to see Lord Roberts.

He was, as ever, kind and courteous, inquired about Roodewal, and said that he had heard that De Wet had treated us well, and asked for particulars. Lord Roberts also directed me to write a short statement of the facts and send it to him. I did so, and Lord Roberts directed that a letter should be written to De Wet, thanking him for the consideration he had shown us. An A.D.C. then took us to the P.M.O.'s office, but as Colonel Stevenson was not in I left a note for him, and later on sent Sergt.-Major Burden, who returned with the verbal message, 'Camp where you like between the racecourse and the town.' We accordingly rode back towards the Field Hospital and Bearer Company,

OUR CAMP BELOW ARCADIA KOPJE, PRETORIA.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

and met them just outside the town. We then proceeded to camp on the best piece of ground we could find. Bad enough it was—damp, dirty, and intersected by ditches full of frogs: the next morning my blankets proved that the ground was not innocent of scorpions.

The next day Major Hale and I called upon Surgeon-General Wilson (P.M.O., Army) and on Colonel Stevenson, R.A.M.C., but could not ascertain anything as to our probable future movements. We also visited the Irish Hospital, which was located in the Palace of Justice. On returning to camp we were glad to find that a long-delayed and very welcome mail had been brought from the post office.

On July 2nd a staff officer came and told us we were to move our camp

to better and more healthy ground, and asked us to go with him and select a position. Major Hale and I accompanied him to Arcadia Kopje on the eastern side of the town, and eventually chose a good piece of ground just at its foot, and close to the camp of the Irish Fusiliers and a battery of Royal Horse Artillery. We moved our camp during the afternoon, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. Soon after we had camped Major Sylvester, secretary to Colonel Stevenson, came and asked us to send six ambulances to the station to take sick who were coming in by train to the Irish Hospital. This we accordingly did, moving fifty-seven, to the surprise of many, who were evidently astonished at the capacity of our ambulances.

The next few days were spent in constant inquiries for orders and as constant disappointment. We even began to wonder if our experience in Cape Town and Bloemfontein was to be repeated at Pretoria.

HELIO STATION ON ARCADIA KOPJE, PRETORIA.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE SOUTH-EASTERN TRANSVAAL.

(Consult Maps facing pp. 97, 105.)

July 6th—July 17th, 1900.

OUR impatience, however, was not destined to become chronic. Within a few days we received orders to join General Mahon's Brigade at 'Rietfontein, near Irene,' and failing to find him we were to go on and catch him up. No indication as to his probable position or the objective of his march was vouchsafed us. Some of our ambulances were under slight repair, we therefore had to hurry matters up in order to get away in good time the next day. In default of information as to our direction we started, carrying three days' rations, at 11.30 a.m. on July 7th, to find the place by the aid of the map. After going three miles we met a Scotch cart and three gunners, who told us that Mahon was twenty miles distant, that Colonel Pilcher's force was sixteen miles off, and that fighting was going on all round. With this promising but, as usual, false news, we continued our march with lively speculations as to our immediate and future prospects. We were following, as we afterwards ascertained, the wrong road for Irene; but evidently higher powers directed our route, for we were on the right track to catch Mahon. About twenty miles from Pretoria we found a group of Kaffir kraals and the *débris* left by a considerable camp, but could not obtain any news of Mahon, or indeed of any one else, from the natives. Accordingly we pushed on another three or four miles, and camped for the night near a spruit.

The following morning Hale and I, with the object of obtaining information for our guidance, rode up to an outpost which we discovered on the top of a ridge on our right flank, which commanded a wide stretch of country to the west and south-west. Here we found about fifty Irish Fusiliers, commanded by Major Barclay, who told us he thought Mahon was some thirty miles distant, but could not be certain of his direction: this did not matter much as there was only one road for us to follow. Major Barclay also kindly offered to heliograph to Pretoria to see if any more definite instructions could be sent to us, but we decided to

proceed, and quickly caught up our wagons, which had marched at 8 a.m. Three hours later we passed Hutton's supply camp, and learned from a Yeomanry officer that he had heard Mahon and Hutton had joined forces and were now at or near Bapsfontein, which proved to be correct. Some four miles further on we were told by a scout that the Guards' Brigade was camped beyond the hills on our left, but we saw nothing of them. The veldt was burning in every direction, and occasionally a 'devil' of dust and carbonised grass made things unpleasant and dirty. After outspanning and watering the animals, we resumed our road, which ran in a south-easterly direction, until it joined another at right

A CAMP SCENE.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

angles. We were now in doubt as to which we should choose, and after some discussion decided to follow the route to our left, as it led in the direction where, as we had been told, the Guards were encamped. This road passed between two hills and soon entered a broad valley bounded by heights to the eastward. After going about one and a half miles, where the veldt had been burnt quite recently, our doubts were revived, so we halted and prospected the country, and soon spotted some scouts on the crest of a hill on our right. These proved to be New Zealanders, and the lieutenant in charge told us we were marching straight into the Boer lines, the enemy being only about a mile and a half directly ahead of us. As the outpost had been watching us for some time we thought they might have warned us when they saw our error. However, better latter than never, we

straightway executed a strategic movement to the rear, and, taking the other road, reached the camp in about a couple of hours, and pitched our tents just below some rising ground which was occupied by the guns.

From 11 a.m. till sundown we had heard heavy firing in a south-easterly direction, and found that this had been going on for two days without any definite result. The force here was under Hutton, who had been joined by Mahon the day before our arrival. Hutton's force comprised the Canadian and the New South Wales Regiments, West Australians, Queenslanders, New Zealanders, four battalions of mounted infantry and some light batteries. Mahon commanded two 4·7 guns, two pom-poms, M Battery R.H.A., the Imperial Light Horse, two companies Imperial Yeomanry (the Fife and Forfar) the Irish Fusiliers, the Connaughts, the Border Regiment, and a few men from Colonial corps. The Boer force, of which about thirty had come in and given up their arms, was reported to be commanded by Erasmus and Snyman. This Boer detachment was a part of Botha's force which had crossed the Delagoa Bay line and come south threatening Johannesburg and the British lines of communication. The object of the combined columns under Hutton and Mahon was to push the Boers who threatened the British right back to Bronkhorstspruit.

A DUST-DEVIL.
(Photo by F. Green.)

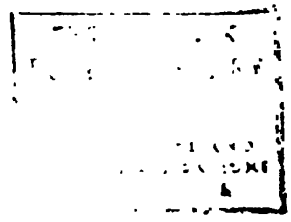
On our arrival I superintended the camp arrangements while Hale went to see General Mahon, but, as Hutton was then in command of the combined force, General Mahon told Hale that we should report to General Hutton in the morning. Accordingly we both went to see him early on July 9th, but he ordered us to interview Major Hayward, P.M.O. of the division, who said he would send us the orders as they came to him. He further told us that two ambulance wagons (he had half a Bearer Company under his command) had been sent out the day before, but had been shelled by the Boers because, as he thought, they were unable to distinguish the flags. The ambulances again went out at dusk, but as they did not return it was feared that the Boers had taken them. This surmise turned out to be the right one, but the wagons and men were eventually sent back by way of Springs; we met them on our march to

that place on July 12th. On our way back to our own camp we called on Major Fiaschi, in command of part of the New South Wales Hospital, and found he had thirty wounded and twenty sick. We also learned that four hundred of our 4th Derby friends had been sent by the Boers over the Natal border.

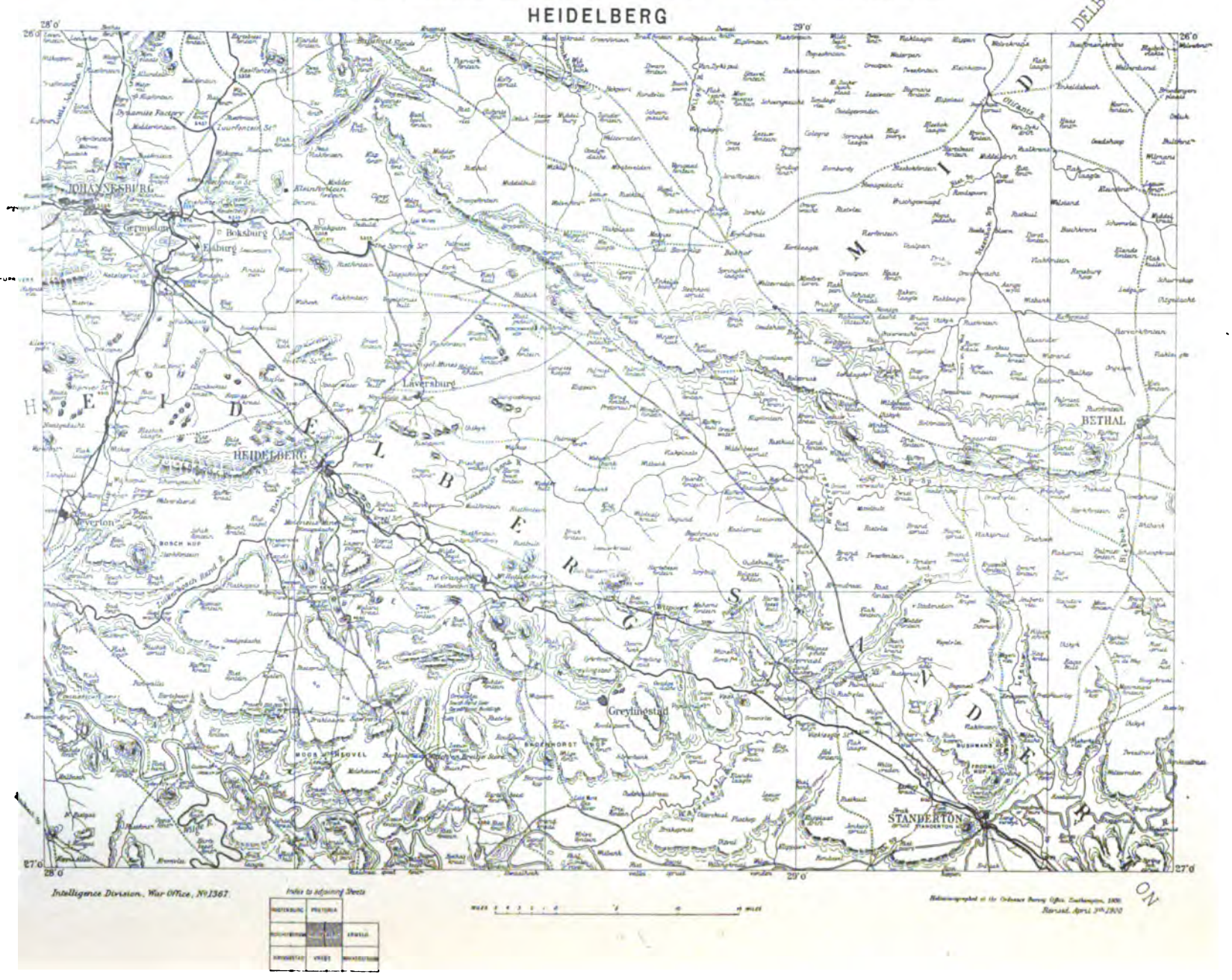
At 8 a.m. the British guns had opened fire, but the enemy did not reply, and in an hour the firing ceased, only to begin again at 10.45. At 2.30 p.m. Hale and I rode to the top of the rising ground close to our camp, and watched the two 4·7 guns firing in a north easterly direction. For some distance beyond

OUR CAMP BARBER, PRIVATE FINCHER, AT WORK.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

their position the ground was unobstructed, and then a long, low kopje intervened, declining again into the continuous level beyond. It was very interesting to watch the Mounted Infantry advancing towards this low kopje, accompanied by four field guns. No Boers made their appearance, and the fighting seemed to be all on one side, the British guns ceasing fire at 4 p.m. At 4.30 a convoy of forty sick and several empty wagons were sent down to Springs under an escort furnished by the Irish Fusiliers and Fife and Forfar Yeomanry. The following morning (July 10th), at 8 a.m., we received orders to move out two ambulance wagons in a north-easterly direction to join General Mahon. Accordingly these, with four stretcher-squads, were dispatched under Dr. Green, but eventually returned at 5 p.m., having passed an idle day, as Mahon's force had not been



TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.



Used by permission of D. M. I.

To face p. 105.

engaged. During the morning General French, with about eleven hundred cavalry, including the Carabiniers, 8th Hussars, and Inniskillings, marched in, French having come from Kameelsdrift to take command. From 11 a.m. to 12 p.m. the British guns were busy shelling a kopje in a south-easterly direction, on a spur of which some twenty Boers had appeared. French's men had accidentally fired the veldt: the fire spread very rapidly and was burning all night. It was a fine sight, covering as it did a large tract of country. After we had turned in for the night I was wakened to interview two natives who had brought a note for a Captain Mackenzie: the message was to this effect:—

'We have caught your spy. We hear you want to know the names of the commandants and the men who gave you beans on Sunday. Commandant Bernary and (name undecipherable), with ten Johannesburg police and 10 (100, 1000 ?—this was very indistinct) burghers are here. We send you kind regards, and shall be happy to meet you, personally or otherwise, at any time you like.

'(Signed) BERNARY.'

We sent these men on to headquarters, but the next day were unable to find out anything about them or to hear of any Captain Mackenzie.

On July 11th, in accordance with orders, Dr. Green, with two of our wagons and two of the New South Wales Ambulances which had been sent to us for the day's service, again went out in the same direction as yesterday (N.E.), while Major Hale, with two dressers, eight ambulances, and a water-cart, moved out with Hutton to the south-east. During their absence, we pitched the entire hospital on an excellent piece of ground close to our camp in anticipation of a big action; but none came off, and about 1 p.m. Hale came back, as the Brigade Major had told him that the wagons would not be wanted. The gun-fire began at 9.45, but ceased at 2 p.m., the enemy being driven off by the combined force in the direction of Bronkhorstspruit. Mr. Evans and I again rode out to the guns close to us, but nothing was taking place, so we rode to a kraal under cover of the guns, and successfully bartered for chickens.

Later in the afternoon General Hutton and his staff, on returning to camp, passed our hospital encampment, and the General asked what it was. On being informed, he expressed the opinion that no doubt we were very good, but that he already had sufficient hospital accommodation.

Dr. Green came in at 7 o'clock with three artillery-men who had been thrown when a shell burst near them, and one Connaught Ranger, who had a nasty wound of the forearm, evidently made by an expanding bullet—one of the very few we saw. We also took in twenty-three sick.

On July 12th the force, with the exception of a few men, was marched back to Pretoria, in consequence of disquieting news from that place. We learned that a squadron of Scots Greys had been cut up, and that the Lincolns and two guns (O Battery R.H.A.) had been taken at Uitval's Nek, west of Pretoria, a place we were to become well acquainted with later. In view of this general return to Pretoria, and as General Mahon had already (4 p.m.) moved off for that place, we conferred with the P.M.O. and asked for orders to return. He had an interview with General Hutton, who expressed the opinion that there were too many doctors, and said that the P.M.O. might make any arrangement he chose in the matter. The outcome of this was that we were to go to Springs and wait there for further orders from Pretoria. We marched the next day at 9.30, taking sixty-five patients with us, and arrived at Springs at 4 p.m. Our animals were in luck on the march, as we came across a heap of mealies close to an empty farm, and let them have a good feed. On our arrival at Springs we at once entrained the sick for Johannesburg, and made our own camp near one of the coal-mines at this place, which was in charge of Colonel Otter of the Canadians and some of his men, who had driven off the Boers when they attacked the post on June 29th. At Springs is the Geduld gold-mine, now a Company, but formerly, so we heard, Kruger's special nest-egg, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, one of them.

OUR ANIMALS IN LUCK:
A FIND OF MEALIES ON THE MARCH.
(Photo by F. Green.)

The next morning we sent off by train to Elandsfontein fifteen more sick and also some of the men's kits which, coming by ox-wagon, had not arrived in time to go down with them the previous night. Early in the morning one of the men on outpost duty was shot in the thigh by some Boers in a farm some five miles off: later in the day a small force with one pom-pom went out to this farm and burnt it, but did not find any Boers there, although they reported a laager three miles further on. Colonel Otter and Captain Ogilvy, the adjutant, came to see us to-day, and the latter promised to arrange an entertainment for us for the Sunday; but although he did this we unfortunately could not be

present as, in reply to a telegram to Pretoria, we received orders to march there without delay. We were all sorry for this because from all we heard the entertainment would have been great fun; it was given by the native coal-mining hands, male and female, and consisted in an operatic account of the war from its start down to the present time. The orchestra consisted of twenty-four 'pianos,' and Captain Ogilvy's account of the performance was very amusing. News reached us this day of the arrest, in Johannesburg, of many rebels who had arranged to murder the British officers at a gymkhana which was going to be held. The murders, however, did not take place owing to the rebels having an engagement at the fort—the gymkhana, I believe, did.

On July 15th we marched at 8 a.m. for Pretoria, arriving there early on the morning of July 17th, having camped at Witfontein and Drooge Groond *en route*. On our first day's march we passed some fine dams in which were many wild-fowl. I also turned up two large brown owls and saw a few harriers.

Serg.-Major Burden. Serg.-Major Sherwood. Serg. Jeffreys.
Serg. Lambert. Serg. Williams.
SOME OF OUR N.C.O.'S.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

Close to Kleinfontein, a good-sized place, where there were five gold mines (Chimes and Modderfontein among them), we came across a heap of empty spirit bottles, and Mr. Richardson, one of our civilian conductors, told us that these were left by natives after a wild orgy. It appears that the illicit drink traders pass through the country and meet the natives at various appointed places, where the traders supply them with as much poisonous spirit as they can afford at the high prices demanded. Then a mad debauch is indulged in, the men drinking all they can get, sleeping off the fumes of their potations, and subsequently slinking back to the town or village from which they came, the only evidence of their folly being heaps of bottles such as we had come across.

Our camp at Witfontein was near a decent farm with clumps of trees and some cultivated ground on which were a great number of quail. The farm was empty, and when we had taken some of the boarding, &c., for our fires, Mr. Impey, civilian guide, discovered that it was his brother's farm, but said it did not matter about the floors as the farm 'was only rented.' Among the rubbish scattered about Mr. Evans, who is poetically inclined, picked up the following effusion, evidence of the loyalty of some one who had occupied the

house or been known to its inmates, which must be the apology for its insertion here:—

There's a pious old man of Pretoria
Who preaches always and prays for ye,
  He will grant the franchise
  To you all when he dies,
But that won't be just yet in Pretoria.

This pious old man of Pretoria,
Who makes all the gold taxes for ye,
  He will pray for your sin,
  And then grab all your tin,
And hide it away in Pretoria.

This crafty old man of Pretoria,
Would have starved if it hadn't been for ye,
  For like the church mouse
  Was the state of his house,
Before you all came to Pretoria.

This cunning old man of Pretoria,
Though he does not exactly adore ye,
  He knows his exchequer
  Has grown fat and 'lecker,'
Ever since you have lived in Pretoria.

This scheming old man of Pretoria
Would like very much to go for ye,
  For he hates Afrikanders,
  And all the uitlanders,
Like 'pizin' he does, I assure ye.

This crafty old man of Pretoria,
Will you weep when he goes off to gloria?
  When he ceases to pray,
  And sets out on his way
To 'blazes'—and gets there before ye?

Our mules had a good ration as we found plenty of mealies and Kaffir corn in a small outhouse. The next day we marched through Kalfontein and Irene to within about five miles of Pretoria, in the direction of which we heard

heavy firing for two hours in the middle of the day. Near Irene we came to a very pretty spruit, crossed by a bridge partly destroyed by the Boers.

It was July 17th when we re-entered Pretoria, having passed General French and his staff going towards Irene. Directing our wagons to proceed to our old camping ground at Arcadia, Hale and I went at once to report to the P.M.O. As we had come to the conclusion that we should be more mobile and useful if we were not quite so large, we suggested that we should detach a portion of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company at Pretoria. This was agreed to, and later in the day we received orders to proceed next morning to join the Corps troops, leaving

CROSSING A SPRUIT NEAR IRENE.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

the section as suggested to form a rest-camp hospital, although it was uncertain whether this would occupy our present ground, or be sent to help at the racecourse camp. This arrangement would enable us to refit on our return and exchange mules which were done up for those which had been properly fed and restored; it would also allow us to give men a rest from time to time, filling up their places with those who had been temporarily at Pretoria. Unfortunately events occurred to disarrange our plans.

At 6 p.m. our orders came, but were contradicted at 6.30 p.m. It appeared that the Corps troops were gone too far, but we could not learn in what direction, and so we were to join General Mahon's brigade at Kameelsdrift.

Nearly all day we were very busy making the necessary dispositions for leaving part of the men, wagons and stores behind, so that the detachment might

be well equipped for its work. We settled to take with us seven general service wagons, seven ambulances, three water-carts, one Scotch cart, one Cape cart, and the necessary animals and natives, with Mr. Richardson as civilian guide. Besides Major Hale and myself, our staff consisted of Dr. Green, Mr. Sheen, and Mr. Evans, together with seven dressers and seventy-eight non-commissioned officers and men. The rest of the wagons, mules, stores, N.C.O.'s and men, with the native drivers and civilian guide Impey, Mr. Openshaw, and Dr. Stewart, were to remain at Pretoria. By nightfall all was ready for an early start.

CHAPTER X.

THE EASTERN TRANSVAAL—BALMORAL.

(Consult Map facing p. 97.)

July 18*th*—*July* 31*st*, 1900.

WE had hitherto gone everywhere alone and had only camped with a body of troops at Rietfontein. We were now and henceforth to be attached to a division and to see for the first time what an advance really meant. We were all delighted at finally having a definite position as an integral unit of an advancing force and at the prospect of seeing active service with a large body of men. The position of affairs at this time may be summarised as follows:—

The operations at Rietfontein, No. 6,* under Generals French, Hutton, and Mahon, had for their object the expulsion of the Boers from the neighbourhood of Johannesburg and Elandsfontein, in a north-easterly direction towards Bronkhorstspruit, that Bronkhorstspruit which was the scene of the disaster to the 94th† Regiment under Colonel Anstruther on December 20th, 1880. The Boers who were thus driven off the right of the British position were part of Botha's force which was operating along the Delagoa Bay Railway.

Delarey was on the left of the British position in the neighbourhood of Uitvals Nek, west of Pretoria, where on July 11th he had overcome the Lincolns and captured two guns. Grobelaar in the north menaced the British centre.

General Mahon had marched on July 17th to join General Ian Hamilton's Division at Kameelsdrift. This force took the most northerly position, Generals French and Hutton being to the south and General Pole-Carew in the centre. The object of the combined movement was to drive the Boers N.E. towards Middelburg on the Delagoa line.

* Owing to the constant recurrence of the same names all over the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, every farm is numbered on the map as well as named. In many cases adjoining farms have the same names.

† Now the 2nd Battalion Connaught Rangers.

On July 18th at 10 a.m., having said good-bye to our detachment, we marched off in a north-easterly direction through Derdepoort, at this time held by a six-inch gun and a battery of artillery, the Buffs, and the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, to Kameelsdrift, where we joined Mahon's Brigade * at 4 p.m. The country through which we passed was different to any we had yet seen, being fairly thickly studded with small bushes and mimosa trees—the wait-a-bit thorn, very appropriately named.

The brigade occupied a ridge from which the Boers had been dislodged on July 16th, and on the far side of which was General Ian Hamilton. The Boers fell back on a position more to the east.

Early the next morning (July 19th) we went to report our arrival to

THE DRIFT AT DERDEPOORT.
(Photo by A. W. Chapman.)

Mahon, but as he was not then in his quarters we saw one of his staff officers, Prince Alexander of Teck, who promised to let the General know of our arrival and send us the orders.

We were with General Mahon until October 11th. His staff consisted of Captain Bell Smythe, Captain Cobbe, and Captain Prince Alexander of Teck. We were on the most friendly terms with all these officers and received every assistance from them. If it should ever be my fortune to go again on active service I only hope that I may be attached to General Mahon—soldier, gentleman, and sportsman—a wish echoed by all who were of our party. This same day we inspanned for a move, but only went about half a mile, camping on practically the same ground. The two cow-guns were advanced about a mile from

* Mahon's Brigade comprised 1000 mounted infantry, including the Imperial Light Horse, Queenslanders, and other Colonial troops, 2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers, 1st Batt. Connaught Rangers, two 4·7 inch guns, and M Battery R.H.A.

one commanding position to another. The heliograph was working all day in communication with Pole-Carew's force on our right (*i.e.* south).

No firing was heard during the day, but towards evening a Fusilier was brought in, badly shot through the chest. One glance was enough: poor chap, he died in about an hour.

At 4 a.m. on July 20th we turned out, but while getting ready to march orders came that the advance would not take place before 8 a.m. The mounted infantry and guns preceded the ammunition column, behind which we marched in company with half of No. 8 Bearer Company under Major Johnston,

4·7-INCH GUN CROSSING A DRIFT.
(*Photo by W. Sheen.*)

R.A.M.C. After covering some two miles we came to Pretorius's farm, quite prosperous in appearance and surrounded by a few decent buildings and a school-house erstwhile frequented by the children for a long distance round. Just to the east of this runs the Pienaar's River, crossed at this point by a bad drift with steep sides. Before we left South Africa we had ample experience of drifts of all kinds, some easy, some quite the reverse, but with the exception of the one at Glen we had hitherto crossed them all without much difficulty. Will the scenes at the drifts ever be forgotten? The shouting and yelling of the drivers, the cracking of whips, the cursing of Tommy, the orders of the transport officers, the struggling of the animals, pumpkins and property of all kinds rolling from the swaying wagons, calling forth laughter, derisive cheers, and wild attempts at rescue. So great was the difficulty that it

was sometimes necessary to off-load and at times even ultimately to abandon wagons. The drift to which we had now come was a bad one, and took the column till three o'clock to cross. It was approached by a steep road, and a yet steeper one presented itself on the other side. A number of the Fusiliers with picks and spades were kept constantly repairing the banks, which the mules, oxen, and heavy wagons ground into thick mud as they emerged from the river. Some wagons required as many as eighteen mules to get them across and additional help from the men, who pushed in the rear. The two 4·7-inch

CROSSING THE PIENAAR'S RIVER.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

guns came over in fine style with thirty-six and thirty-eight span of oxen respectively.

The banks on either side of the drift were well wooded with mimosa, bamboo, and trees of which I did not know the names. When the column was nearly over the undergrowth caught fire, and a huge blaze added further animation to the scene. About a mile beyond the drift the column camped for the night: nearly the whole day had been occupied in crossing, and the animals were very tired with their hard work. To the north-east of us we heard Ian Hamilton's guns for a couple of hours in the middle of the day, but Mahon's Brigade did not come into action.

This was our first day 'on column,' and we naturally found much in our surroundings to interest us. On the march the column was four or five miles

long, and was made up of all units: cow-guns,* field-guns, pom-poms, wagons with loads of every description, some drawn by mules and others by oxen, here a victoria and pair, there Cape carts, ambulances, general service wagons, ox-wagons, and water-carts; while soldiers, natives, and small boys on raw-boned horses of seventeen hands completed the scene.

On July 21st reveille sounded at 5 a.m., and by 7 a.m. the column was on the march. Soon after starting, while crossing a small but very muddy spruit, one of the 4·7's got stuck and was only extricated after some two or three hours' hard work. Disaster awaited several wagons at a ditch further on, but we fortunately found a good ford, and got over without mishap of any kind. There was heavy firing some miles ahead from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.; it was always in the same place, and it was evident that the Boers had taken up a position from which they were disputing Hamilton's advance.

COW-GUN CROSSING THE PIENAAR'S RIVER.
(Photo by F. Green.)

Late that day the column came up with Hickman's Brigade. The camping ground was in an open plain dominated by a long flat kopje about two miles distant, from which the Boers had been firing all day. The Field Hospital attached to this brigade had a lively ten minutes, the shells falling among the tents. As the grass was long, there was considerable danger of a veldt fire: we therefore selected a place where it had already been burned, and which was consequently quite safe. During the two days' march we admitted to the hospital twenty cases, mostly of fever. When on the march each wagon was put in charge of an orderly whose duty it was to consult the medical officer in charge of the case, or the orderly officer of the day, should anything be required. Before starting, a supply of milk and other food for those patients who could take it was served out by the orderlies, and during a halt we usually managed to warm milk or beef-tea for such as needed it. By this arrangement the invalids were fed throughout the day, instead of having to wait until reaching camp. This plan

* The term cow-gun is applied to the 4.7 or any larger gun, because furnished with ox-transport.

was followed throughout the remainder of our stay in South Africa, and was attended by most satisfactory results.

Our immediate care on reaching camp was to pitch as many tents as were needed for our patients, who were then placed in them and made comfortable. Any requiring it had their dressings changed and their wounds attended to. Sometimes an operation had to be performed, and this was always undertaken without any delay. The cooks at once made their fires, having first cleared a space to avoid the chance of lighting a veldt fire if the camp was pitched in long grass. The first duty of the cooks was to prepare the evening meal for the patients, whose wants were always our chief consideration. A supply of water was filtered and boiled for drinking purposes; this was served out in the morning before marching, so that every man had his bottle filled with pure water. Each man knew and fulfilled his part, so that we were soon able to pitch and strike camp, get our patients fed, dressed, loaded or off-loaded from the wagons in a very short time. The routine of a field hospital, even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, is easy to carry out as soon as a line of action has been settled, and every man has mastered his duty. We found that all our men worked with a will, thus adding greatly to the efficiency of the hospital, in the success of which each took a personal pride.

WARMING FOOD FOR OUR PATIENTS DURING A HALT.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

On July 22nd we transferred our sick to the field hospital with Hickman's Brigade, which was under orders to proceed to Pretoria. At 7 a.m. we received orders to cross the spruit and fall in rear of the ammunition column, which henceforward became our position in line of march. During the morning the brigade came in touch with the rest of Hamilton's division,* and at about 2 p.m. Lieut.-Colonel Murray, the General's A.A.G., came and told us to draw up our convoy on the side of the road, as the General thought that Mahon could not get further that day, owing to trouble in the transport of the guns. We accordingly selected a camping ground near a farm with a school-house attached. Here we found plenty of

* An Infantry Brigade, under Brigadier-General Cunningham, consisting of the 1st Batt. King's Own Scottish Borderers, 1st Batt. Border Regiment, 2nd Batt. Berkshire Regiment, 1st Batt. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Hickman's Mounted Infantry, the Canadian and Elswick Batteries, two 6-in. howitzers, and 5-in. guns.

mealies, which we quickly annexed, and also commandeered an excellent four-wheeled Cape cart, which proved of the utmost subsequent service to us. Our servants had explored the garden and unearthed a little beet-root, a few onions, lettuces, and cabbages, which were more than welcome. Indeed, the main thing we longed for, and seldom got during the time we were in the Transvaal, was fresh vegetables.

Mahon's servants had taken his baggage to the farm near our camp, and were getting ready for dinner, so we thought it was good enough for us to pitch our tents also. Very soon, however, Mahon rode up, and Prince Alexander of Teck

A COW-GUN IN DIFFICULTIES NEAR DIAMOND HILL.

(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

came and told us he was going on, and we must follow as soon as we could. In twenty minutes the tents were struck, the wagons loaded, and we were *en route*, a performance of which we were proud. I rode off in rear of the column to see how a team of four mules would draw the newly-acquired Cape cart, and after going about two miles I came upon a scene of disaster to one of our wagons, luckily the only serious one during the time we were in South Africa. It had happened in this wise. One of the drivers of a general service wagon had lost his place in the column, and seeing a chance of regaining it, drove his mules at a gallop; but, in the dark, he failed to descry a pond-like depression ahead, with a drop of fully two feet. Into this the mules went headlong, and, the footboard breaking, flung the native driver to one side, and one of our men to the other, the

front wheels going over both of them. Our man had a bad scalp wound which was temporarily dressed by one of the orderlies before I arrived on the scene: the native had been run over the body, and died in a couple of hours from hæmorrhage, consequent on rupture of the spleen and lung.

During the morning march we saw a good instance of the innate brutality of the negro. We were passing a small farm near which some fifty goats were kraaled, and no sooner did the niggers see them than they caught and butchered them. The sight was sickening, for they proceeded to cut—or to be strictly correct, lacerate—their throats with blunt and rusty knives. One of our boys came by me dragging a half-dead goat by the hind legs, and I could not resist giving him a taste of my whip, and making him kill the poor beast properly.

FUNERAL OF ONE OF OUR 'BOYS.'
(Photo by A. W. Chapman.)

As we marched into camp we again passed through burning veldt, which besides looking very beautiful, suggested all sorts of queer fancies. These fires were of constant occurrence, and arose from various causes: a lighted match carelessly thrown down, a fire lighted on uncleared ground, or a bursting shell. All chance of grazing is at an end when the fire has spread over a large tract of country, and if one breaks out in long grass it becomes really dangerous, especially when tents are pitched and harness is lying about. An officer told me that he had seen a bad fire pass through an ammunition column, but without untoward result. As soon as a veldt fire started within or near a camp, all hands assisted to beat it out with sacking, blankets, coats, &c., before it got headway.

The brigade spent the night of July 22nd at Rustfontein, to give, so we heard, General Pole-Carew time to advance. The next day (July 23rd) we

buried the native driver. Mr. Evans conducted the service, and the natives attended reverently. Five pounds were found on the boy, which, with the pay due to him, we forwarded to his mother at Grahamstown some time later, Captain Robertson, of the Connaught Rangers, came to us for treatment, having injured his collar-bone through his horse putting his foot in a hole and falling: various injuries from this cause were not uncommon. We also had another accident, a native being brought to us by Captain Marshall, in charge of the New South Wales Ambulance. His injury was caused in a curious way. One of the A.S.C. men, acting as slaughterer, had fired at a bullock with a Lee-Metford

DESTROYED BRIDGE AT BRONKHORSTSPRUIT.

(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

without first filing off the end of the bullet, to make it 'set up' and lodge, a precaution which should always be taken when shooting animals in camp, for there is no knowing where an entire bullet may go. This particular one, after striking the bullock in the forehead, passed out at his neck and struck the boy, who was standing some twenty yards distant, lodging in his body. The injuries inflicted were very serious; a portion of his belt was removed from the liver, which was seriously damaged, while the kidney was also wounded. On reaching Bronkhorstspruit the case was sent down to Pretoria, where, on later inquiry, I heard that he had made a good recovery. It is difficult to kill a Kaffir unless you shoot him through the heart or hit him over the spleen! General Mahon came to see us, and told us that the Boers had taken another train at Honingspruit. About 3 p.m. the Boers placed a gun on a kopje right over the camp, and sent

two shells between it and the British outposts; the gunners soon shut them up, however. The British outposts were freely sniped, but without casualties.

On July 24th the division marched at 8.15 a.m., reaching Bronkhorstspruit in five hours. The enemy sniped the rearguard most of the time, but fortunately without damage. We found that the really fine bridge at Bronkhorstspruit had been blown up, and it was likely to take a considerable time to repair. The camp at this spot was a large one, and a walk through it brought to mind a huge fair. After our work was finished Dr. Green, Mr. Sheen, and I went to look at the Elswick guns (Northumberland Volunteer Artillery) of which the men are justly proud. We had many opportunities of seeing these guns in action, and they certainly appeared to me one of the best batteries we came across.

On July 25th we sent a convoy of thirty-two sick to a tin shelter to wait for a train to Pretoria, and at 8 a.m. started to perform a march which none of us will ever forget. According to orders we had sent our wagons to draw three days' rations, but they came empty away, as there were no rations to serve out; they were to come on later and we should draw them in the evening. The supply wagons certainly came on, but we did not get any rations till the next day. The morning broke intensely disagreeable, cold, cheerless, and windy, with clouds of blinding dust and huge 'devils.' The sky was dull, with rain-clouds everywhere. At 3.30 p.m. we outspanned at Eloff's Brug (one of the few road bridges we came across during our trekking) to water the mules, by which time it was evident that dirty weather was in store for us. Just before we inspanned at 4 p.m. down came the rain, accompanied by heavy thunder. We had then six miles to do before we reached Balmoral. It took exactly sixteen and a half hours to accomplish this distance.

The column was now some nine or ten miles long and progressed but slowly, especially when a drift had to be negotiated; and a drift it was that proved our ruin some two miles from Balmoral. The ox-wagons travel about two and a half miles an hour at the best, and as the cow-guns and the greater part of the transport wagons were drawn by oxen their speed practically determines the rate of march. At this estimate we had a good two and a half hours' march in front of us, but only one and a half hours of daylight, with a pitiless rain falling, and a spruit four miles distant. After accomplishing nearly three miles, frequent halts warned us of its proximity, and before long we found ourselves stopped at it, our leading wagon blocked by a 4·7 inch gun and a Cape cart, both of which had stuck in the mud. To make matters worse the water had risen considerably during the continuous downpour. The icy rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, with an unpleasant wind amid inky darkness, did not assist matters or make them more

cheerful, and it soon became apparent that we and the three or four miles of convoy behind us were blocked for the night. So dark was it that men and animals stumbled helplessly into each other; while the discomfort was aggravated by the lack of rations and the impossibility of lighting a fire to get hot tea or coffee. Our men availed themselves of such shelter as the wagons afforded, but the infantry were indeed in a miserable plight; thoroughly wet through and unable to get their extra clothing. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had

A THUNDERSTORM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

an especially bad time of it, their legs being bare; we were able to give some of them a little whiskey, for which they were truly grateful.

About 8 p.m. Major Hale with characteristic energy walked into Balmoral, about two miles off, to report our plight. On his return, soaked to the skin, he and I passed the night in our commandeered cart, making a meal off a couple of biscuits and a little jam; we endeavoured to keep out the cold with our coats and enveloped our feet in straw bottle-cases. That night was a terrible experience, and one which none of those who endured it would care to repeat. About 6 a.m. we turned out: the rain had ceased, but the sky was as leaden and lowering

as ever, although later in the day it cleared. The sight which met our eyes at réveillé bore eloquent testimony to the exceptional rigour of the weather. We ourselves had lost twelve mules, and walking half a mile to our rear I counted two hundred dead animals, chiefly oxen and mules, there being only one horse, and he lay dead in his harness, pathetically regarded by his yoke-fellow standing by his side. There had been no food for the poor beasts, and mules and oxen are unable to withstand rain and cold, especially when they are hard-worked and underfed, as our animals were. In many cases the mules had died together, bunched up as if endeavouring to keep each other warm. The ground was simply slush and thick

MORNING SCENE NEAR BALMORAL, JULY 26TH, 1900.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

mud, and as it grew light we could see that all the men looked tired and jaded. As soon as possible fires were lighted—no easy task—and hot tea, coffee, and cocoa, of which we had a good store for hospital use, were made. We served hot drinks to all who applied for them, and this little luxury was appreciated to the full. By 8 a.m. we were ready to move, when an orderly rode up from the rear with the news that an officer of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had died in the night from exposure, and a request that we would send a stretcher party to carry the body into camp in an ambulance. We were told also that a private of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, one of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and two natives had succumbed, but we could not find out whether

this was correct or not. A lieutenant of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders mentioned to me later in the morning that eight of his boys (*i.e.*, natives) had fallen out and were missing, and that he feared for their safety: we heard no more of this, so presume they turned up all right.

The spruit was considerably swollen and the bottom very muddy, but we crossed with such slight difficulty that it seemed we could have done so the previous night but for the intense darkness. The cow-gun was half-way up the opposite side, minus its breach-block, which had been taken into Balmoral, lest the Boers, conjecturing our plight, should come down in the night and make a raid. They must, however, have been as badly or even worse off than ourselves.

On arriving at Balmoral at 10.30 we camped and looked forward to breakfast and a sleep. The former we got the latter not, for at 11 a.m. orders came for the division to march back towards Pretoria at 12.30 p.m. 'Grousing' was useless, so we made the best of things, and proceeded back to Eloff's Brug, where we camped at 4.30 p.m. Many were the speculations as to the reason for this return, and there was a consensus of opinion that some decisive move had brought the war within measurable distance of the end, and that this was indeed the beginning of a homeward trek. But there was still much work in store for all.

DISASTER TO A WAGON.
(*Photo by C. A. Gill.*)

While Hamilton's force was returning to Pretoria, troops were left at Balmoral, and French continued to hold Middelburg.

The division camped on July 26th at Bronkhorstspruit, and soon after we had settled down Captain Macbean, General Hamilton's D.A.A.G., came to us, his collar bone being broken by a fall from his horse. This officer, whom to know was to like and admire, was killed at Nooitgedacht in the Hekpoort valley in the following December. Generals Hamilton and Mahon came into our camp to inquire after the sick who were forwarded to Pretoria by train in the afternoon: their places were rapidly filled by other officers and men who had suffered from the inclement weather. More sick were sent down by train on July 28th in charge of Mr. Sheen.

At this time Dr. Green, while orderly officer for the day, was consulted by one of the North Cork men who was temporarily attached to the Royal

Engineers. With the utmost gravity he told the following story, on Dr. Green remarking he had heard that the North Corks had distinguished themselves.

'Did ye ever hear how near we went to ketching De Wet?' said he.

'Well, 'tis a long story, but furst I must tell ye how the Gineral put us on our metals one day. He was ridin' by on his rounds examining the pickets—for he niver could discover our thricks for guarding the bridges—divil the one the Boers ever blew up in our quarter. When he come up to the Drift he sees the Rigiment nice and comfortable in a little hole where the Boors couldn't see us, or we thim for the matther of that. "Get up on top of that hill," sez he, "and lave yer rabbit-hole, or perhaps some fine day ye'll find yerselves guarding

KAFFIR KRAAL NEAR BRONKHORSTSPRUIT.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

the fruit-trees at Stellenbosh." 'Twas the furst time the like of them words was spoke to us, so we was ragin' to get back the honour of the Ould North Cork, and we all wrote home about them cruel words.

'But 'twasn't long before our chance came, for, two mornings after, the Kernel got up as usual to beat Revelly, and, when he come out of his tint wid the dhrum in his hand to play up, he sez to himself, "I don't hear the bhoys asleep this mornin'"—so he called out to the agitent and sez, "Quick, ye divil, bring a candle, for the Rigiment's lost." They hunted about and found nothin' but the lads' boots and the feathers of an ould hin. I must tell ye we took off our boots for fear of rousin' the gintlemin. "What's to be done?" sez the Kernel; "shure tisn't home they're gone?" "We can do no good till the mornin'," sez the agitent, "so I'll go back to bed, and you keep a watch out as you have great eyesight." When at long last the dawn broke the Kernel gave the

ordhers to the officers to get up, saddle their polo ponies, and, if there was a sthick or two about, to bring them along, for, says he, t'would be the divil's thing if we hadn't them on the top of the hill when thimself comes round again.

'"Tally ho!" sez the Kernel, for he was a great sporter in the ould country, "there they are about eleven miles away, and the whole Boor Army runnin' in front of them"—wid that they mounted their horses and came up wid us about ten o'clock.

'Man dear! it was a terrible soight to see the officers bating off the poor

KAFFIR WOMAN GRINDING MEALIES BETWEEN TWO STONES.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

men wid their sticks and race-glasses—the language was terrible. When we was stopped we was fit to tare our heads, for, as we said to the Kernel, "We would have got De Wet in another half hour, for the Boor horses were getting tired."'

How much of this story Dr. Green and his compatriot manufactured need not be inquired into.

Resuming the march, the division reached Rietfontein 501, General Mahon's Brigade being on the left, and the rest of General Hamilton's division about two miles distant on the right. About mid-day sniping was in full swing, and we came across a farm flying the white flag. On riding up to this we found it occupied by four sour old Boer women, whose husbands were doubtless the

snipers, so, buying a pig at a very moderate price, we left them to curse the khaki to their hearts' content.

The next day's march to Erstefabriken by Pienaars Poort was a tedious one, as six drifts had to be negotiated, and the road had many windings before we gained the cleft between the hills. At Pienaars Poort the pass was guarded by Brooks' column, consisting of the Fusiliers, Connaught Rangers, Dorsets, and some of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. It presents here a rocky defile between two high kopjes which, were it not for the lack of trees, would resemble many places in Switzerland.

Erstefabriken is chiefly known for its whiskey distillery. We heard that the

THE FIELD HOSPITAL AND BEARER COMPANY MARCHING PAST LORD ROBERTS IN THE CHURCH SQUARE, PRETORIA.

(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

owner had distilled some very good stuff; it must have been a long time ago, unless he was libelled by the purveyors in Pretoria, for, judging by what they sold as his latest production, he could hardly be accounted the friend of man. We regarded it as poison—the worst kind of 'smoke,' and warranted to kill speedily. The distillery was, of course, not at work—and, if there was any truth in the above statement, this was a mercy for those who had to depend on it for a supply, and the longer it remains idle the better for the health of its patrons.

The ubiquitous store-keeper was here, of course. All these store-keepers were thriving, and during the war must have made piles of money. Dr. Green and I endeavoured, though with small success, to annex some of his turkeys,

fowls, and pigeons, but these were carefully guarded by sentries. In the evening we paid a visit to a large Kaffir kraal about one mile north of our camp, and found a collection of very happy but malodorous natives, who said they had come from north of the Zambesi to make a little over the war.

On July 30th Mahon's Brigade, with the rest of Ian Hamilton's Division, reached Pretoria. The force consisted of Mahon's mounted troops, Cunningham's Infantry Brigade, M. Battery R.H.A., the Elswick Battery, two 5-inch and two 4·7-inch guns. We arrived at Arcadia camp at about 10 a.m., and, after halting for an hour or so, entered the town and marched past Lord Roberts, who, with his staff and many people, was in the market square. We sent about ten sick into hospital, and then, passing to the west of the town, pitched camp at Daaspoort, about two miles out. Here we were rejoined by Mr. Sheen, who gave us news of the detachment. The following day was a very busy one, as we had to be ready to march again early the next. We now learnt the reason of the recall. Delarey was giving trouble in the Magaliesberg region, Baden-Powell was surrounded at Rustenburg, and Hamilton's Division was going out to relieve him. The position of affairs at this time is more fully described in the next chapter. While Major Hale arranged for such repairs, &c., as our wagons needed, and endeavoured to draw more mules, Dr. Green, Mr. Evans, and I went to see how our detachment was going on. We found the P.M.O. had installed it at No. 3 model school, where all were actively preparing a general hospital. Our mules had been handed in, and so we were unable to replenish our stock from those we had left behind for this purpose. In the afternoon Major Hale and I saw the P.M.O. (Colonel Stevenson) and discussed the future of the detachment with him. We were able to arrive at a satisfactory understanding—it being agreed that we should lend officers and men of the detach-

NO. 3 MODEL SCHOOL.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

ment to the R.A.M.C. until we required them. The detachment was then placed under the command of Major Ford, who rendered us much kind assistance. Mr. Hamilton (Civilian Director and Treasurer), on his arrival in Pretoria from Cape Town some days later, took the matter in hand and settled the arrangements with the authorities.

After an indifferent dinner at the club, we returned to our camp at Daaspoort, and gave the final orders for our early start on the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE WESTERN TRANSVAAL.

(Consult Maps facing pp. 97, 131, 151.)

August 1*st*—*August* 29*th*, 1900.

DURING the time that we had been in the South-east and Eastern Transvaal, various events of importance had occurred in the western side, to which we were now proceeding.

On July 11th the Boers under Delarey had taken Uitvals Nek, capturing two guns (O Battery, R.H.A.), a squadron of Scots Greys, and ninety officers and men of the Lincoln Regiment. On the same day another body of the enemy had forced our men to retire from Waterval to Derdepoort. Smith-Dorrien,* who was advancing from Krugersdorp towards Hekpoort with a view to collect supplies, encountered the enemy in strength at Zeekhoehoek, and after an engagement lasting six hours was compelled to retire on Krugersdorp. Here, on July 16th, he was joined by Lord Methuen† from Lindley, and the combined force left on the 18th. Their object was to drive the enemy from the Hekpoort valley, and to relieve Baden-Powell, who was at Rustenburg with a force of insufficient strength to attack the Boers, who held a position six miles to the southward and occupied Oliphants Nek. From the latter place they were driven on July 21st by Methuen and Baden-Powell.

The relief accomplished, Methuen returned to Bank Station on the Potchefstroom-Krugersdorp line, and Baden-Powell returned to Rustenburg, which on July 26th he reported as being invested by 3000 Boers with eight guns.

Such was the position on July 26th, the day Hamilton's Division, to which we belonged, was recalled from Balmoral.

Lord Methuen reached Potchefstroom on July 29th, having engaged the enemy the day before at Fredrickstad, where Smith-Dorrien remained. Colonel Hore was approaching Eland's River with a supply convoy for Rustenburg, and

* Smith-Dorrien's force consisted of 2nd Batt. Shropshire Light Infantry, 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders, a Company of Imperial Yeomanry, and two guns (20th Batt. R.F.A.).

† Lord Methuen's force :—1200 Mounted Infantry, 2400 Infantry, 12 field guns, 2 five-inch howitzers, 2 pom-poms, and 9 machine guns.

Carrington's force was also concentrating on the same place from the north-west with the view of strengthening the garrison.

Lord Roberts was desirous of withdrawing the garrisons from Rustenburg and Lichtenburg, as he had not sufficient forces to hold these places and at the same time to keep open the lines of communication. The Rustenburg garrison was to withdraw to Commando Nek, and to effect this move Ian Hamilton's Division was to proceed west. Carrington, after joining Hore at Eland's River, was to go on to Rustenburg, and when the garrison of this place went to Commando Nek, he in turn was to fall back on Zeerust. Carrington, in the event, was unable to achieve this part of the plan.

READY TO MARCH FOR RUSTENBURG.

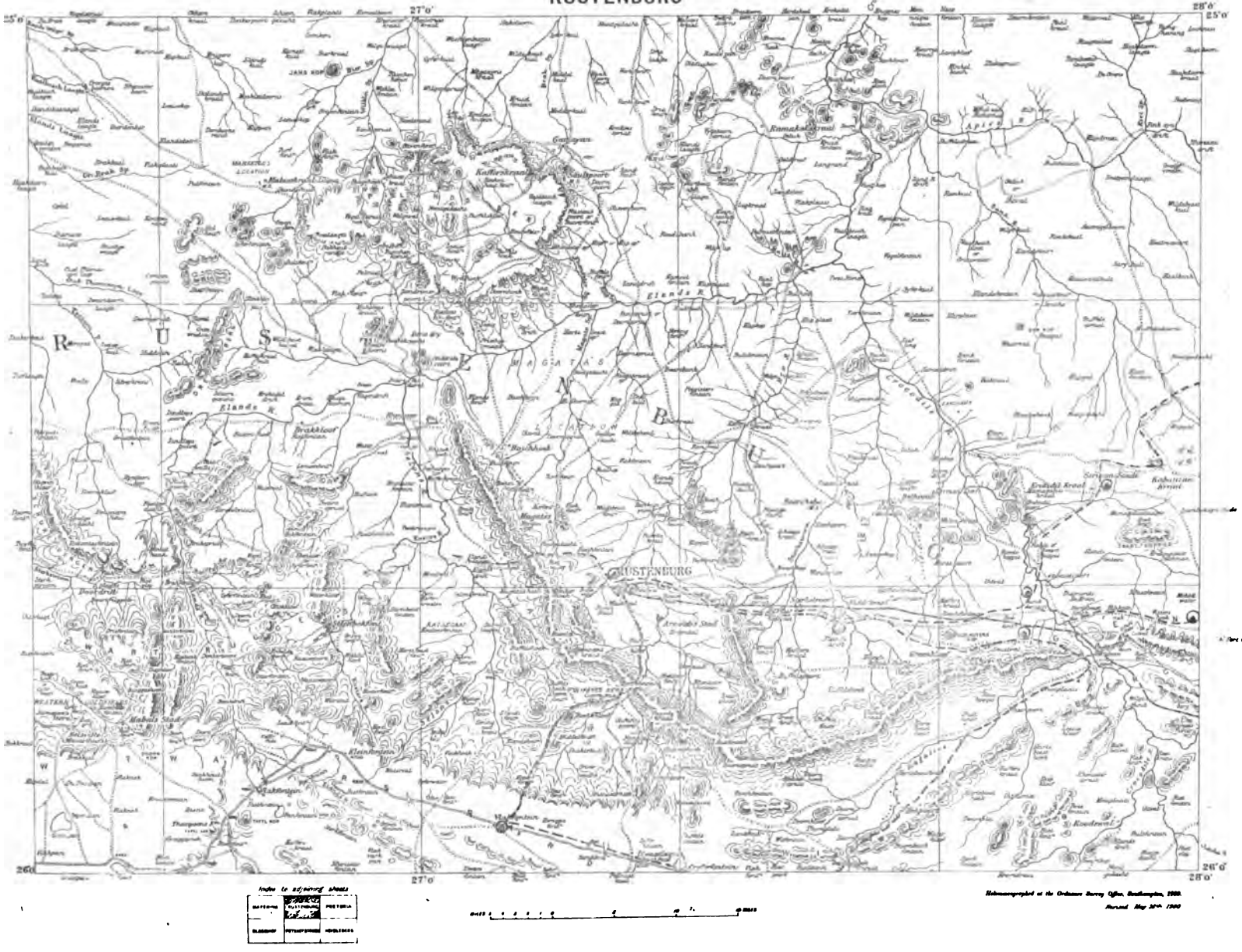
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

On August 1st we sent the sick with one of our ambulance wagons into Pretoria. We could not take this wagon with us, as we had not sufficient mules, and we were unable to obtain any of those we had left behind on July 27th, as they had been handed back to the transport, as already stated.

Moving off at 7 a.m., Mahon's Brigade, to which we were attached, crossed the Aapies River and traversed the Wonderboom Poort, dominated by a fort on the east side. General Ian Hamilton with the rest of the division marched on the south side of the mountains along the road to Rietfontein and Commando Nek, which was situated some twenty miles to the westward. By 8 a.m. the brigade was in action, and continued so throughout the day. The guns (M Battery, R.H.A.) were taken to the top of the hills on the left, *i.e.*, south of

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.

RUSTENBURG



Photomicrographed at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton, 1900.
Revised May 30th 1900

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To face p. 131.

us, and shelled a kopje right ahead without intermission. It was very pretty to see the guns driven along the crest of the hills and the shrapnel bursting in the distance. Occasionally a few Boers were seen creeping along the high ground.

The column's progress was necessarily slow, and our day's march was not more than nine miles. At nightfall we camped just beneath the kopje which had been receiving the attentions of the gunners, and near a good farmhouse, at Middlewater, surrounded by heavily laden orange and lemon trees. As we neared our camping ground two ambulances were sent in advance, and Major Hale returned about 7 p.m. with five wounded. All the men had been shot through or about the region of the upper part of the thigh, the Boers having

CROSSING THE AAPIES RIVER.

(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

enfiladed them as they were lying down. All the wounds were slight; one man had as many as eight flesh wounds. By 10 p.m. we had finished all the dressings, and had made our patients comfortable for the night.

The following morning (August 2nd) we dispatched one of our ambulances with the wounded back to Pretoria in charge of Corporal Baum, with instructions to rejoin us as soon as possible. Some half-dozen prisoners taken the day before were also sent down by General Mahon under an armed escort. Soon after we had marched at 7 a.m. we heard Ian Hamilton's guns on our left front on the other side of the range of hills. By noon the firing had ceased, the Boers having been driven north from their position at Uitvals Nek. Cunningham's Brigade had attacked, while two companies of the Berkshire Regiment had escaladed

the steep cliff overlooking the pass and fallen on the enemy from above. The Boers retreated, leaving their animals and wagons behind. Unfortunately they escaped north. The attacking force lost forty killed and wounded, who were attended to by the Field Hospital (No. 22) with Ian Hamilton. Mahon's Brigade camped close to Uitvals Nek.

The Rustenburg valley, which we were now passing through, is not only very picturesque, but also luxuriant, and well merits its name of 'the garden of the Transvaal.' Flanked on the south by the Magaliesberg range, the valley is

WONDERBOOM PASS LOOKING SOUTH.

watered by the Crocodile River and its tributaries, while some miles away to the north distant kopjes and mountain spurs limit the view. Substantial, well-stocked farms were indeed a welcome sight after the miserable houses surrounded by open veldt, with only a few acres of land under cultivation (mostly mealies), which we had been accustomed to regard as 'farms.' Pigs and chickens, an occasional goose, ducks and guinea-fowl, were in considerable abundance, and offered a welcome addition to our rations, which, although good, soon became appallingly monotonous. Such additional food was however an insignificant boon compared with the abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables which we were enabled to get for the next few days. Oranges, lemons, citrons, and pomellos abounded, and

there were a few bananas. The oranges, being just ripe and of the finest quality, claimed our greatest attention. Vegetables were also much in request: tomatoes onions, beetroot, lettuces, cabbages, new peas, beans, and potatoes being obtainable in small quantities. It was interesting to note that, under the influence of fresh fruit and vegetables, the veldt sores, from which so many suffered, rapidly improved, and by the time the column reached Rustenburg many of the milder cases were quite healed. Pumpkins were numerous, but unfortunately they are poor things, even when nothing else is obtainable, and, so far as we saw, they were generally left alone, except by the natives. In this neighbourhood tobacco is grown in large quantities, and is considered the finest in the country.

There were many women and children in the farms hereabout, and one could not help noticing the kindly nature of the British soldier in his dealings with them. All must have felt sorry for these, the weakest—although, as far as the women were concerned, the bitterest—elements of the Boer population. The sad, tear-stained, yet scowling faces and quivering lips of the women, the half-friendly, half-timorous and distrustful behaviour of the children, won for both kindly and considerate treatment from all. Tommy talked to them, and endeavoured to make himself understood with that free-and-easy friendliness which is so characteristically his own. I can confidently assert that I never saw or heard a soldier do or say anything to woman or child which could be taken exception to. Rough he may be, but there is in him that innate good feeling and kindliness which makes him the thorough good fellow he is. At the farms in the Rustenburg valley more than one instance of this good nature manifested itself. On one occasion a soldier appealed to some others who were carrying off a pig from its stye in rear of the house where he had been talking to the woman, pointing out that it was all she and four children had to depend upon for food: the pig was at once brought back and securely locked up for her—no small sacrifice to men who had been on 'bully' and trek-ox for months. In another case I saw a crying woman standing among a crowd of soldiers just outside her house; on inquiry I learned that her husband was very ill, and the men had bought her oranges (I saw them pay), and were trying to cheer the woman up. After I had seen the husband and given some medicine for him, the woman said that she was very distressed, as the Boers had commandeered her only son the night before, and he was in action on this particular day. As we moved off one man took leave of her in characteristic fashion: 'All right, mother, don't you worry; we'll send him back'—and this from the 'brutal and licentious one.' You're a good chap, Tommy, as all know who have seen you in South Africa.

The farms in this neighbourhood were in many instances ammunition stores, rest-houses, and intelligence offices of the greatest use to the Boers. On the

discovery of ammunition and rifles many of the houses were burnt. On the day of the action near Uitvals Nek my servant was found playing 'God save the Queen' on the piano in a house burning close to where our wagons were halted, while the small-arms ammunition was exploding in the cellar beneath him.

On August 3rd we had only a short trek, the greater part of the day being occupied in crossing the Limpopo by a broad and stony drift, approached on the eastern side by a rather steep slope. The drift here is immediately above a small fall, consequently the current is rather rapid. Higher up the stream large patches of sand occur in places, and among the stones are numerous extremely

A BURNING FARM NEAR UITVALS NEK.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

pretty shells, about the size and shape of mussels, and almost milk-white. Some of the scenes at this drift were, as indeed was almost universally the case, very amusing, others bordered on the tragic. One of our general service wagons nearly came to grief, as the mules turned round in mid-stream and threatened to drag it over the fall. A soldier, thinking to have dry clothes on arrival at the further side, stripped and prepared to wade across. Alas! he suddenly disappeared in a hole, and not only got his clothes soaked, but lost a good many articles of attire which were carried down-stream by the current. While the column was crossing the drift the Imperial Light Horse brought in twenty prisoners from some farms on our right where they were found to have concealed arms. The group presented a curious mixture: grey-headed, long-bearded patriarchs, men in the prime of life,

and some youngsters. They all appeared quite indifferent to their condition, indeed most of the captured Boers seemed so, and showed rather friendly feelings than otherwise, although, of course, many were quite irreconcilable. The behaviour of the women was, as a rule, in marked contrast to that of the men; the former were animated and very dirty vinegar bottles, and hated our race with a deadly hatred: the continuance of the war by the men was perhaps not a little due to the detestation of the women for the British.

The brigade camped on a broad open plain about two and a half miles north of Commando Nek, in the centre of which, and about four miles distant, was an isolated high hill, Wolhuters Kop, close to which was the largest Kaffir kraal we had yet seen. At this point General Mahon joined hands with General Hamilton, who had crossed Commando Nek. In subsequent marches General Hamilton was about two miles to the left, following the road to Rustenburg through Buffelspoort and Waagfontein, while General Mahon's Brigade pursued the route by way of Sterkstroom and Klipfontein. Our sick were sent by convoy to Pretoria with the men wounded in the previous day's fight at the Nek.

THE CROCODILE RIVER NEAR COMMANDO NEK.
(Photo by C. A. Gill.)

On August 4th Mahon's Brigade advanced to within two miles of Sterkstroom, the rest of Hamilton's force pushing on to Kroondal, five miles to the south-east of Rustenburg. The road was easy and we had only one drift of any importance to negotiate. We passed through two large Kaffir villages, the houses in which were all well made, rather like small squat English barns. Each had a courtyard in front surrounded by stout mud walls, about four feet high. At one of these villages some of our 'boys,' after exchanging chaff with the belles, proceeded to chase them with the intention of kissing them; the ladies ran but slowly, and rather as a mild protest than for the purpose of eluding the men; they were all caught and submitted to the penalty with composure.

The weather was now getting pretty hot, and many men went down with heat-stroke ; none of the cases, however, were serious. In the evening an order came for an early start on the morrow, accompanied by a map which had been received from Baden-Powell, showing the disposition of the enemy round Rustenburg on August 1st.

This news interested us much, but I am afraid we did not believe all the map indicated. It raised hopes of a fight, yet the brigade was to reach Rustenburg without encountering a single Boer.

At 6.30 a.m. on August 5th we were on the march again, passing through Sterkstroom. The country naturally lent itself to purposes of defence, and had the Boers chosen, or their numbers been as stated, they might have made it very unpleasant for an advancing force. On either flank was a range of hills, and ahead of us these were joined by another, forming a barrier from north to south, between the open ground through which we had marched and the plain

ON THE WAY TO RUSTENBURG.
(Photo by Major G. F. Hale.)

beyond in which Rustenburg was situated. The defile penetrating this mountain barrier was only wide enough to allow one wagon to pass at a time, and could have been held by a very few men. The position was rendered still stronger by the numerous minor rocky hillocks and kopjes which studded the approach between Sterkstroom and the base of the hills, and afforded ample cover to a foe inclined to dispute the way. Such country called for careful reconnoitring, and progress was consequently slow until the column actually entered the plain before Rustenburg. At midday we were directed to park close to a small kopje, distant a mile or more from the range we were about to traverse; but in about an hour the road was declared free of the enemy, and we again advanced. During the time we were outspanned we were much amused by an incident which occurred on the kopje. The 'boys' started a

hare and at once a chase commenced, the hare making for the summit on which was General Mahon with his staff. Very soon we noticed that puss was forsaken, and that a general stampede was taking place among the pursuers, who came leaping down the kopje wildly lashing the air with their arms. They had struck a bees' nest, and the bees, resenting the theft of their hard-earned honey, were retaliating after their kind. The natives to protect their faces had pulled their shirts over their heads, but the insects were not particular, and settled their account on Johnny's stomach or wherever convenient.

Once through the narrow pass we came in sight of Rustenburg, lying far away on the other side of the plain beneath the Magaliesberg range, which at

PAY-DAY IN THE FIELD.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

Oliphants Nek takes a north-westerly direction. Right ahead of us was the Nek, a large gap in the mountain range, looking as if a huge piece had been cut out. Marching into Rustenburg, the brigade camped just to the north of the town at 5.30 p.m. There were many signs of preparation for a Boer attack: the market square had been entrenched and bomb-proof shelters and dug-outs were to be seen. The side avenues were closed in many places by branches of trees loosely stuck in the ground, but of what use these were we could not make out unless, as was suggested, the force was organizing steeplechases.

Rustenburg is very prettily situated, close beneath the Magaliesberg with an extensive plain to the east and open country to the north. The church stands in a large square, leading out of which are broad roads, flanked by

detached houses, each with a very pretty garden and numerous fruit-trees. The whole town is very attractive, and has an English air about it. Even at this time there were a good many English families residing there, although many of these were leaving in the course of the next few days. After camping we received orders to form a small flying hospital to go to Brakfontein on the Eland's River the next day, where Colonel Hore, who with 500 Australians and New Zealanders and 130 Rhodesians and one gun, was bringing a supply convoy to Rustenburg from Mafeking, was surrounded by 2500 Boers with four field-guns and two pom-poms.

LOCUSTS.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

On August 6th, Mahon's force with Baden-Powell, Colonel Plumer, and the men from Rustenburg, marched out for Magata Pass. Major Hale, Dr. Green, and myself, with dressers Crowther, Gill, and Carling, three stretcher squads, and a few extra men, four ambulances, one general service wagon, and one water-cart, accompanied the troops who moved off at 6 a.m. The remainder of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company were left at Rustenburg under Mr. Sheen, to wait our return, which we understood would probably be within two days.

Crossing Magata Nek we found it held by the Australians, who had dug trenches and made breastworks of stone, so that the position was a very strong one. We were now well in the mountains, the country being pretty and well

wooded. From 7 a.m. till 9.30 a.m. heavy gun-fire could be heard in the distance, but after this it became much less frequent, and when the column had marched over ten miles, as far as the Kosters River, the order came to retrace our steps. We wondered much at this as we could occasionally hear the guns ahead of us. Later on we learned that it was believed that Hore had either surrendered or had been relieved by Carrington, and that consequently the force could do no good. As a matter of fact Carrington had not relieved Hore, but had fallen back the day before on the Marico River, whence he retired on Zeerust and eventually on Mafeking. Hore and his gallant force were relieved by Lord Kitchener on August 16th.

We arrived back at Rustenburg about 6 p.m., having lost two more mules from exhaustion. During the night some of us woke up thinking Rustenburg was attacked, as we heard what we took for rifle volleys quite close to us, but we soon came to the conclusion that ammunition was being destroyed; we learned in the morning that 500,000 rounds had been burnt in the trenches —a good loss for Breer Boer—although probably exaggerated. The following day Rustenburg was evacuated, as it was only provisioned up to Angust 9th. Hamilton's division had only two days' food, and Hore's supply convoy was not available. As we shall see later, Christian De Wet was not slow to avail himself of the advantage to the Boers which was derived from the abandonment of Rustenburg. On our departure many of the English residents came with the column, on their way to Pretoria: in some cases whole families left, in others the women and children remained behind, the men quitting in order to escape being taken by the Boers and forced to fight. Thirty or forty prisoners were also brought along, among them being Piet Kruger, a relative of the ex-President. We carried in our ambulances some sick and wounded, amongst the latter Captain Ingleby, medical officer in charge of No. 1 Company Imperial Bushmen. This officer had been wounded in an ambush a few days before; his forearm was badly broken and the ulnar nerve damaged: he had been with Carrington's force and gave me good news of my late house surgeon and two of my late dressers who were with his force.

Among the wounded we also had a couple of bad cases of compound fracture of the upper limb, both of which injuries had been inflicted eighteen days earlier and were in a very bad state, as the wounds had not been dressed for some days and had become putrid. We were soon able to make matters better for these two men, and they were sent into Pretoria by our next convoy.

On August 7th the division camped at Sterkstroom, and the following day reached our camp of August 3rd near the Crocodile River.

On August 9th General Mahon passed to the south of the Magaliesberg by Uitvals Nek, Dr. Green and Mr. Sheen with one ambulance and the necessary stores being sent with him, while the rest of us crossed with Baden-Powell's force by Commando Nek, the two forces reuniting at Grootplaats in the middle of the day. At Uitvals Nek the men were continually sniped, but luckily without any casualty. During our march Mr. Evans met with an accident, the wheel of a wagon passing over his great toe, necessitating chloroform and the removal of the crushed nail. The force camped here until August 11th in order to get up supplies from Pretoria and send back a large

'COME TO THE COOK-HOUSE DOOR, BOYS;
COME, FOR THE DINNER'S DONE.'
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

sick convoy, as we were going west again 'De Wet hunting.' The day after our arrival at Grootplaats we were breakfasting at 9 a.m., enjoying the rare luxury of a 'Europe morning,' when a young Boer fully armed with rifle and bandolier walked up to us, saying he had come to surrender. A unique position: in broad daylight one of the enemy passes the British outposts, and surrenders to a field hospital! We at once sent him under a guard to the provost marshal, with a note explaining the circumstance.

Numerous sick officers and men were drafted to us, as we had to make the arrangements for the sick convoy which was to go to Pretoria the following day in charge of Civil Surgeon Langmore. The grass on the southern slopes

of the Magaliesberg was alight for miles, and presented a beautiful sight at night. Here the fire rushed up the side of the mountain in a serpentine course like a huge fiery snake; there the burning grass resembled the outline of Dutch flower-beds; in yet another place it assumed what appeared to be the shape of some large animal; indeed, all sorts of fantastic patterns were delineated. The veldt fires were certainly beautiful, and one never grew tired of watching them.

A few words of explanation are necessary here to show the position in the west, and the object of the next move along the Magaliesberg.

A BOER SURRENDERING TO US AT GROOTPLAATS.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

On August 4th General Christian De Wet was near the Vaal River, menaced on the south by the Cavalry Brigades, the Colonial Division, Ridley's Mounted Infantry, and two infantry columns under Hart and Knox, the combined force being under the command of Lord Kitchener.

North of the Vaal Lord Methuen* occupied a position near Potchefstroom to head off De Wet should he cross the river, Smith-Dorrien† supporting him at Frederickstad.

In spite of these precautions De Wet crossed the Vaal by De Wet's Drift on

* With 750 Imperial Yeomanry, 2nd Batt. Northampton Regiment, 1st Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers, 1 field battery, 2 howitzers, 2 pom-poms.

† With 250 Mounted Infantry, 2nd Batt. Shropshire Light Infantry, 1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders, C.I.V.'s, and a field battery.

August 7th and fought a rearguard action with Methuen on the two following days. Lord Kitchener's advanced troops co-operated with Methuen, and Smith-Dorrien by a forced march reached Welverdiend and Bank Stations. Hamilton's Division was now ordered to proceed along the Hekpoort Valley, while Baden-Powell with his mounted troops and the 1st Batt. Border Regiment stood fast at Commando Nek.

At 6.30 a.m. on August 11th the sick and wounded to the number of about two hundred were accommodated in ox-wagons which had brought up supplies the day before, and were sent off to Pretoria with a lentiful supply

COMMANDO NEK, LOOKING NORTH.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

of food and such necessaries as might be required on the road. Mail-bags were also dispatched, but none reached us.

We had expected to be rejoined at Grootplaats by the ambulance which we had sent in on August 2nd, but as it did not put in an appearance, we were obliged to go without it and the men who should have been in charge.

By 8 a.m. we were again on the march, and camped for the night at Bultfontein. The Hekpoort Valley, where we now were, is bounded on the north by the Magaliesberg, and on the south by the Witwatersberg, through which the Magalies River, a branch of the Crocodile, runs.

On August 12th the division marched about fifteen miles, passing through Hekpoort and by Nooitgedacht, both places destined to become well known

some months later. Mahon's Brigade camped at Thorndale somewhat in advance of the rest of the division.

Hekpoort is a considerable village, boasting several good houses and a mill. The woman at the mill told us that she was left alone, as her husband, who had been in the country many years and was a burgher, had fled in order to evade the necessity to fight, and her father had been taken prisoner by the Boers because he would not grind corn for them. I did not believe these statements, incurring therefrom a reproof from Green for my scepticism. The lady was young, fairly pretty, with fine eyes, and came from Putney, all of which circumstances had their due influence on Green's susceptible heart. Later on—in December—my view of the situation was taken by others, and the mill was burnt. The people here told us that the Boers were hiding along the Witwatersberg and would come in as soon as the British had gone. All the same they did not seem in the least disturbed at the prospect, and the amount of corn and stock, live and other, in their possession, their effusive pity for Tommy and offers of help, contrasted with the fact that they gave nothing and refused to sell fowls although they had plenty, made one reasonably doubt the veracity of their friendly protestations. Just before we reached Hekpoort the flanking parties had been sniped from the hills; and in the distance ahead and on the other side of the heights occasional heavy gun-fire was heard. This being August 12th, Dr. Green, my servant, and I opened the shooting season, our weapons being long-thonged whips and our bag two guinea-fowl, ten chickens, and two small pigs, a most welcome addition to our mess.

DR. GREEN PREPARING FOR MESS.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

On August 13th some mistake was made in the orders sent us; at 6 a.m. we were told to send two ambulances with officers and men to accompany Mahon, who was going out, but as he was expected to return the following day the rest of us were to stay at Thorndale. Accordingly four stretcher squads were all ready to start when Prince Alexander of Teck rode up and said that the whole force was moving and that we must inspan at once. Hale and Green went ahead with Mahon while I remained behind to bring on the rest of the Hospital and Bearer Company with the remainder of Ian Hamilton's force. After

threading the pass at Thorndale the march was continued in a westerly direction, and we camped at Kaalfontein near a house surrounded by trees and with a small dam. Report had it that Dr. Jameson slept in this house the night before his force surrendered to the Boers. However this may be he will not sleep there again, as all the combustible part of the building was requisitioned for camp-fires. On camping we heard that Mahon was four miles ahead, so Major Hale and his party did not rejoin us.

The next day (August 14th) we resumed our march on an excellent road, as broad as Regent Street, on the top of the range of hills. The country was now more open, especially to the south, but to the north the Magaliesberg was still with us. A nasty accident occurred to-day which prevented my walking for some three weeks. My horse, a heavy Argentine, while cantering put his foot in a hole and came down on the top of me, jamming my right ankle hard against the stirrup iron. The ankle was badly sprained, causing me great pain. Mr. Sheen kindly put me up in plaster, and I managed to get about a little with improvised crutches in a few days.

On the morning of August 15th we continued our westerly route and finally camped at Vlaakfontein (584), Mahon's force rejoining the main body. In the evening the following summary of news was issued with the orders:—

'The general situation seems to be as follows: Christian De Wet halted at this place on Sunday, and passed through Oliphants Nek last night. Both Oliphants Nek and Magata Nek are held by the enemy. Lord Methuen is just south of Oliphants Nek with some 1200 mounted men, and his infantry (two battalions), under Major-General Douglas, marched from the neighbourhood of this place to join him to-day. Lord Kitchener, with General Hart's Brigade and General Smith-Dorrien's Brigades of Infantry, and General Broadwood's Cavalry and Mounted Infantry, marched from this neighbourhood to-day to the relief of Colonel Hore and the Queenslanders, regarding whom no reliable information has yet been received. The General Officer commanding Hamilton's Force has helioed to Lord Methuen asking for his plans, and offering to assist him.

'The Division will not march to-morrow.'

The news that De Wet had got through Oliphants Nek, and that this place and Magata Nek were held by the enemy, was indeed disappointing, as all firmly believed that this time the famous Boer General was fairly cornered. Whether matters would have turned out differently had the British still held Rustenburg is matter for speculation. Although the orders stated that the Division would not march the next day, they were subsequently altered, and we pushed forward through the hills, on one of the worst roads hitherto encountered, in the direction

of Oliphants Nek, and camped at Roodekloof. During the day news arrived that Kitchener had relieved Hore at Eland's River. There was a good deal of excitement when the evening orders containing the following statement were issued: 'The Division will march at 6.30 a.m. to Oliphants Nek, which is now held by the Boers. It is the intention of the General to attack the position.'

Accordingly at 7 a.m. on August 17th four battalions of Cuningham's Brigade, 'S' section pom-poms, 75th Battery R.F.A., the Elswick Battery, the 5-inch guns, and four of our ambulance wagons, with five stretcher squads, moved out, No. 22 Field Hospital and the rest of our wagons and men waiting

CONVEYANCE AND SCRATCH TEAM SECURED BY THE 'BOYS' NEAR OLIFANTS NEK.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

for further orders. A little before 10 a.m. the attack was begun by the advance of the infantry and the pom-poms: by 10 o'clock the 75th and Elswick batteries were in action, and continued shelling the Boer position for about two hours, our ambulances advancing under cover of the guns. The growth on the side of the hills was ignited in many places by the bursting shells. Our wagons came in for a dose of shrapnel, as two of the British shells burst prematurely; fortunately, no one was hit. Indeed, there were only two slight casualties on the British side during the engagement. De Wet had passed through the Nek during the night of the 14th, and had only left a few men to guard the pass and give him information of the British advance, thus obtaining a fair start. By 11.15 the rest of us were on the move, and the ambulances,

which had gone on in advance, rejoined us to carry our sick and those of No. 22 Field Hospital. Approaching Oliphants Nek, we passed a large store and tobacco factory, named after the mountains which towered above it. Oliphants Nek is a deep, narrow gorge between mountains which rise on each side above the road. At the Nek two broken limbers were found, and close by the guns were unearthed. As the 'boys' dug up the freshly turned surface, they came across a heap of offal: as it was highly unlikely a Boer would trouble himself to bury offal, a little further excavation was carried on, and the two guns were found. A native who had been with the Boers told us that they had very little

Dr. Green. Mr. Evans. Mr. Sheen.

OFFICERS' SHAVING PARADE.

(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

food, and were chiefly living on mealies, and these of bad quality. We camped with Mahon's Brigade in Rustenburg, close by the church, the rest of Hamilton's Division halting for the night about three miles nearer the Nek. The country was very well wooded, especially on the Rustenburg side, but in spite of the partial shade thus afforded, the march was extremely hot and dusty. We heard that Methuen's force drove the enemy from Magata Pass the day before, and that De Wet, with most of his commando, had passed east to Commando Nek.

Major Hale visited the Rustenburg hospital, with the result that we carried away with us seven of the patients who were considered fit to move: for those who were too ill to be taken away we left a supply of dressings, medicines, foods,

and medical comforts from our stores, thus doing all we could to ensure their comfort. There were five English and twelve Boers in this hospital. The English had been prisoners with De Wet, and he had left them in hospital when he passed through the previous day. They told us that Steyn was with him and was treated as a prisoner. This statement was confirmed by some of the Boers who had been made prisoners.

After relieving Hore at Elands River, Lord Kitchener marched for Pretoria while Methuen proceeded to Zeerust and Mafeking. Ian Hamilton's Division was ordered to advance on Commando Nek by the road north of the Magaliesberg, *i.e.*, in the wake of De Wet.

Accordingly on August 18th we marched through Sterkstroom, camping about 2 p.m. two miles east of the village; but at 4 o'clock we were ordered to send two ambulances forward at once, as Mahon's troops were to advance at night in consequence of a report that De Wet was near the Crocodile River. As a matter of fact he had reached Wolhuters Kop on August 17th, from whence he sent a message, summoning Baden-Powell to surrender; simply a piece of bluff which did not have the desired effect.

While Mahon pursued De Wet to Roodekopje, Baden-Powell from Commando Nek, reinforced by Paget, moved north towards Waterval and along the Pietersburg line. At 5.30 p.m. Major Hale with two ambulances and stretcher squads went forward with Mahon, the rest of us following with the main body at daybreak. The attack was intended to be a surprise, but there was reason to believe that some Boer women from a neighbouring farm had betrayed the movements of the British to the enemy. Mahon's force marched about fifteen miles, resting from midnight till 4.30 a.m. They then came into action at 6 a.m., shelling some small kopjes in the plain, and gradually advancing towards a long flat kopje near the Crocodile River (Roodekopje). The Boer hospital was stationed here under a Russian doctor, who had some sick and one man with a compound fracture of the thigh. This doctor applied to Hale for a little hot water, and was at once supplied by him with beef-tea, milk, tea, sugar, and such medical comforts as could be spared.

The Boers on the kopje opened a heavy rifle-fire, but had no guns; Mahon's cavalry advanced, but quickly retired with three riderless horses. The guns were therefore pushed forward and the kopje was shelled for about an hour. The Boers then sent in word that our men might come out and pick up the wounded. Hale, in consequence, moved the wagons forward and found one officer and three men wounded and one dead. While loading the wagons the Boers came down and made one of our wagons and its attendants, also Captain Marshall, Medical Officer New South Wales Bearer Company, and his ambulance, prisoners. As soon as Major

Hale saw what was going on he withdrew his other ambulance, already loaded with wounded, and reported what had happened to General Mahon. He at once sent the doctor in charge of the Boer hospital to explain matters and to expostulate with the aggressors. The Boers who had come down and seized the ambulance were very cordial, and stated that they had nearly fired on the stretcher-bearers, as they could not distinguish their brassards, but refrained when they saw they were not carrying arms: they added that the bearers should always carry small white flags, as the brassards could not be seen. This we knew to be correct; even a clean brassard cannot be seen far, and when dirty and dusty it

ELSWICK GUN IN ACTION AT ROODEKOPJE.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

is quite impossible to make it out; so in the evening small white flags were made from old sheets and these were used in the future. The ambulance wagons and men which had been detained by the Boers were returned to us in the evening.

An officer of the New Zealanders had been hit in the stomach and when brought in was past hope: he died within a few hours, and was buried before we marched the following day.

While Major Hale and his party were thus engaged, the rest of the Hospital and Bearer Company marched up with the troops from the camp of the previous night, taking, however, a more southerly road than the one we had followed when we were last in this country.

Hamilton's force was pursuing a more northerly direction on the other side of the broken range of kopjes, apparently with the hope of heading off De Wet, who had evidently gone N.E., leaving a small body of men behind to hold the British in check.

The next day (August 20th) we sent our sick and wounded under Dr. Green to Commando Nek, whence, after transferring them to a convoy which was proceeding to Pretoria, he rejoined us about midday. Marching northwards the brigade again presently deployed to the west of Roodekopje between this, the scene of yesterday's action, and another considerable kopje on the left. The Elswick battery took up a position midway between the hills, and the Field Hospital and Bearer Company halted within one hundred yards of the guns, which opened fire on both kopjes at 10 a.m. Shell after shell burst over these, but there was no answering fire, and in a short time the infantry were ordered to advance across the intervening flat country under cover of the guns. The artillery practice was very pretty to watch, the shrapnel searching each part of the kopjes and bursting just ahead of the advancing men. The interest and excitement deepened as the infantry reached the foot of the kopje on our right, and, taking advantage of the cover afforded by the huge stones and rocks, and a few bushes, gradually ascended it, unopposed. The Boers had retreated in the night.

The infantry advance was followed up by the cavalry, but as no Boers were to be found the column moved on again about mid-day, crossed the Crocodile River and camped at Krokidil Kraal, some fourteen miles from our position of the previous night. Baden-Powell was some distance on the right and Paget held the drift ahead.

The following day (August 21st) after marching some fifteen miles we crossed the Sand River, a branch of the Aapies River, where we were detained in order to allow some of Hamilton's force to pass over first. After a tedious twenty-five mile march we camped at 8.30 p.m. at Zoutpan. Thirteen prisoners were taken during the march, and as one man was found to be in possession of a pass, his farm was burnt. All day the column were on the Boers' heels, and besides the prisoners some wagons were captured.

Our animals were now in a bad way; they had been constantly trekking since we left Pretoria on August 1st, and had lately been on half-rations (5 lb. mealies). They were indeed a sorry sight; every day many dropped exhausted and had to be shot.

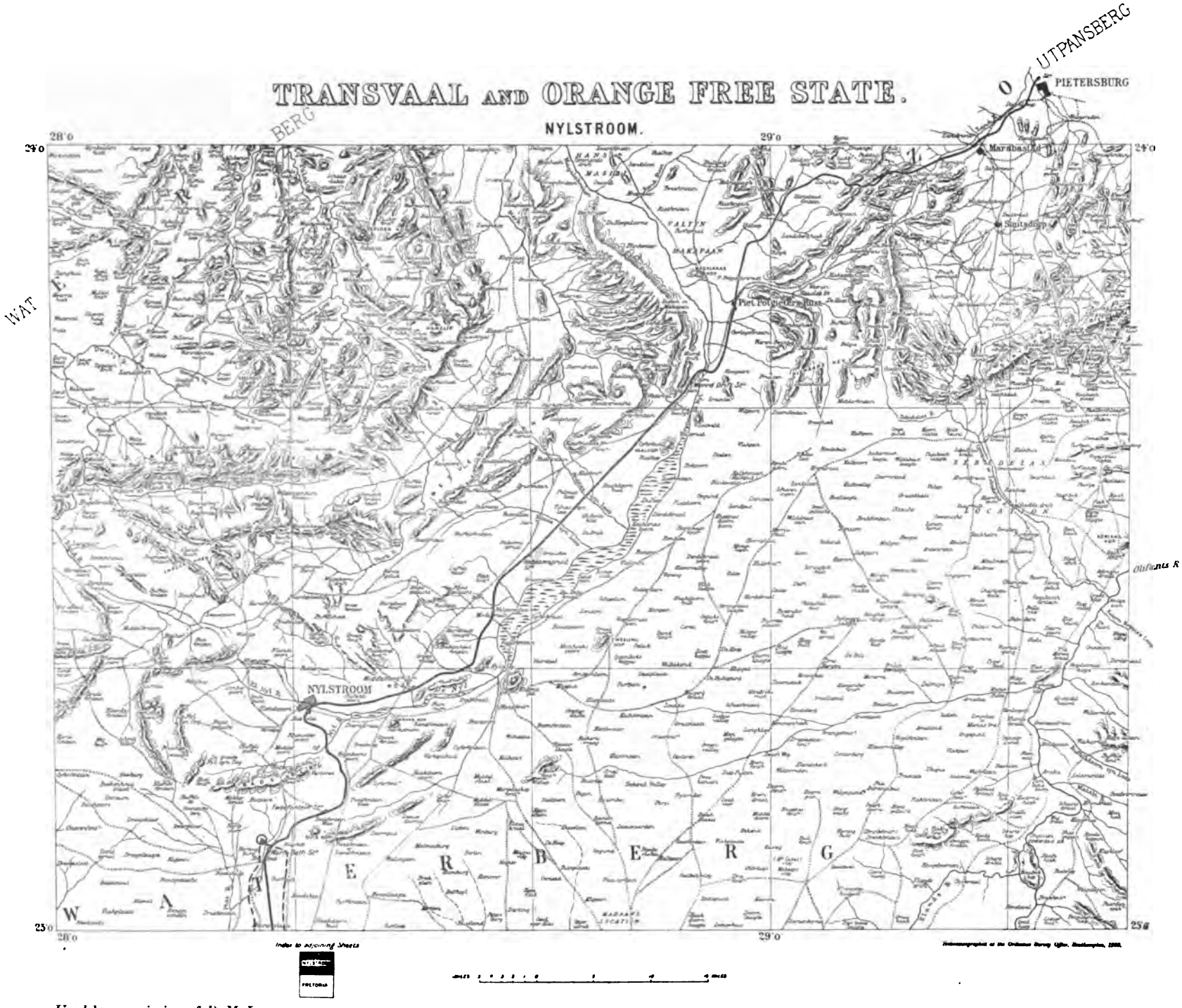
In the neighbourhood of Zoutpan are considerable salt mines, and there is also a large factory, but I could not find out for what purpose. The country round about is very well wooded (the bush veldt), and many trees of considerable

size and some beauty are interspersed with the ubiquitous 'wait-a-bit' thorn and smaller scrub.

Through similar features our march was continued to Zwartboois' Location. Here we emerged from the bush veldt on to a large open plain, in which was a Kaffir kraal of some pretensions, but many of the houses had been burned, and some were still smoking. On inquiry the natives told us that the Boers had only passed through early that day, and pointed out their alleged position, which they said was some ten miles off. We certainly saw columns of smoke rising in the direction indicated, but it looked much more like a veldt fire than smoke

IN THE BUSH-VELDT.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

from a laager. They declared that the Boers had burnt their kraal because the natives favoured the British cause. But later on we heard a different version of the partial destruction of the village, our information coming at first hand from a native who, as he alleged, was a participator in the act. It appeared that two neighbouring kraals (of which there are many large ones in this part of the Transvaal), were ruled over by a king and queen respectively. The lady, prompted by feelings that did not transpire—perhaps those of Dido—decided to put matters on a more equal footing by looting the king's cattle. This was too much, so despite all feelings of gallantry the dusky monarch called his men together, and arming them with knobkerries, assegais, sticks, and a few rusty



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To face p. 151.

rifles of antique pattern, proceeded to the queen's kraal on reprisal intent. The battle raged for three days, the queen retiring to her own hut for its duration, and hoisting a white flag in token of her sanctity. Victory ultimately declared for the king, who lost only twelve men against the queen's ninety-six, a disparity due, we will hope, rather to the fact that the king's force alone possessed rifles (such as they were) than to any lack of chivalry on the part of the lady's adherents. Having burnt a few kraals and helped himself to cattle, his majesty finally drew off his victorious band. Some of the warriors came to us for treatment: one had his face badly smashed by a knobkerry.

Just before marching in the morning, we heard that Christian De Wet, with about one hundred men (the number was variously estimated), had doubled back in the night and had passed the British force to the westward, making for the Magaliesberg, the remainder of his force going on ahead of us in a northerly direction. Many were the rumours to account for this manœuvre, the most generally accepted being that De Wet and Delarey (the Free-Stater and the Transvaaler) could not hit it off, and that neither would give way to the other in the command of their combined force. Since my return to England I have heard from a Boer prisoner on parole in this country quite a different story. He told me that De Wet's trek northwards was in order to escort Steyn on his road to Lydenburg, where he was to have an interview with Kruger. Having taken Steyn to the bush veldt, where he would be safe from the British, and could easily proceed unmolested to Lydenburg, De Wet doubled back to re-enter the Orange River Colony. This man further told me that Kruger's flight was urged by the Boer generals and others in authority.

At nightfall the rest of Hamilton's Division came into camp at Zwartboois' Location, having come by a route more northerly than ours.

On August 23rd we sent our sick with those from No. 22 Field Hospital to the line at Hamanskraal to be entrained for Pretoria. Our orders were to move off at 8 a.m., but at 7.30 a.m. the time was altered to 9 o'clock, a few minutes later to 7.45, then again we were to wait another hour, and finally we marched at 11 a.m. These contradictory directions may be explained by the following extract from General Hamilton's orders:—

'Rhenoster Vlei (1698) Aug. 23.

'At 6 p.m. yesterday a message was received from Lord Roberts to the effect that he did not think there was any necessity for Hamilton's force continuing the pursuit after De Wet's main column. Paget and Baden-Powell, who went to the north of Pienaar's River Station, could do all that was required, and there was urgent work for the Division elsewhere. On receipt of this, orders

were issued for the return of the Division to Pretoria, which were this morning cancelled by a further telegram from Lord Roberts. He wished Hamilton to push the pursuit still further, as Baden-Powell was engaged last night in shelling, at Warmbaths, what appeared to be the advanced guard of the enemy. The orders also pointed to an early return to Pretoria.'

Crossing the stretch of open veldt on which we had camped we again entered the bush, the track being heavy with sand; the day was very unpleasant, hot and windy, with frequent dust storms and 'devils.' Close to the drift, over

FILTERING AND BOILING WATER.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

the Aapies River which we crossed, nine Boers were captured. On arriving at our camping ground (Zaagkuil Drift 518), we found a Boer ambulance there, and the German doctor sought an interview with Mahon, for what purpose we did not learn. We heard that the rest of De Wet's force was only a few miles ahead of us, that there were women and children with them, who had but little food, and that the Boers intended coming in in a couple of days if hard pressed by us. We also heard that they were incensed with De Wet for leaving them, although he appears to have made specious excuses, *e.g.*, obtaining reinforcements and food. It was further stated that De Wet, as an inducement to follow him, had promised them rich farms in this part of the country as soon as the British had been driven out of the place. Where the farms were coming

from heaven only knows, the country here being practically dense bush veldt, only inhabited by natives. But after all, these statements were probably—like so many others—incorrect, and certainly were so if the account given me by the Boer, and mentioned above, had any truth in it. An outpost of twelve Imperial Light Horse came on the Boer convoy to-day, said to be guarded by sixty men, but, not feeling strong enough to attack, they fell back.

Marching at 7 a.m. on August 24th (Hamilton moving from his camp five miles in rear), Mahon's brigade came up to the site of the Boer laager some four miles distant, and outspanned till 2.30, finally entering Warmbaths in the evening. During the march four wagons, nine men, some women and children, together with nine horses, and a large number of cattle and sheep, were taken. Baden-Powell had occupied Warmbaths on August 22nd, after an engagement with the enemy, which resulted in the capture of twenty-five Boers, and the release of one hundred British prisoners.

Late in the evening of the 24th August, Paget's force came into camp from the south.

On August 25th we enjoyed a very welcome rest, which we employed in washing ourselves and our clothes, and in speculating as to which needed it most. Warmbaths appears to be a Transvaal Harrogate, and is resorted to by invalids and persons of all descriptions who bathe in the waters, though whether they are healed or not is a matter of conjecture—we at any rate were cleansed. The place is quite a town with many large stores, long iron-roofed bathing-places, and also detached residences and boarding-houses, and would accommodate a good many people; we understood, however, that the influx of the maimed and halt was so great, at certain seasons of the year, that many from distant places came in bullock-wagons, and brought all the necessary appliances for camping and 'finding' themselves.

To the north, the Badsberg Mountains stand boldly out about five miles distant; to the south and east the country is open and studded with dense bush, through which the Pretoria-Pietersburg railway runs.

We found that Baden-Powell had gone further north, and he eventually reached Nylstroom on August 26th, some of Paget's men being left to guard the line to Pretoria. As to our own movements only one thing was certain, the division was bound for Pretoria, thence to start out again, it was presumed, to Lydenburg. In anticipation of this move Captain Bell Smythe, General Mahon's chief staff officer, obtained from each unit the number of animals required to make up the strength, so that no time might be lost in refitting on our arrival at Pretoria. We applied for seventy mules and ten horses to replace dead and worn-out animals.

The force left Warmbaths on August 26th *en route* for Pretoria. The landscape was still well wooded, in parts almost park-like, some of the trees being the finest we had hitherto seen. The largest had huge thorns arranged in pairs like a buffalo's horns, and extremely sharp at the points, with broad bases. But the country was almost waterless, and we marched seventeen miles before we could outspan to water the mules, halting eventually close to a wrecked railway bridge of considerable length over the Pienaar's River: it looked like a dissipated switchback, but a deviation had been made and we crossed the stream by a wooden bridge. We camped six miles further south.

The next evening, having outspanned for a couple of hours at Hamanskraal, brought us to Waterval, where the Boers had made a prison for the British earlier in the year. In the prisoners' laager we saw an ingenious tunnel which, in hope of escape, they had nearly completed when French saved them further trouble. This march was a very pleasant one, the first part of it reminded one of the New Forest, and the latter of the downs of Kent and Sussex. On camping we had our pay-sheets made out, an inventory of the stores taken, and an indent made of the clothing required (we were all very shabby and some of the men nearly bare-footed), so that on our arrival in Pretoria deficiencies could be made good without delay, as we might have to start at very short notice.

On August 28th, the division marched at 4 a.m. and camped near the racecourse at Pretoria by 9.30 a.m., having done the sixty-four miles from Warmbaths in fifty hours. Our sick were at once transferred to the stationary hospitals, and the returning wagons brought us a large accumulation of mails which had been eagerly looked forward to and were most gratefully received. The afternoon was spent in doing necessary shopping and obtaining supplies for our next march. Soap, tobacco, matches, pickles, and vegetables were in special demand, to which the supplies were not equal. Literature was sought for, but with discouraging results; in response to an inquiry for Dickens an intelligent youth in one shop said, 'Dickens? Let me see, he wrote poetry, didn't he?'

On the following day I visited our detachment, which had been lent to No. 3 Model School Hospital until we should require their services. Major R. W. Ford, R.A.M.C. (now Lieut.-Colonel, D.S.O.) was in command, and to his zeal, ability, and shrewd common sense we owed much. Up to the time he returned home he did everything in his power to help us with the men we left in Pretoria. Major Ford had allotted each man such duties as he thought him capable of performing, had inculcated strict discipline, and with few exceptions reported favourably on the work done. It was a cause of great satisfaction to us that the detachment was in such good hands during our

prolonged absence, and we started east again on August 30th with contented minds.

As it was necessary to make some alterations and additions to our equipment for the field, we took from the detachment two horses and ten mules, also a Scotch cart, replaced a dilapidated water-cart by the one we had left behind, and took another general service wagon instead of one of the Portland wagons, which we found to be too lightly built for the rough marching. In addition we replenished our now depleted stores from those we had left, but found that a great deal of our reserve had been used. The St. John Ambulance men and a few others were given their discharges as time-expired, and Major Ford undertook to see about their entraining for Cape Town. One or two of our men who needed a rest were left at Pretoria, their places being filled by others from our detachment. In the afternoon we visited the new Yeomanry Hospital, which had now reached Pretoria and was in full working order under Colonel Kilkelly, Grenadier Guards. We found our distinguishing cap badges awaiting us, and took an early opportunity of distributing them to the officers and men. These badges were much prized by all, and although 'badge-hunters' offered big prices for them (as much as 5*l.* in some cases), I do not think any man parted with his. After seeing the Yeomanry Hospital at Beckett's house we went over to the Langman, which was camped close to the Komati Poort line, and greeted our old friends.

On returning to camp we found that the entire brigade had only been able to draw sixty mules to make up deficiencies, so that we only got ten mules instead of the seventy mules and ten horses for which we had indented; with these we had to do the best we could. About midnight we received orders to march at 9 a.m.; but our destination was not mentioned.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE EASTERN TRANSVAAL.—THE MARCH TO BARBERTON.

(Consult Maps facing pp. 97, 167, 171, 177.)

August 30th — October 24th, 1900.

WHILE we were in the Western Transvaal important developments had taken place in the east of the country, whither we were now to proceed.

On July 25th, it will be remembered, Ian Hamilton's Division, of which we, attached to Mahon's Brigade, formed a unit, reached Balmoral, and, on the following day returned towards Pretoria, to take part in the operations described in the last chapter. General French had occupied Middelburg on July 26th.

On August 24th, Belfast, after some resistance, was occupied by the 11th Division under Pole-Carew, and Lord Roberts arrived there the next day.

On August 27th General Buller inflicted a serious defeat on the Boers, unhappily not without considerable loss to his own men, at Bergendaal, three miles south-east of Belfast, and the next day he occupied Machadodorp without opposition. The same day (August 28th) French, with the 1st and 4th Cavalry Brigades, and a portion of the 11th Division, moved eight miles west of Helvetia to Elandsfontein; and Dundonald's cavalry, reaching Helvetia, came in touch with the enemy's rear-guard.

The following day General Buller, leaving garrisons at Dalmanutha and Machadodorp, marched to Helvetia, and occupied Waterval Boven with his advanced troops.

The day we left Pretoria (August 30th), General French reached Waterval Onder, where he was joined by eighteen hundred British prisoners, including seven officers, who had been confined at Nooitgedacht, but had been liberated on the British advance. Some officers had been sent to Barberton, but were removed by the British when the Boers evacuated the town on General French's advance.

On August 31st Buller fell back on Helvetia, preparatory to his march on Lydenburg. Waterval Onder was held by Pole-Carew and the 11th Division,

and Waterval Boven by Colonel Henry with his Mounted Infantry. French returned to Machadodorp with the 1st and 4th Cavalry Brigades, and marched thence to Carolina, at which place we were presently to join him in his advance to Barberton.

At 9 a.m. on August 30th we marched from Pretoria with Mahon's Brigade, consisting of M Battery R.H.A., 3rd Company Mounted Infantry, Queensland Mounted Infantry, New Zealand Mounted Rifles, 79th Company Imperial Yeomanry (Rough Riders) under Colonel Colvin, Imperial Light Horse, and Lumsden's Horse. This Brigade was now by itself, Ian Hamilton's Division having been split up. General Hamilton himself had proceeded by train to Belfast. As the Brigade marched east of the town past the Yeomanry and Langman Hospitals, many of our friends came to wish us good luck.

When we marched to Balmoral in July we left Pretoria by a road running north-east of the town, passing through Derdepoort; this time our road lay due east, Arcadia Kopje being on our left. The road was a good one, and, after passing Erstefabriken on the north, we camped for the night at Donkerhoek, a small village mainly composed of corrugated iron buildings and wooden huts—the latter came in very opportunely for fuel. In spite of the weather being somewhat dull and cold, our march had been a very pleasant one, and we were all delighted at the prospect of being employed with the force advancing on the eastern frontier of the Transvaal.

The next morning, still following the main road, we continued our march in an easterly direction, and camped for the night at Jackalsfontein, about two miles south and three miles east of Bronkhorstspruit, passing in the afternoon the graves of the victims of the massacre of 1880.

We started early on September 1st for Balmoral, where we outspanned for three hours, and sent back a few sick and a mail-bag by train to Pretoria. At Eloff's Brug, over the Wilge River, our track joined the more northerly road by which we had marched to Balmoral on July 25th; from this point to Balmoral the road was littered with the carcases of the animals which had died on that memorable night. Although most of us had become more or less accustomed to the sight and smell of dead animals, we found the air perfectly terrible, and all were glad to get to Balmoral. In many cases the Kaffirs had laid open the backs of the dead oxen and removed the tendinous part of the spinal muscles, of which they make whip-thongs and *rimpis* (lashings). Soon after the column had camped at Geddrug, about three miles east of Balmoral, close to the railway line, two trains laden with the released prisoners from Nooitgedacht passed westwards on their way to Pretoria. The men were heartily cheered and responded lustily. In commemoration of the 1st September

an enterprising officer hunted up and killed four brace of partridges—unfortunately he did not belong to either the Field Hospital or the Bearer Company, so our acquaintance with the birds was visual only—I dare say they were tough.

We crossed the Great Olifants River on September 2nd, camping at Elandsdrift, about four miles further east. Orders were given that no trumpet or bugle calls were to be sounded for a time. During the day we marched close by the railway and saw many store trains passing towards Middelburg, and one troop train went east. This was always a reassuring sight, indicating that the line of communication was intact.

The next day we reached Middelburg at 9, and outspanned until 3 p.m., when we marched another five miles, camping for the night near the Van Kolders or Little Olifants River, at Rondebosch.

Middelburg is a prosperous-looking place—for the Transvaal, with the usual church square, an imposing bank, a club, and post-office buildings. There was also a considerable hospital, to which we sent our sick; it was shortly after supplemented by a large military hospital to take patients coming down from Lydenburg, Komati Poort, and the intervening places. The town possessed many good stores and shops, and the houses were in some cases very picturesque, with small gardens in front of them. The almond and peach-trees were in full bloom and looked very pretty. At Middelburg we heard that Ian Hamilton, having under his command the Gordons, Royal Irish, Royal Scots, and ten field guns was moving from Belfast towards Lydenburg, and that Mahon's Brigade was to join French at Carolina and proceed with him to Barberton.

During the morning of September 4th we outspanned at Rietfontein, where the brigade was joined by the Suffolks, who had been under Hutton's command. We camped that night at Wonderfontein, being here further reinforced by the 76th Battery R.F.A.

The country through which we were now passing was bare and desolate, long stretches of rolling veldt without trees, farms, or habitations of any sort. The desolate appearance of the country had evidently made a deep impression on a Tommy whose conversation I overheard while on the march. He was discussing with another the causes and object of the war. His companion suggested that he supposed we wanted the country, when, with a look of contempt over his surroundings, Tommy delivered himself of the remark: 'Oh, do they? Well, they can 'ave my share for a bloomin' 'alfpenny!' There was little water, and our mules suffered a great deal during the first few days. Some died daily, and we began to fear that in the near future we should have to abandon some of our wagons or drag them ourselves.

Réveillé sounded next morning at 4.30 a.m., and soon after we sent our sick

to Wonderfontein station *en route* for Middelburg. About 5 a.m. we heard gun fire, apparently some five miles off in the direction from which we had come. The brigade had not proceeded far when a messenger came up to ask for reinforcements, as an outpost had been attacked. General Mahon with some mounted troops and two guns accordingly returned with all speed, Major Hale and Dr. Green following with two ambulances. The rest of the force outspanned on a rise in the veldt about a mile further on. While we were waiting here, three Boers, one a small boy about thirteen mounted on a shaggy Cape pony and carrying a rifle as big as himself, were brought in by the outpost to which they had surrendered. They said that they had come from the Carolina commando, which according to them was about one hundred and fifty strong. About 3.30 p.m. orders came for the force to move about a mile further ahead and camp for the night. An officer of the Imperial Light Horse brought the information that the Boers had attacked some Canadians, but had made off by 9 a.m., so that Mahon's force, which did not come up till eleven, was too late to be of any use. We had surmised that the Boers were attacking the line after De Wet's plan, but as we had seen many trains passing both ways we knew that they had failed, even if this was their objective. What actually happened was this:—

About one hundred and twenty-five men of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, who were guarding the line between Pan and Wonderfontein Stations, were attacked by a considerable force under Commandant Trickhardt with two guns and a pom-pom. The Canadians were reinforced by two guns and a company of Irish Fusiliers, who had arrived by train from Belfast, and reached the scene of action by a night march, the result being that the enemy was beaten off, although the British force had four men wounded and six taken prisoners; the latter were liberated the next day by Commandant Dickson's orders. By 8.30 p.m. Major Hale had returned into camp with the two ambulances, having taken the four wounded men to Wonderfontein Station, where they entrained for Middelburg. Their wounds were not dangerous.

On September 5th, after a twenty-five mile march, we reached Carolina at 5.15 p.m., and found that General French, part of whose convoy we had passed *en route*, had arrived there earlier in the day.*

The combined force remained at Carolina on the 7th and 8th of September, and we managed to give our animals a good feed to prepare them for the hard work and bad going ahead of them. Washing, letter-writing, clothes-repairing, and similar occupations took up a good deal of our time. The few sick we had

* French's force consisted of the 1st and 4th Cavalry Brigades, the 2nd Batt. Shropshire Light Infantry, a naval 4.7-inch gun under Captain Bearcroft, and O Battery R.H.A.

were transferred to the town hospital with the view of their being sent down to Belfast by sick convoy as soon as possible. As the day of departure was doubtful, each man received three days' rations. The town hospital was to be left in charge of the resident doctor at Carolina, who seemed a decent fellow. Like every one else, when there was a force of occupation, he was immensely pleased to see the British, could not bear the Boers, &c. Our sick convoy reached Belfast in safety.

On leaving the hospital Major Hale and I went over to see Mr. Bennet Burleigh, whose Cape carts were drawn up in the market square, and spent the best part of an hour enjoying his conversation and hospitality. Burleigh by name and burly in opinion and build, he proved an excellent companion, and interested us much with his reminiscences of the campaign in Natal. The weather was very disagreeable: a high wind, any amount of dust with frequent 'devils,' and very cold. The only excitement provided was the burning of a house, which was found stocked with ammunition.

It was at Carolina that we first came across a form of horse-sickness caused by a small plant of the tulip family which grows near water. Any horse eating this plant quickly dies of irritant poisoning—Tulip-sickness. As a good number of French's horses (we heard forty) were taken sick the day we came in, orders were issued warning us not to let the animals stray towards the places where the plant was known to be growing, an order easy to issue but very difficult to carry out, especially as it grows near water.

We received orders in the evening to be ready to march at 6 a.m.; it was stated also that two commandoes, each numbering five hundred men with three guns, were in the neighbourhood.

On September 9th we moved off at 6.15 a.m., Mahon with his mounted troops going to the right. Major Hale and Dr. Green, with two ambulances and stretcher squads, accompanied him. The rest of the force marched east over broken ground, now up hill, now down; indeed, this day's march brought us into the mountainous region, through which we had to pass to reach Barberton. Our march to Barberton was certainly the hardest and most difficult we made in South Africa, but was extremely interesting and eventful. The country, which lent itself admirably to defensive operations, was mountainous but well-watered. The Boers prophesied that the British with their guns and impedimenta could never reach Barberton, and one of the many rumours current about this march was that bootless and without food the British were wandering about, lost in the mountains. The advance was strongly contested by the Boers throughout the day, and it was not until they had been driven from three successive positions that they retired late in the afternoon, only to greet the force again a few days later as

we approached Tafel Kop. Smart rifle fire opened about 10.30 a.m. on our left, and a message came to hurry up the guns. Accordingly four 12-pounders and two 15-pounders came by on the right at the trot, making for the brow of a hill just ahead, crossing a dip, and so on to the crest of the succeeding hill, where they came into action. As the guns trotted past, each man must have felt that exhilaration which an impending row so surely inspires.

Marching round this hill we parked in the dip, and watched the guns firing just in front. Major Johnston, R.A.M.C., and I rode along the road towards the position taken up by the guns. Just as we were getting off these were limbered up and disappeared over the hill, to take up a position on another slope, whither we followed them, and sat down by the battery to watch the proceedings. The guns, firing at a range of 2750 yards, covered the advance of the Suffolks, who were assailed by a heavy rifle fire from the left. The Boers apparently had no artillery, as none answered. About 2.45 p.m. the guns ceased firing for a time, as the infantry had advanced across the intervening valley to the hill which had been receiving the battery's attention. Suddenly many mounted Boers broke cover and started up the hill at full speed. Each gun now fired as fast as possible, and the scene was most exciting—hurrying Boers dotted the hillside, shells bursting among them, shrapnel peppering the crest of the hill and the ground beyond with bullets. One shell bursting near a mounted man knocked him and his horse over; the horse was found later much mangled, but of the Boer there was no trace! The fusillade lasted some twenty minutes, when the order came to advance, and by 3.15 p.m. we were on the hill.

Directly the forward movement began, I sent orders back for our wagons to come up, and at this time Major Hale and Dr. Green rejoined us. They had done nothing during the day, as Mahon's force did not come into action. Four men were wounded in the assault on the hill: one man of the Rough Riders had a bullet in his brain and lived three days, but died without regaining consciousness: the others had trivial flesh wounds.

On the hill, just behind a slight dip, we found one dead Boer who had been hurriedly buried under an ant-heap, from beneath which his feet stuck out; he was buried more decently. Near this spot the earth was found disturbed, and natives were set to work to dig and explore, with the result that they turned out two boxes of 12-pounder Boer shells. The whole convoy halted on the slope of the hill, and taking advantage of this some of us went up to the top to see what was going on. We looked down into a deep valley, flanked on the further side by heights similar to those on which we stood. Along this valley the infantry and cavalry were advancing, but we could see no Boers.

They were there though, for as we watched two shells came over our heads and fell just the other side of the wagons, fortunately without exploding or doing harm. This was the first we had heard of their guns all day, and the last of Breer Boer for the time being. About 6 p.m. we advanced into the valley along a very bad and in parts dangerous road which ran round the shoulder of the hill. On our right the track overhung very steep and, occasionally, precipitous ground. As we descended, the burning grass on the hillside, fired by the shells, presented a grand appearance. At about 9 p.m., after a long and exciting day, we camped for the night some little distance down the valley.

The next morning (September 10th) we were up at 3.30, under orders to march at 5 a.m., but the column did not move off till 7 o'clock and spent ten hours in reaching the next camp at Silverkop, only seven miles distant. Before marching we admitted four more wounded, all slight cases, and had many inquiries from commanding officers as to the condition of our patients. The road was execrable and traversed a narrow gorge, through which ran the Komati River, which afforded many lively incidents at the various drifts, good, bad, and indifferent. Picture to yourself a much-contracted Rhone valley minus all signs of habitation, strewn with rocks and traversed by a most abominable road, and you have a fair picture of the day's march. One of the naval 4·7-inch guns camped overnight on the top of the hill in our rear to cover the advance if necessary, but no Boers appeared to oppose the column's snail-like progress. At Silverkop the mountain range to the north of the defile—*i.e.*, on the left—continued far away in the distance where it joined other mountains running north by south. The hills to the south were of less height, and some comparatively open ground, though much broken and intersected by the Komati River and its branches, opened out in front, flanked on the east by lofty eminences.

On September 11th, the force did not move till 10.15 a.m., and after advancing about twelve miles we camped at 9 p.m. The road was, if anything, worse than on the previous day, and as the last four miles of the march were covered in pitch darkness, the difficulty of progression was considerably enhanced. We crossed five bad drifts, and the uneven nature of the ground, which was covered with deep sand, was a severe trial to our already nearly exhausted mules. So bad were the animals that we had to requisition two empty ox-wagons in order to lighten our loads. Had we not been able to do this we should have been compelled to abandon some of our wagons and stores.

The scenery was now extremely wild and imposing; on all sides high and rugged mountain-peaks stretched far away into the distance, and enclosed a space of broken ground through which numerous branches of the Komati River coursed,

supplying us with abundance of excellent, clear, and cold water. We camped at Hlomo-hlomo, close to a solitary farm and post-office combined, which constituted the place. It was well sheltered among gum and fir trees, the first we had seen since we left Carolina.

In the morning the Boer prisoners were sent to bathe in the river under an armed escort. Some of them said that there had been fifty casualties in the recent action, but how they got their information I do not know. After crossing the Komati River the column marched about eight miles to the foot of Tafel Kop, a formidable-looking ascent which made our hearts sink with apprehension as to

BOER PRISONERS BATHING IN THE KOMATI RIVER AT HLOMO-HLOMO.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

how our animals would tackle it. The road was very bad and four bad drifts had to be negotiated, yet the efforts of the mules (now on 5 lb. rations) filled us all with admiration. As we approached the mountain the guns opened fire on the enemy, who retired about 2 p.m., leaving the road to Barberton open.

Soon after halting, two small Boer boys came through our camp, so we had them brought up and demanded their passes, which they produced; each boy had handed in a Mauser and one hundred cartridges.

The following day (September 13th) a procession of guns and wagons went up the pass, as many as thirty animals being required to get each up, although the distance to be traversed was not more than a mile. Our turn had not

come, so we spent a lazy day and our mules enjoyed a much-needed rest. Escott, of the Rough Riders, who had a bullet lodged in his brain, had died the previous night, and was buried close to our camp in the morning by a detachment of his own men. In the afternoon the Naval Brigade with their cow-gun came into camp and pitched next to us. Fleet-Surgeon Porter came to see us and make inquiries about our wagons, of which he had heard good reports. He seemed very pleased with them, and also with our surgical haver-

1. Final position of British guns. 2. Generals French and Godon and Staff. 3. Red Hill. 4. Kopje held all day by the Inniskillings. 5 and 6. Boers. 7. Line of Boer retreat.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACTION AT TAFEL KOP.

(After a Sketch by Capt. F. S. Jackson.)

sacks which were much superior to those used by the R.A.M.C. That the naval guns equally impressed some of our hospital orderlies was indicated by the answer one of them gave when asked what a patient's temperature was—'4·7, sir.' French pushed on to Barberton with the cavalry, the rest of his troops and Mahon's Brigade being left to guard the pass and to go forward as soon as the convoy was safely up.

On September 14th we divided our wagons into three sections, one section requiring all the mules to get up, while the others remained until the animals returned. Teams of mules belonging to other units were also sent to us, and

with twenty-four mules to each wagon (some of the ox-wagons required forty-eight animals) we eventually reached the top of Tafel Kop and camped about half a mile beyond on a fairly level piece of ground, overlooking the mountains of the Swaziland border, towards which the Boers were reported to have retreated. Quite close to the top of the pass the road was extremely bad, and the animals had to rest every few yards. By the side of the road lay wrecked wagons and a broken gun-carriage, testimony to the difficulties of the ascent. As we were striking camp half-a-dozen Swazi women came in to pick up our empty biscuit tins: they were of repulsive appearance, nearly nude, coarse, and

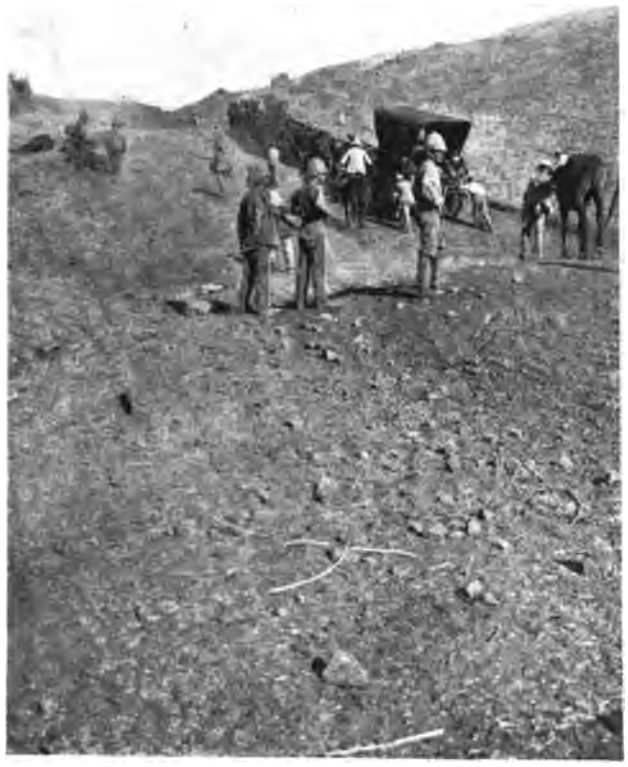
SWAZI WOMEN IN OUR CAMP AT TAFEL KOP.

(Photo by W. Sheen.)

grossly built, and certainly possessed the strongest smell of any natives we had yet met; so bad was it that we had to keep them to leeward of our tents. During the evening news came in that French had entered Barberton over-night, and had captured forty-three engines with a large quantity of rolling stock provisions and forage, together with ten thousand pounds, fifty wagons, many rifles, a quantity of ammunition, and numerous oxen and sheep. He had also rescued twenty-three officers and some sixty men who had been taken to Barberton after the Boers left Nooitgedacht. General Schoemann, who had been put in gaol by the Boers because he refused to break the oath of neutrality which he had taken, was also liberated.

On resuming our march the next day, we found the road at first fairly good,

surmounting a moderate rise which was the real top of the pass, but which offered no difficulties. By 7.30 p.m., having lost six mules by the way, we reached the top of the Devil's Shute. To guard the pass in our rear the 4th Cavalry Brigade, a 4.7-inch gun, T Battery R.H.A., with the Suffolks and Shropshire Light Infantry, were left behind, but these units came into Barberton some days later. When we had gained the top of the Devil's Shute, from whence we could see the lights of Barberton far away below us in a south-easterly direction, we outspanned and camped, but before we had finished our work the officer commanding the New Zealand Regiment rode up, and ordered us to proceed down the Shute at once to join General Mahon, who had camped at its foot. We represented that our mules were in such a condition that we did not think they could do the journey, especially as it was dark and the road was described as one of the worst, and extremely stiff. This did not make any difference, the order had been sent to Colonel Craddock and he gave it to us. The cooks were ordered to hurry on the food for the patients, and all further preparations for camping were stopped. After considering the subject again, however, we decided to try once more to get the order rescinded. A letter was therefore dispatched to the Commanding Officer, pointing out that we had some twenty wounded and sick, that in our opinion there would be great risk to them if they were taken down a bad road in the dark, and concluding with a request that we might be allowed to march at daybreak, or at least wait until the moon rose. The result was that we were ordered to move at 5.30 in rear of the ammunition column.



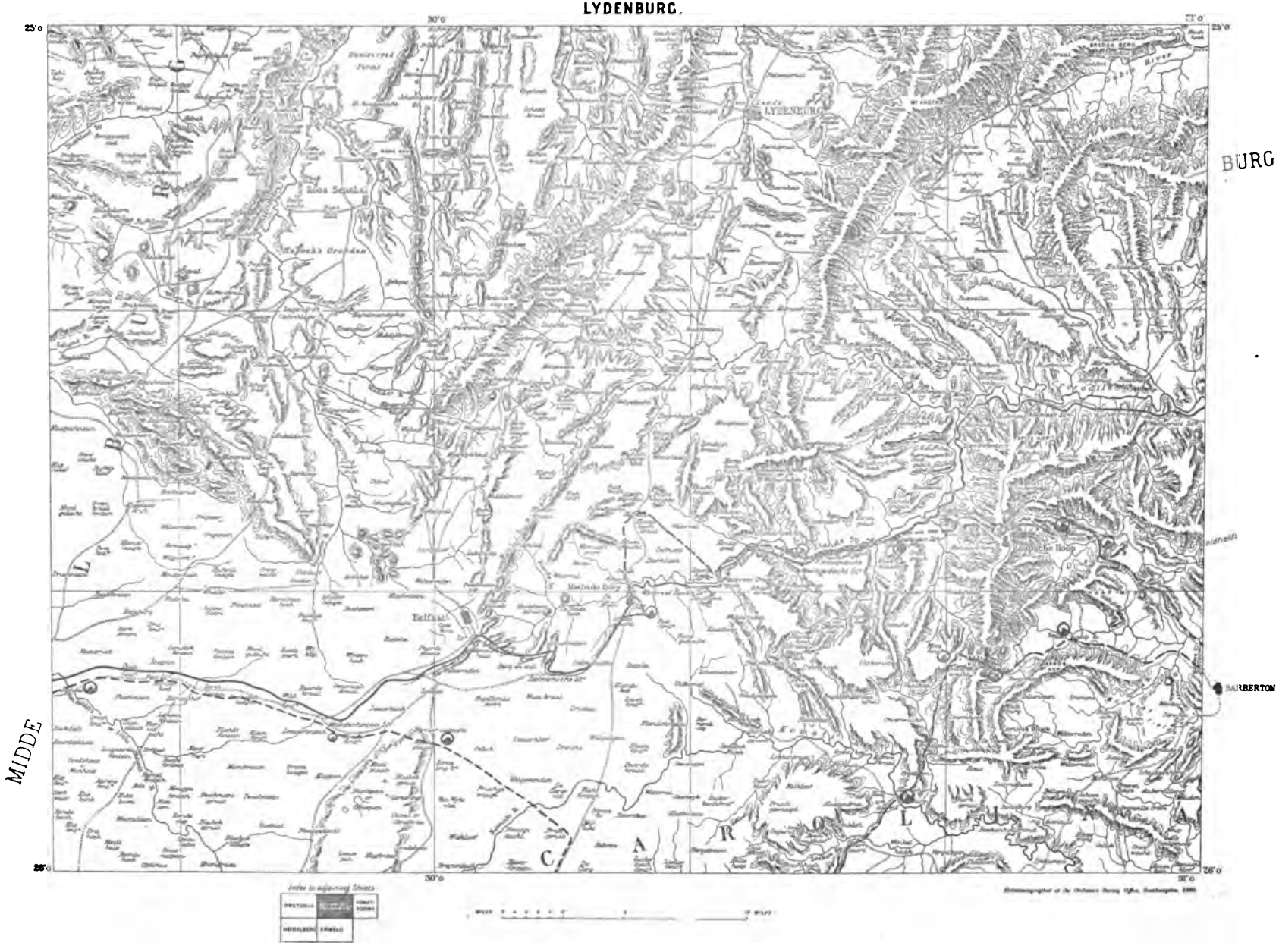
GOING UP TAFEL KOP.
Photo by E. R. Carling.

We were most anxious to reach Barberton as our mules were now on very much reduced rations, and were much exhausted; only six were left to a wagon instead of ten.

Moving off punctually at 5.30 a.m. on September 16th, we went down the

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.

LYDENBURG.



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Devil's Shute and outspanned at the bottom at 8 a.m. The Shute is a steep winding road, with a very bad surface for most of the way. It is, I should think, about three or four miles long, and descends about 2500 feet to the open but broken ground, at the southern end of which lies Barberton. The road was most picturesque, winding among the hills, mostly with a gradual slope, but very steep in places. Had there been fir-trees and snow-peaks in the distance we could easily have imagined ourselves in some part of Switzerland or the Tyrol. Scattered and stunted trees, with occasionally a few tall gums and tree ferns, were the only set-off against barren ruggedness. Here and there lay a broken

NEARING THE TOP OF TAFEL KOP.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

ox-wagon, hastily dragged aside to let the more fortunate pass; at one place, close to a stream, a cart had fallen over the side of the road, and lay smashed to bits twenty feet below; by its side, as if keeping guard over his old but now prostrate enemy, stood a disconsolate mule. On the way down we met with no mishap, although just at the bottom one of the wagons, in consequence of the brake failing to act, took charge, and the mules fell together in a jumbled heap of bare ribs and legs, fortunately without much injury. We had now reached open ground, and could see Barberton tucked away at the foot of the hills, a long way south of us. We halted at the foot of the pass for breakfast, and then covered nine more miles, during which we had to give the mules another two hours' rest. The road was now fair by comparison, but the drifts were numerous and bad:

we had to cross five very steep ones, losing two mules dead, and three outspanned as useless. Our forage was exhausted, and we could not get any more until we reached Barberton—even then it was uncertain if any would be forthcoming; the mules, therefore, had to pick up what living they could on the veldt. While encamped at the foot of the pass, a Swazi came in with a note in Dutch which our conductor (Richardson) translated. It was to the effect that three Boers, in a small farm a little way distant, wished to surrender, so they were taken in charge by the Imperial Light Horse. These men said they would not accept passes as they were valueless; since we did not protect them, and any commando

VIEW LOOKING BACK FROM THE ROAD UP TAFEL KOP.

(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

could come along and make them fight again under penalty of being shot. Thus these men, who really desired to observe their oath, were between the devil and the deep sea. The same men added that the fear of deportation kept many of the Boers from surrendering, and that if they were sure they would not be sent out of the country numbers would come in as opportunity offered. When we reached Barberton we found that such a notice was actually posted in the town. We further learned that the Boers did not believe the British could cross the mountains to Barberton with heavy guns and convoy, and they thought it a great feat, an opinion shared by the British residents, as we heard from some of them during our stay in that town.

The column only marched eight miles on September 17th, and, for our part, in

order to accomplish even this distance, all the horses had to be inspanned to help the few remaining mules. After crossing three moderately easy drifts, we camped about two miles outside Barberton, sending our ambulances on to the civil hospital, to which our sick were transferred. We found that there was no forage to be had for the mules, and only 5 lb. per day for the horses, so that although the poor brutes had done their work for the time being they could not be rationed, and had to pick up a living on the veldt, which unfortunately offers little to eat at this season. In point of fact, many did die within the next few days. The march from Pretoria certainly exacted a heavy toll of animals: we had lost sixty-eight,

THE TOP OF THE PASS, TAFEL KOP.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

and fifty-three were quite unfit for work, so that we were left with only thirty-nine, and these little better than useless.

The following morning (September 18th) General Mahon sent us a message asking if we could spare a medical officer to go out for three days. Mr. Sheen was sent and joined the I.L.H., who were going out with the object of obtaining the surrender of 150 Boers, who it was said wished to come in. Only eight of them actually did so. Mr. Sheen rejoined us on September 22nd, having had an interesting march round the Sheba valley, but no fighting. In the afternoon Hale and I rode into the town to see the P.M.O., Colonel Donovan. Passing the station on our way we saw the long line of captured engines, which had not been injured: they were all coupled together and loaded

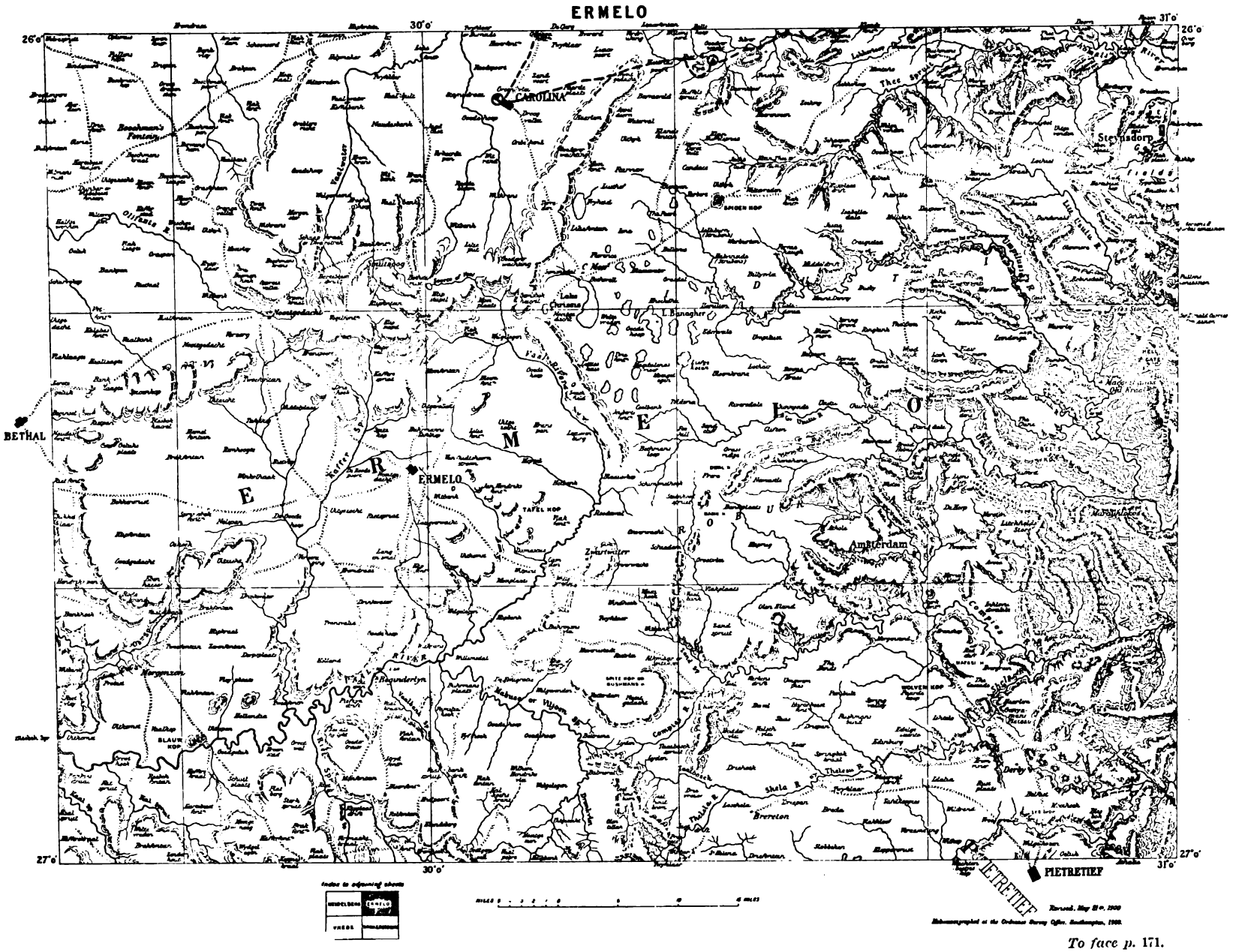
with coal, as it had been the Boers' intention, so we heard, to take them away. The British advance upset this little plan, much to our advantage. At the station there was also a store of flour, beer, butter, and fruit. Some of the last three articles were sent out to each officer by way of a treat, but perhaps the greatest boon of all was half-a-dozen boxes of matches. We visited the Boer hospital and saw some of the men we had brought in, and also many sick and wounded Boers, among them some of the Zarps (Zuid Afrikansche Republiek Politie), who had been so roughly handled by Buller some days previously.

The Boer hospital is situated in the centre of the town, and is a fairly good building, with a small garden in which the convalescent patients were sunning themselves. One Zarp, who had had his thigh amputated, discussed the situation with us and told us what a hot time they had had of it. There was a resident doctor, and the wounded men were carefully looked after by three German nurses, who evidently favoured the Boer cause. Of the civil hospital at Barberton I shall have something to say later on; as far as I could gather, the civil hospital, by far the better one, was specially reserved for the British population, the Dutch being cared for in the Boer hospital.

Barberton is prettily situated amidst mountains, with a stretch of open country to the north, the general surroundings being much like those of Rustenburg. The town itself is a somewhat straggling place, with only one street which really merits the name and, of course, the invariable market square. With the outskirts it consists of whitewashed houses without regularity, looking as if they had been brought up by convoy and dumped down haphazard anywhere. A good number of public-houses, a few boarding-houses, and some large stores seemed to do a good trade, and no doubt their lucky proprietors made considerable sums when the mines were in full work. The De Kaap Goldfields, the Sheba, Sheba Queen, Ivy, and Menzies Concessions are situated in the hills round the town, the first being some miles to the north. Pine-apples, bananas, plantains, papaws, and sweet potatoes were growing in considerable quantity, but unfortunately they were not in season. Grenadillas and tomatoes were fairly plentiful, and we managed to buy half a sack of potatoes (most of them bad) for 3*l.* 7*s.*, seemingly an outrageous price, but well worth it, and more, to us then. On our first visit to the town we reported the condition of the mules to the P.M.O., and asked that more might be given us when animals came in by train, if we were intended to move on, of which at present, however, there did not appear to be much chance.

Of news, or rather rumour, there was plenty: the Prince of Wales had won the St. Leger, Kruger had gone to Sicily, Botha was very ill, Roberts had captured 5000 prisoners, the last Boer big gun had been destroyed (oh, that last gun, how

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.



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many are there ?); of these and the like we could take our choice without payment, but we had all become very sceptical ages before, and although one always asked for news, one rarely believed it when it was obtained: our incredulity was fully justified.

While we had been marching on Barberton, other forces were concentrated on Lydenburg and Komati Poort, and the situation was briefly as follows:—

On September 6th, the day we joined French at Carolina, Dundonald with the mounted troops and Hamilton's cavalry had entered Lydenburg, Buller's and Hamilton's infantry being five miles in rear. Two days later Buller fought

NEARING BARBERTON.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

and won a stubbornly contested action at Paardeplaats, following it up by driving the enemy from Mauchburg, which he occupied. On September 14th the 11th Division was at Kaapsche Hoop, and the next day moved towards Kaapmuiden, which was entered on September 19th by the Guards' Brigade and Henry's Mounted Infantry, when over a hundred trucks with supplies were captured.

On September 24th the troops, under Pole-Carew, entered Komati Poort and found the railway bridge intact. Ian Hamilton joined Pole-Carew on September 26th, having marched from Hector Spruit, and on the same day Buller occupied the Macmac River and the eastern side of Burgher's Pass. The Boer force, estimated at three thousand, had been split up: seven hundred of them

had crossed into Portuguese territory and laid down their arms, and the rest had dispersed in various directions, the main body moving north to the Limpopo River. On September 11th, Kruger, forsaking his country in its need, had arrived at Lourenço Marques. What a humiliating exit, and how calculated to inspire all with contempt! Had this old man, with all his faults and treachery, been found in his capital when the British entered Pretoria, few would have withheld a certain pity for one whose country had crumbled to pieces under his selfish and fatuous policy.

The line had been destroyed some miles from Barberton in the neighbourhood

BARBERTON LOOKING WEST.

of Avoca, but was expected to be repaired in a few days, when forage and stores could come up. Barberton was full of women and children, in number variously estimated from 3000 to 5000. The Boers had taken them there as they did not expect that any force could march into the place. There were but few men, but the women made up for them: their extreme bitterness, scowling looks, and occasional bad language convinced us, had we needed any assurance on the point, that we were unwelcome guests. For the first day or two there was some sniping in the streets from the windows of the houses, but this came to an end when General French had notices posted that on any recurrence of such practices he would withdraw the troops and shell the town forthwith. This would have been done, as General French is not the man to say a thing and then back down.

The Suffolks came in on the 19th, followed next day by the 4th Cavalry Brigade, which had formed a rearguard and protected the pass after the column had moved forward. The naval guns followed on September 21st. Official intelligence published this day informed us that the Boers, after smashing their guns and throwing some into the Komati River, had themselves crossed the Portuguese border, where they were disarmed; the news made us fondly think the end was indeed at hand. Late at night we had to send out an ambulance to convey Colonel Lumsden into camp; in the dark his horse had gone down a deep donga

BARBERTON LOOKING SOUTH.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

and was at once killed: the Colonel had concussion of the brain, but was soon convalescent and at work again.

At this time we received a wire from Major Ford, officer commanding No. 3 Model School Hospital, Pretoria, who, it will be recollected, had charge of our detachment, recommending that some of our men should be sent home, as we were not likely to require their services: to this we agreed and wired accordingly. Our only immediate work was a shift of camp, Mahon's Brigade taking up a position on Menzies' Concession, just beneath the mountains, about one and a half miles to the westward of the town. The view from our camp was really very fine. The open expanse of country in which Barberton lies is confined on all sides by high mountains, and in the centre are two cone-shaped kopjes, known as Sheba's Breasts. To the north rose the De Kaap Mountains.

south of us Moodie's Fields, to the east and south-east the Makonploa Mountains, and to the west lofty summits continuous with the De Kaap range.

During the chief part of our stay in Barberton the days were intensely hot—on one occasion the thermometer registered 113° F. in one of our hospital tortoise tents, although all the doors were open. At General Mahon's request we undertook to see to the sanitation of the Brigade camp, an office we were, of course, very glad to perform, for we all felt that such duties ought always to be properly carried out by responsible authorities. Major Hale undertook the work, and had a sergeant and some ten men, drawn from the different units, as pioneers. Every day the camp was thoroughly inspected, offal removed, and

CAPTURED ENGINES: BARBERTON STATION.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

dead animals drawn off and buried. During our stay at Barberton we had very few cases of sickness, and I feel sure that the good health of the troops was not a little due to the sound sanitary work which was so efficiently carried out under Major Hale's direction.

We were called upon to furnish returns of the names of reservists with us, the list of men who had been inoculated against typhoid, the number of our dismounted men, and the approximate weight of our impedimenta for entraining purposes. This information was supplied by all units, and it looked as if something in the shape of a homeward move was intended.

On September 26th we received a wire from Mr. Hamilton (Honorary Civilian Director) asking if the detachment should be sent home, to which we replied in the affirmative, as we were quite large enough to do all the work

necessary in the field. Time did not pass very quickly with us as we had practically no work to do, all patients being sent to the civil hospital, which is a well-built modern structure in an excellent position — a little north of the town and surrounded by a few trees. The hospital contained forty beds. and the matron was an old University College Hospital nurse, but one who had been there long after my student days; it was, however, a certain bond of union, and we discussed the old place and our mutual friends and acquaintance. A cricket match between the Field Hospital and the Bearer Company, in which the latter proved victorious, a visit to the town, and on one occasion a trip to the Ivy Mine, served as amusements. At the Ivy Mine, placed among the mountains high up in rear of our camp, we were most hospitably entertained by the manager, Mr. Bertram, and his wife. Mr. Bertram gave us much interesting information about Barberton and the Boers. He had only just come back from Steynsdorp, where he had been to distribute the last proclamation to the Boers, and at the same time try and locate the commandos in that district. The Bertrams' place was at a considerable elevation, approached by a steep circuitous route: the road was very picturesque, and commanded fine views all the way up. Some time after our departure from Barberton we heard that a party of Boers had suddenly raided and burnt the house, and that Mr. Bertram had to run for his life. 'Mrs. Quigley,' Dr. Green's dog, who had not been in robust health for some days, disgraced the party by depositing two puppies under the bed in the room in which we performed our toilets (quite a novelty) before the mid-day meal. Where Mrs. Quigley came from I don't know. On our return to Pretoria she was left at the Yeomanry Hospital.

OUR CAMP ON MENZIES' CONCESSION.
(Photo by F. Green.)

From Smalldeel a telegram reached us from Mr. Scot Skirving to say that he expected to arrive at Pretoria in a couple of days with the stores which we had left at Bloemfontein, and for which we had sent him down. Since his convalescence from typhoid Mr. Skirving had worked with our detachment at

Pretoria, and had also rendered good service by assisting in the arrangements for the base hospital in Pretoria.

On September 29th, General Mahon said good-bye to the Imperial Light Horse before they started for their march to Machadodorp *en route* for Pretoria, to be disbanded, as it was reported. The enthusiasm was great, and the occasion was regarded by all as an indication that Colonial and Yeomanry regiments were about to be sent home, but, as every one now knows, this was not the case. The Imperial Light Horse were being recruited fast in Natal and elsewhere to make up the strength, and only some of the men went home.

Our brief stay at Barberton was now at an end. On October 1st orders came for us to send such wagons, stores, and men to the station as we did not require, or could not take with us for lack of animals, on our march to Machadodorp.

Our returns on September 30th showed our strength to be five officers and sixty-three N.C.O.'s and men, with about forty native drivers and seventeen vehicles.* Of these, two officers (Mr. Sheen and Mr. Evans), thirty-five N.C.O.'s and men, sixteen natives, two ambulance wagons, four general service wagons, one Scotch cart, and one water-cart were sent down by rail to Machadodorp; the rest marched to Godwaan River, where it was thought necessary to send a further detachment by train, as will appear later. We also transferred our patients to the Boer hospital.

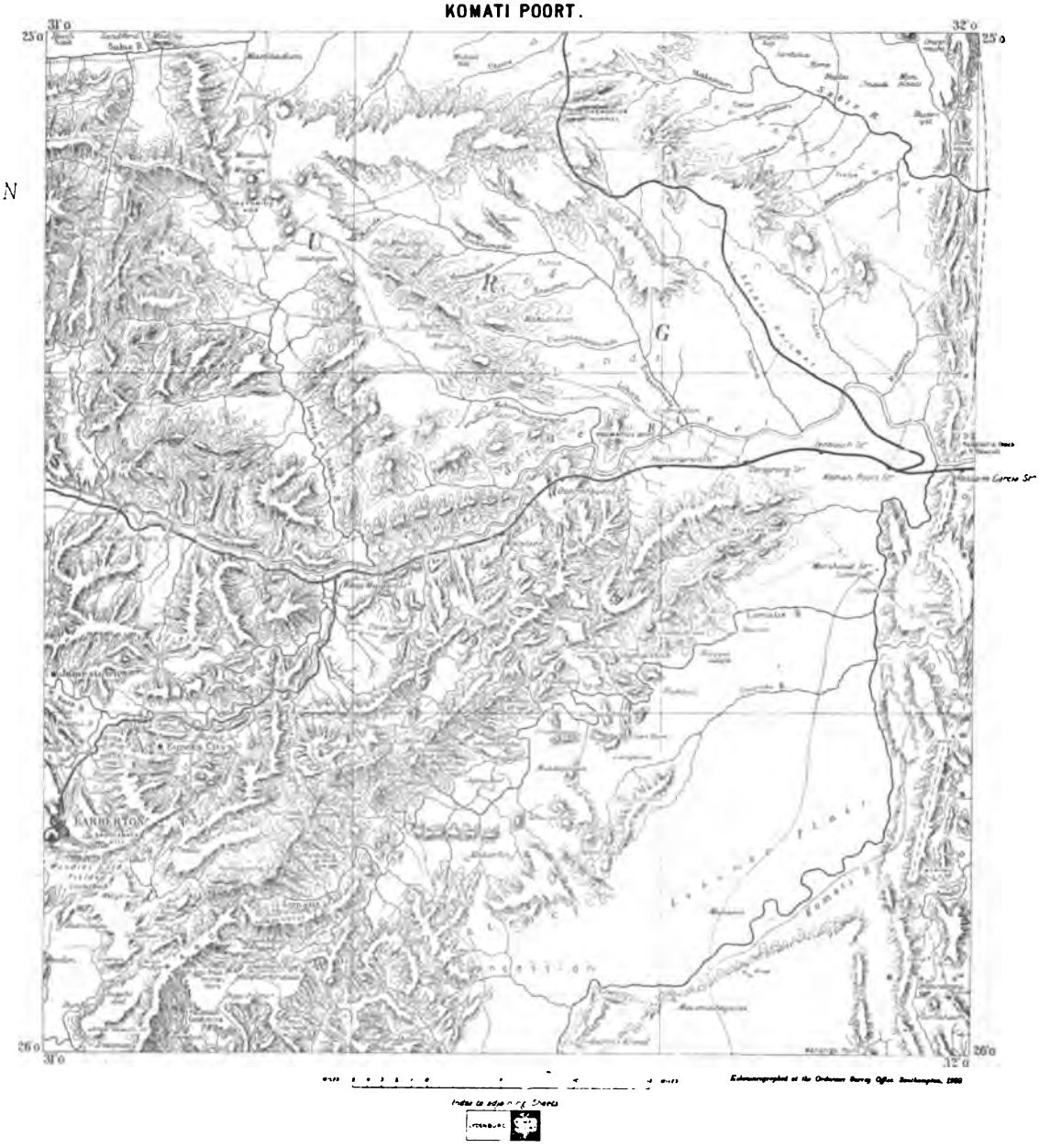
During the morning Mr. Hancock, of the civil hospital, sent me a message asking me to go there and see two cases. I found one of these to be a very interesting case of traumatic aneurism, consequent on a bullet wound through the middle of the thigh, inflicted about ten days before. The circumstance of the accident was curious. The man, aged twenty-one, had gone to sleep lying on his loaded revolver without knowing it: on waking he felt something hard beneath him, and putting his hand down picked up the weapon with his finger on the trigger, and before he realised what it was had fired one cartridge, the bullet entering the middle of his right thigh, just outside the middle line, and escaping on the inner side at the same level. In consultation with the P.M.O., Colonel Donovan, and Mr. Hancock, I advised immediate operation, and was courteously asked to undertake it, which I accordingly did in the afternoon, Major Hale giving chloroform, and Dr. Green assisting me. This man did well and made a speedy recovery. Returning from the hospital we rode to the station to see how our men had got on in their new camp, and to say good-bye to them for the present. We were all sorry to part with Mr. Sheen, who was *en route* for England, he

* Four ambulances, eight general service wagons, three water-carts, one Scotch cart, and one Cape cart.

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.

KOMATI POORT.

LYDEN



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had been a most assiduous officer and *bon camarade.* By 6 p.m. we turned campwards in the teeth of a strong wind from the westward, which blew up clouds of dust, filling our mouths, nostrils and eyes, and making our ride (fortunately a short one) most unpleasant. This wind blew unremittingly with occasional furious gusts until daybreak, threatening our tents and making things far from enjoyable. The men left with us had to sleep out, as all spare tents had been sent down to the station, and the few remaining ones had been struck and loaded ready for our march. The unfortunates did not express them-

Dr. Green. Major G. E. Hale.
Mr. Sheen. Major Stonham. Mr. Evans.

THE OFFICERS OF THE I.Y. F.H. AND B.C. AT BARBERTON.

(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

selves as delighted with sleeping in the open on such a night, and lucky were those who managed to secure a place in a wagon. But they were all good chaps and now quite inured to hardships, which they took philosophically — it would have been worse had it rained, as many said.

By morning the wind had abated, but the day was cold, dull and cloudy, in marked contrast to the previous one, the hottest we had, with the thermometer over a hundred in the shade of the trees. Quite early we were all ready to march, but received no orders. At 8 a.m. Captain Cobbe came and asked why we had not moved, and being given our reason said that our orders had been sent us over-night. We had never received them. By 9 a.m. we moved off in a

northerly direction, leaving Sheba's Breasts on our left and crossing the South de Kaap River. The road was good, and we had only one bad drift to cross, the passage over the South de Kaap River proving quite easy. At night we camped on the southern bank of the North de Kaap River at the foot of the road to the Devil's Kantoor. About 11 p.m. a terrific thunderstorm broke over our camp, attended by tropical rain. The lightning was the most intense I had ever seen and the thunder deafening; as a first experience it was interesting, but as the rainy season progressed we all hated these storms. They were all at times very heavy, and in many cases the lightning, attracted by the ironstone, played round one's feet in a most uncanny manner. It was quite a common occurrence for men and animals to be injured or killed by lightning. In this instance, as in so many others, the electric disturbance was scattered over a wide area, and we were surrounded by storms, one breaking overhead, another in the rear, now to our right, left, or front, in ever-circling fashion. This series of storms lasted for eighteen hours with but slight intermission, and was accompanied during most of the time by heavy rain, occasionally varied by very large hailstones. Our day was anything but agreeable, especially as the steep road up the Kantoor was deep in mud and so slippery that the mules and oxen had severe work.

VIEW FROM THE KANTOOR ROAD: THE DEVIL'S SHUTE IN THE DISTANCE.
(Photo by F. Green.)

By 6.30 a.m. on October 3rd we began our passage of the North de Kaap River, which, in consequence of the downpour, had risen considerably during the night. Our last wagon was safely over the drift, fortunately an easy one, by 7.30. The going was again execrable, and after marching about four or five miles we outspanned for a couple of hours on a fairly level piece of ground to feed and water the animals before tackling a very stiff piece of road, about a foot deep in mud, which lay ahead of us. The next three miles were very arduous and nearly all our wagons required double teams, *i.e.*, twenty mules. Although we only covered seven miles, we were eleven hours on the march. On arriving at our camping ground we were all wet through and moderately uncomfortable, the temperature being about that of January in England. As soon,

however, as we had pitched our tents and had some hot tea, life seemed more endurable, although by no means attractive. The mules, which cannot stand cold or wet, were having a very bad time of it, and the road which loomed ahead of us as a very material terror filled us with misgivings. We hoped, for their peace of mind, that the mules were not also considering the situation; fortunately during their latter days at Barberton they had been well fed and rested.

Generals French, Mahon, and Dickson, with the 1st and 4th Cavalry Brigades, part of Mahon's force, with M and O Batteries R.H.A., had left Barberton in the morning and camped just in rear of us. As the column was passing Sheba's Breasts the lightning caught the artillery and the ammunition column, killing a sergeant and his horse, and a man who was driving a Cape cart; a team of ten mules was struck and four of them were killed, the driver of the team and another native being also struck. The officers and men all felt the shock, but fortunately were not hurt. Three days later at Godwaan River I saw one of the natives by request of Colonel Donovan, Divisional P.M.O.: the man looked as if all the life had been knocked out of him, and was limp as a rag and feeble in the extreme. There was a superficial burn extending from near his right shoulder downwards and to the left, ending close to the lower ribs by splitting up into three lines like a trident. The burn was surrounded by discolouration and had destroyed the hair in its track.

The evening was fine and very clear, and from our camp we had a fine view of the mountain-ringed amphitheatre in which distant Barberton lay. Soon after camping we were all startled by hearing a loud explosion in rear of our camp, which so closely resembled a heavy gun at short range, that at first every one thought the Boers were on us, and one man (a gunner) declared that he heard the whizz of a shell pass over the camp. Early the succeeding day two similar explosions followed, and were then found to be caused by the sappers blowing up the rocks ahead of us to make our road easier.

After the outburst the weather became fine, and the work of getting the guns and wagons up the hill to Kaapsche Hoop progressed well though slowly, as all wagons had to have twenty-six mules or oxen to haul them. In the afternoon we sent up one general service wagon and two ambulances, Sergeant Jeffreys remaining in charge of them. The mules were returned to our camp to be ready for the next morning.

On October 5th we moved off at 8.30 a.m. with all our remaining wagons, except one general service wagon, a water-cart, and a Cape cart, which came on later in the day. The road traversed this day, taking it all round, was good, broad, well made, and distinctly the best mountain road we had yet been over. This is doubtless due to the fact that it is the main connection

between Barberton and the de Kaap Goldfields and the Delagoa line. The scenery up to the Kantoor, about five miles from our last camp, was exceptionally fine. The plain, or rather depression, in which Barberton lies is environed by high mountains, and suggests in its general features a huge crater with an uneven and hilly bottom, studded with occasional kopjes and intersected by the North and South de Kaap Rivers and their tributaries. The blue haze on the heights, and the fleecy clouds on their crests and down their sides, made a very beautiful effect. Had there been some high snow peaks scattered here and there the view would have been superb, and a large lake in the 'plain' would

UP THE DEVIL'S KANTOOR.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

have completed the picture. Near the top of the pass I noticed many rhododendrons, but unfortunately they were not in bloom. At the summit, on the Devil's Kantoor, is Kaapsche Hoop, a small mining township with the usual stone corrugated-iron-roofed huts and stores, in the neighbourhood of which were numerous prospecting shafts. The Kantoor here is fairly level, and formed excellent camping ground for our considerable body of troops and cavalry. The height above sea-level would be, I should think, not less than 8000 or 10,000 feet.

The following day we marched at 8.50 a.m. Our road ascended sharply for about a mile, and then stretched away in a gradual downward gradient to Godwaan River Station on the Delagoa line. The vista was very fine for those

who like mountains, range after range seamed with deep intervening valleys in ever-varying succession, and here and there evidences of the gold-mining industry. Descending, we crossed the Godwaan River by a good drift, and early in the afternoon camped about half a mile beyond the station. Colonel Donovan came and told us that, as the road ahead was very bad, we should send all we possibly could by train, and only take bare hospital necessaries with us by road. We therefore arranged that one general service wagon, a water-cart, and nearly all our stores and men under command of Dr. Green should entrain in the morning for Machadodorp, while Major Hale and I, with the rest of the wagons and a few medical stores, accompanied by Sergeant-Major Burden, Civilian Conductor Richardson, Dressers Crowther and Carling, and Privates Gale, Feltham, Tolson, and Thompson, should march.

By 5.45 a.m. the next morning (October 7th) Dr. Green and his charge went off to the station to entrain, while Hale and I arranged for our day's march and waited for breakfast. This was ready at last, but not before we were. Our trek-ox steaks unfortunately did not turn out so well as usual. My servant, Private Thompson, was now, in view of the great curtailment of our personnel, promoted to the Pooh-Ba-like position of servant to Major Hale and myself—cook, mess-waiter, steward, and general Jack-of-all-trades. He commenced his duties as cook, but although we admired his adaptability we were forced to acknowledge that so far as this accomplishment went he was disappointing. Trek-ox is not by any means an appetising dish at the best, but when it is fried in rape oil—well, it leaves something to be desired. Even Hale failed at the second mouthful, and he is certainly not fastidious. However, cold tongue came to the rescue, and we saw the rape oil put out of harm's way. Thompson, who subsequently developed considerable culinary skill, admitted on our mildly remonstrating that our cook, commonly known as Rafferty, had told him that rape oil was an excellent substitute for articles more in vogue. It occurred to us that Rafferty must have spent some part of that morning enjoying the joke—at a safe distance.

During the night a heavy wind had sprung up, and the day broke cloudy, dull, and threatening rain, though none fell, and huge 'devils' pursued their career unchecked. By 11 a.m. the wind freshened from the west, dense clouds of dust making the atmosphere like that of a London pea-souper, filling our mouths and eyes and colouring us like a cheap suburban house. Leaving Godwaan River at 2.30 p.m. we camped, after a four hours' march, about half a mile beyond Nooitgedacht Station. The valley along which we marched narrowed gradually, and was most picturesque. As we advanced the mountains assumed grander and bolder outlines, the trees became more numerous, and being now clad with new leaves the whole aspect was improved. This valley was certainly

one of the prettiest we saw. As we neared our destination the setting sun fringed the grey clouds over the distant mountains with silver, forming a striking contrast to the dark thunder masses to the eastward, which formed the background to a magnificent rainbow. At Nooitgedacht the late prisoners' quarters were, of course, of extreme interest to us. It was here the Boers had kept several hundred of our officers and men for a considerable period. The enclosure was surrounded on all sides by high posts in double line, six or eight feet apart, between which were numerous strands of barbed wire running in all directions and forming a complete entanglement. Electric lights on high poles, twenty

DUG-OUTS IN THE BRITISH PRISONERS' LAAGER AT NOOITGEDACHT.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

yards apart, surrounded the laager. At one end of this sort of corral was a low-pitched wooden erection with corrugated iron roof, about thirty or forty yards long, which had evidently been somewhat hastily constructed, and we concluded had been allotted to the officers. This hut was provided with doors and windows, and at one end was a common room, the rest being converted into sleeping quarters, in which were numerous trestle bedsteads with plenty of straw. The remainder of the enclosure was occupied by dug-outs, with mud walls from two to four feet high, roofed over with sheets of corrugated iron, which, in some cases, had been curiously bent and curved to adapt it to requirements. Here and there an attempt had been made to thatch the shelters after the fashion of a Kaffir

kraal. Bully-beef, sardine, and milk tins, pickle jars, and, in the shed, a few whisky bottles seemed to imply that there were at any rate a few—though doubtless quite inadequate—comforts.

On October 8th we marched to Waterval Onder, which we reached at 11 a.m. and outspanned till two o'clock. The valley was very fine, our road lying between the railway and the broad, rocky bed of the Elands River, a branch of the Crocodile. Waterval Onder is very picturesquely situated at the end of the valley, encircled by high hills, the whole reminding one of many Norwegian villages. After outspanning near the station for a couple of hours we marched on

WATERVAL ONDER.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

to tackle the hill. The climb here, of which we had heard such bad accounts at Barberton, was a fraud; the road was good and the gradient not very steep—indeed, it was nothing to hills we had crossed, and we took our wagons up quite easily with the usual ten mules. As we ascended we heard gun-fire on our left in the direction of Machadodorp.

The column camped about one and a half miles beyond the top of the hill on a piece of level ground overlooking the valley in which lies Weltevreden.

The next morning (October 9th) we marched at 7 a.m. for Helvetia, where there was a strong guard and a cow-gun.* From this point we could see Machadodorp in the plain below. We arrived there about noon, and found

* This gun was carried off by the Boers some weeks later.

the rest of our officers and men, who had entrained at Barberton and Godwaan River, waiting for us. This detachment left Barberton by train on October 2nd. They travelled in open trucks, and at Avoca had to off-load and portage three miles by ox-wagon, as the railway bridge had been destroyed and the long deviation necessitated was not yet complete. Mr. Sheen left the detachment at Machadodorp and proceeded to Pretoria, as he had a touch of fever. As soon as he was well he left for England. Two of our wagons were missing, but they turned up in Pretoria some time later. Here also was part of General Buller's force. As the men who had preceded us by train were camped in rather bad ground, and were surrounded on all sides by other units and many horse lines, we directed them to join us, and pitched our camp some distance beyond. A four-weeks' mail engaged our attention during the rest of the morning. In the afternoon we interviewed General Mahon and the P.M.O., Colonel Donovan, who had his quarters in the stationary hospital established here. The P.M.O. said he had wired for instructions from Pretoria as to our future movements.

Machadodorp was a very busy place, crowded with troops, and the station was piled with huge stacks of ammunition, biscuits, bully-beef, forage, and other stores.

On October 11th the P.M.O. gave us orders to draw three ambulance wagons and what buck-wagons we wanted to replace those which had not yet turned up from Barberton, and prepare to march at 7 a.m. the next morning with General Mahon, who was going to Heidelberg. We were to form a small, light hospital, and leave such stores and men as we could do without under charge of one of our officers. We accordingly made all the necessary arrangements, and drew forty-two mules. Mr. Evans was to take charge of the men, wagons, and stores we intended leaving behind.

At 10.30 p.m. an orderly came with orders rescinding those already given, and directing us to march at daybreak to the other side of the town to take over the sick of the New South Wales ambulance, which had been ordered to march in our place. These contradictory orders were due to misunderstanding in Pretoria, and, when we eventually reached that place, we were told that a mistake had been made, and we ought, after all, to have gone on! A mistake certainly had been made, but not by us, and what the result would have been had we gone on in spite of the countermanding order is matter for speculation.

At daybreak, in compliance with the amended instructions, we crossed the line and selected a good piece of ground near that occupied by the Australians, whose sick, some sixty in number, we took over, giving the ambulance such mules as were required for the march. Of the sick we sent twenty-five down to Pretoria by train during the afternoon, receiving another eighteen from Major

Johnston's field hospital, as he was proceeding with General French early in the morning. Colonel Donovan was also leaving with French, but, before doing so, he wired to Pretoria, representing that we were at Machadodorp waiting for orders.

The rains were now evidently setting in: heavy winds sprang up nearly every day about 5 p.m., and heralded a severe storm with buckets of rain. These storms nearly always come up from the west about the same time of day and served to make us very uncomfortable. During one of them our tent pole snapped, and we had to hang on to the tent for dear life.

October 14th being Sunday, Mr. Evans, who acted as our parson through-

SOME OF OUR TENTS AND PATIENTS AT MACHADODORP.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

out the whole time we were in South Africa, held a service for the patients who cared to attend. No chaplain ever came to hold a service for us or to bury our dead, and only on two occasions did one visit us to inquire about our sick and wounded. In making up the returns for sick convoy to Pretoria, many of the men asked to be allowed to remain under our care rather than be sent down. This, of course, was impossible, as we were under orders to evacuate as quickly as possible, and be ready to move. The request was a gratifying one, nevertheless, and a testimony to the good work done by Sergeant-Major Sherwood and the orderlies. Our Quartermaster told us that the patients were very pleased with our hospital, and many had expressed the wish that they 'had struck this show before.'

The next day we sent all our sick to the station at 2.30 p.m., but they did

A FIELD BAKERY.
(*Photo by W. A. Chapman.*)

not entrain till 6 a.m. the ensuing morning, owing to a difficulty with the engine. We consequently had to arrange for them to be housed during the night in the stationary hospital near the railway. Just before the sick left us two of them came to our tent as a deputation, and presented a document, thanking us for the treatment they had received. It was written on an old army form they had got hold of, and signed by them all.

We were naturally very pleased, and fully appreciated our patients' good-heartedness in the matter. This letter will be found in Vol. I. of the report.

As the hospital was now empty we wired to the P.M.O. at Pretoria reminding him that we were still at Machadodorp, idle, and waiting for orders. Fortunately on the following day a telegram came from the Chief of the Staff (Lord Kitchener) ordering us to proceed as soon as possible to Pretoria by train. Acting on Kitchener's wire we sent in our strength to the Railway Staff Officer and applied for an early train. We were anxious to get off, for not only did we object to being idle, but of all the foul places we had been in this was certainly the foulest. Close to our camp were one hundred and fifty dead animals in all stages of decomposition, and when the wind blew from them to us the stench was unbearable. Unfortunately it was impossible to bury them. The flies, too, were terrible, and it was a real battle to determine whether you or they got the rations; the most welcome article of diet was the bread made in the field bakery, which was excellent. Under the circumstances it was not surprising that many of our men went sick.

On October 19th we again applied for a train, but were told by the R.S.O. that we probably should not get one for fourteen days, as

LOADING OUR WAGONS ON THE TRAIN AT MACHADODORP.
(*Photo by W. A. Chapman.*)

the mules had to be sent down, but he promised to do all he could, and we entrained on October 21st.

At 5 a.m. on October 21st we began moving our wagons and stores to the station, taking them down in three sections. The trucks were ready for us at 10 a.m., and we had uploaded our impedimenta by 1.30, not a bad performance, as none of our men had had any experience in working a crane or loading railway trucks with such awkward things as wagons. A N.C.O., two men, our native drivers, and two wagons were left to come on the following day, as our train could not take any more. Major Hale, Dr. Green, Mr. Evans and I had

OFFICERS COMING DOWN COUNTRY TO PRETORIA.

(Photo by F. Green.)

an open truck to ourselves, into which we put the Cape cart, which gave us some protection from the heavy storms we experienced on our way down.

Our animals had to be handed in to the transport, and we were all very sorry to leave them, especially the horses belonging to Hale, to myself, and to Sergeant-Major Burden: they had carried us from the day we left Bloemfontein. At 7 p.m. we arrived at Wonderfontein, where we stayed till daybreak, as no trains were allowed to run at night owing to the dangers of the line and the blowing up of culverts. The officers managed to get four beds in the hotel, which had been forsaken by its owner, and was now tenanted by a commercial traveller. We took our rations to this house, and felt quite proud at again eating off a white tablecloth and having mustard: the tablecloth at least served

to remind us that life on column is not conducive to the improvement of one's manners.

In the morning there was nothing to pay as there was no landlord, so after enjoying the comfort of a bed again we entrained and started off at 4 a.m., reaching Pretoria twelve hours later. At Middelburg we wired to the P.M.O., Pretoria, saying we should reach that place in the afternoon, but on arrival there we found no orders, so the men had to stay in the trucks all night.

The next morning the Staff Officer at headquarters ordered us, in default of orders from the P.M.O., to camp just to the east of the Yeomanry hospital. Our next difficulty was to persuade the railway authorities to give us facilities for off-loading, but as these could not be obtained another night had to be spent in the trucks. The following day, however (October 24th), saw us camped in the place indicated, just below the top of Arcadia Kopje.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRETORIA AND RIETFONTEIN.

(Consult Maps facing pp. 97, 131.)

October 25th, 1900—*January 24th*, 1901.

OUR camp just beneath Arcadia Kopje, close to the Yeomanry Base Hospital, was not of the cleanest, and after a storm it was a veritable muck-heap until the sun had been up some hours. We were, however, destined to occupy it for some seven long weeks of inactivity, with the result that many of our men fell ill, and unfortunately two died. It is noticeable that so long as men are kept moving on column they remain for the most part fit and well, but as soon as they get into a standing camp doing nothing or next to nothing, in spite of better feeding and greater protection from inclement weather, they go sick. And during these months the weather was inclement. Fine days with a hot sun made Pretoria sometimes almost unbearable, muggy, and relaxing like an imperfectly ventilated Turkish bath, sapping one's energy and increasing one's thirst. Almost every day, for a storm usually came up from the westward regularly about 5 p.m., we heard of men or animals being struck and not infrequently killed by lightning. Fortunately no such casualty occurred to any of us. Sometimes a couple of days of drenching rain, accompanied by terrific thunderstorms, would afford a change, but not one to be desired. The storms round Pretoria are justly celebrated for their severity, and the situation of our camp among the ironstone boulders of Arcadia Kopje was much like that of a man who selects the companionship of a lightning-conductor.

On October 24th, we borrowed transport animals from the A.S.C. and moved our wagons, stores, and kit from the railway station to our camp, which we proceeded to make as comfortable as possible. We were enriched by twelve boxes of mess stores which had been thoughtfully purchased for us by Mr. Hamilton, from an officer who was returning home, and which had been kept for us by Colonel Kilkelly at the Yeomanry Base Hospital. We found our detachment still under Major Ford at No. 3 Model School Hospital, as they had not yet received orders for home.

The following day we interviewed Surgeon-General Wilson (P.M.O. Army) in reference to our next move and in connection with communications from home as to the probable date of our return. The latter we found was not likely for at least another three months. We were ordered to draw fresh animals and refit at once, so as to be ready to move should occasion require, but on applying for animals we were not able to draw any, as we had no immediate orders to march, but when we represented that we required some to drag our water-carts and fetch rations we received twelve horses, miserable specimens with sore backs.

We next withdrew our stores from No. 3 Model School, including those which we had left at Bloemfontein in May and which Mr. Scot Skirving had been down to fetch while we were at Barberton. Of these stores we handed about seventy cases to Colonel Kilkelly for use in the Base Hospital at Pretoria, as we could always draw on him in case of need, and we did not wish to have large quantities of valuable stores in our camp. The men of the detachment also rejoined us with the exception of a few who wished to take their discharge and enter the Government service. We were glad to receive a report from Dr. Stewart (Mr. Openshaw had left for England early in August) as to the work which had been done by the detachment from the time when we left it in Pretoria on July 17th. This report showed that our ambulance wagons had performed most of the sick transport in the town, and had proved a great boon. The officers and men of the detachment had satisfactorily carried out their professional duties in conjunction with the R.A.M.C. in No. 3 Model School, under the command of Major Ford. To this officer we owed a great deal, as he had invariably acted on our behalf during our absence in all matters affecting the detachment, and had kept us informed of such concerns as needed our personal attention.

On October 30th every one was depressed and grieved at the death of Prince Christian Victor. He was a keen soldier, a good sportsman, and universally popular, as was evidenced by the large number who attended his funeral on November 1st.

Generals French and Mahon returned from Heidelberg in drenching rain on November 3rd, and the latter expressed his regrets that we had not gone with him. I took the opportunity of telling him the circumstances under which our orders had been countermanded at the last minute.

In the afternoon we received a wire from the Committee in London directing us to see Lord Roberts and confer with him as to the probable time we should yet be required in Africa. Accordingly Dr. Green and I went down to Johannesburg the next day (November 4th), and the following

morning saw Colonel Cowan, who said he would consult Lord Roberts about the matter and communicate with us as soon as he had done so. In two days Colonel Cowan informed us that after communicating with Surgeon-General Wilson, Lord Roberts could not entertain our moving homewards until the Yeomanry were disbanded. This being settled, we returned to Pretoria on November 8th.

On November 14th Mr. Evans and twenty-three men entrained for Cape Town *en route* for England. This represented, as far as numbers went, the detachment we had left at Pretoria, and whose return to England we had

LAING'S NEK FROM THE TRAIN.
(Photo by Capt. W. H. Dawe, S.A.L.H.)

decided on at Barberton. We gave the preference, with certain exceptions, to those men who, having been in the field all the time, had had really hard work, and to those who had any sound reason for wishing to get back. Some of the dressers we allowed to go as they were anxious not to be deprived of another year of their medical curriculum; two, however, remained. We were very sorry to lose Mr. Evans and the dressers. They had throughout worked in a manner which earned our warmest praise and the gratitude of our patients, and we felt that no approbation could be too great for the dressers who had placed their skilled services at their country's disposal at a time when they were within measurable distance of becoming qualified in their profession. Not only had they done this, but they had engaged and served as privates throughout, and

had always carried out their duties both with alacrity and cheerfulness, and without a word of complaint. All honour to such men.

Mr. Evans, who was going in charge of the men, had done excellent surgery and good all-round work in the field which was of the greatest value. Indeed, I may say here, while on the subject, that those officers who had accompanied Major Hale and me in the field, viz., Dr. Green, Mr. Sheen, and Mr. Evans, had earned our warmest thanks for the thorough manner in which they had worked throughout. They had at all times done all they could to help, and in every way showed a strong feeling of *esprit de corps* and loyalty which did not a little to ensure our success in the field.

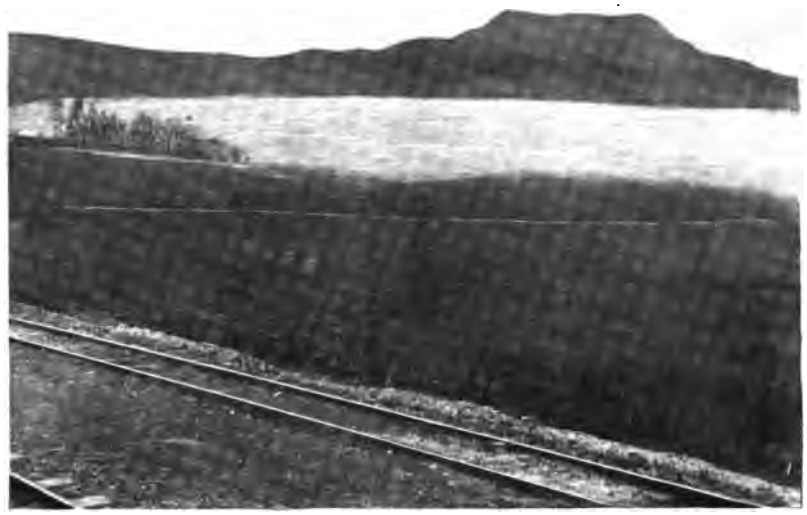
Mr. Richardson and our native drivers were paid off and discharged. We parted with many mutual expressions of good-will. Our numbers were now considerably reduced, our total strength being four officers and fifty-four N.C.O.'s and men. As we could not employ all the men in camp, and as it was most important that they should be kept occupied, we detailed Sergeant-Major Sherwood and some of the men to help in the base hospital under Colonel Kilkelly. Cricket matches and various amusements were also got up, and so the men managed to pass the time and keep in fairly good health, although many went sick. Time, however, was a drug in our market. We all longed to be sent either into the field again, or home: inactivity seemed to us waste of time and money. As there did not appear to be any likelihood of our leaving, Dr. Green and I arranged to go to Natal and visit the scenes of Buller's struggles: Major Hale very kindly undertook to look after everything during our ten days' absence.

Leave was easily obtained, and on November 20th we entrained for Durban. The expedition was a real treat; Laing's Nek and Majuba naturally excited our attention, and on our way back we visited Colenso, Hart's Hill, Pieter's, the Tugela, Ladysmith, Spion Kop, and other places of interest; but as this has no immediate connection with the Field Hospital and Bearer Company it must find no further mention here. On November 28th, while at Ladysmith, I began to feel seedy, and, on arriving at Pretoria two days later, was obliged to place myself under Dr. Washbourn in the Yeomanry Hospital: a recurrence of my trouble at Bloemfontein kept me a close prisoner, on a diet, by the way, more efficacious as a cure than pleasing to the palate or satisfying to the stomach. Mr. Hamilton had meanwhile come up to Pretoria, and we were delighted to meet him and have a chat over all that had befallen us since we had last seen him early in May.

Throughout November the Boers had shown but little activity in the Transvaal, their efforts having been directed to the southern part of the Free State and an attempt to raid Cape Colony in force.

After his defeat at Bothaville, Christian De Wet rallied his men on the Doornberg, east of Winburg, and with Herzog and his commando, who were in the south-west corner of the Orange River Colony, was at this time contemplating a raid on Cape Colony.

On November 23rd De Wet captured De Wetsdorp, after which he headed towards Smithfield pursued by General Knox, who towards the end of the month out-marched the Boers and got between them and the Orange River. Knox, having been reinforced, engaged De Wet at Good Hope Farm on December 2nd and 3rd, and compelled him to retire north-east closely followed by the British



MAJUBA.

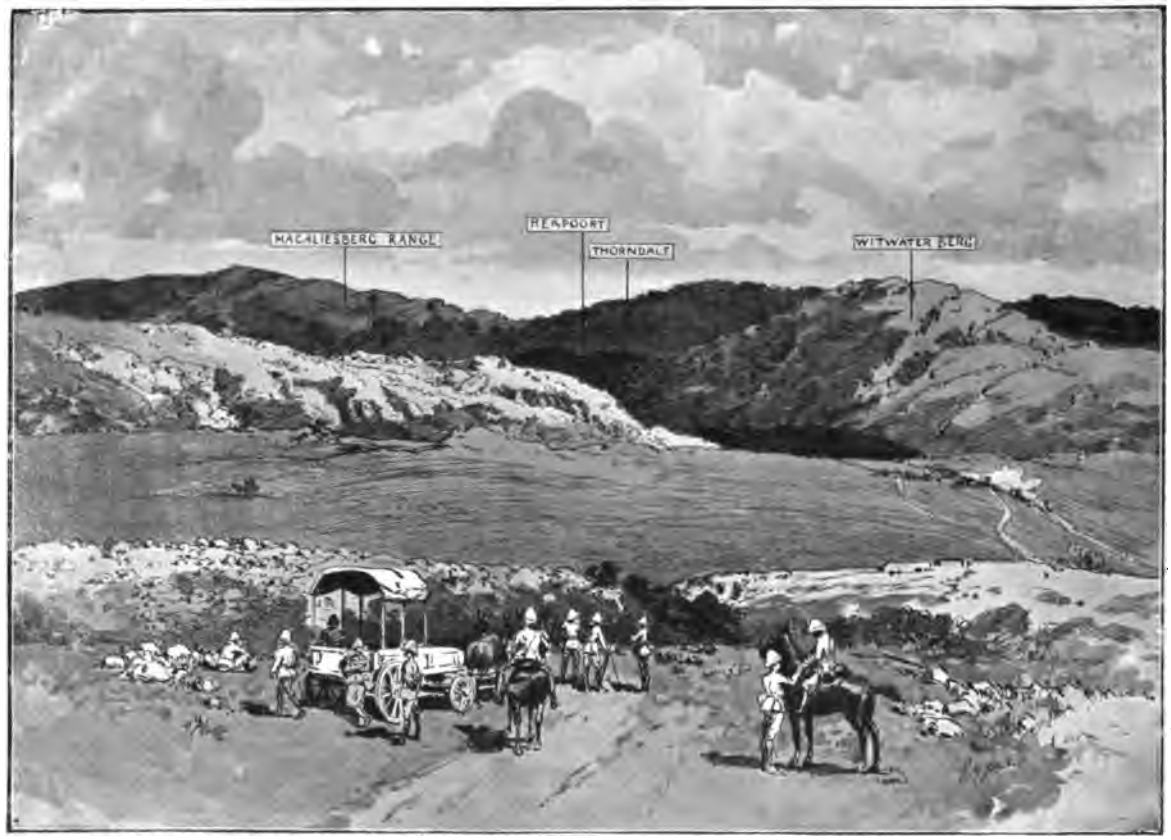
(Photo by Capt. W. H. Dawe, S.A.L.H.)

force, who hoped to cut him off at the Caledon River which had then risen considerably. Notwithstanding this the Boer leader crossed the river at Karrepoort, and made for the Odenvaal drift over the Orange River, the swollen condition of which, however, prevented his projected invasion of the Colony. He therefore recrossed the Caledon and marched north, still pursued by General Knox, who again engaged the enemy north of Helvetia on December 11th and 12th, Knox's left flank being here reinforced by Colonel Parson's column which had arrived at Reddersburg.

Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry and the South African Light Horse held the Thąba'Nchu - Ladybrand line, and on December 14th confronted the retreating enemy, but were unable to prevent the Boers breaking through and

proceeding towards Lindley, although with the loss of two guns, a quantity of small-arms ammunition, and many wagons.

Several minor engagements were fought in this district, Knox having maintained a close pursuit until the enemy, breaking up into numerous bands, dispersed over a very wide area. Although De Wet's invasion of Cape Colony had failed, yet Kritzinger and Herzog entered the Colony on December 16th, the one



SCENE OF THE DISASTER AT NOOITGEDACHT.

(From a Sketch by Col. Watson, R.F.A.)

by the Odendaal drift and the other, with twelve hundred men, by Sand Drift, west of Colesberg. These two commandoes were dogged by several columns. Such, briefly, was the situation in the Orange River Colony. A moment's glance must now be given to affairs in the Transvaal.

On November 27th Paget defeated Viljoen at Rhenoster Kop, and was then enabled to command important roads leading from the bush to the high veldt.

On December 3rd the Boers captured a convoy proceeding from Pretoria to

Rustenburg and destroyed many of the wagons. Clements was at Krugersdorp, but moved north on December 1st to clear the Hekpoort Valley and break up Delarey's commando, while Broadwood, who was south of Oliphants Nek, proceeded to the north of the Magaliesberg to keep the Pretoria-Rustenburg road open. Beyers with fifteen hundred men turned south from Warm Baths to join hands with Delarey, leaving his wagons north of the Magaliesberg. Evading Broadwood, he passed through Breedts Nek and joined Delarey on December 12th. The combined forces attacked Clements at Nooitgedacht the next day, inflicting a serious defeat, and compelling the British force to retreat to Commando Nek. In this engagement our losses in killed and wounded were heavy, in addition to which the Boers captured four companies of the 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

Clements was promptly reinforced at Commando Nek by Alderson with seven hundred and fifty mounted infantry, J Battery R.H.A., and the 1st Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

News of the disaster to Clements in the Hekpoort Valley was brought on December 13th, and while we were at dinner with Colonel Kilkelly and Mr. Hamilton at the base hospital a telephone message came for us ordering the Field Hospital and Bearer Company to march at 9 a.m. the next morning to Commando Nek, on which place Clements had fallen back. We had no animals, no boys, and some of our ambulance wagons were being used in the town and had to be recalled. We wrote to the P.M.O. stating the position we were in, and asking that animals and boys might be provided at once; but no answer came that night, and we waited to see what the morning would bring forth. Quite early it brought Colonel Gubbins, and we at once realised that we had a man of business and organizing power to deal with, one who knew what he wanted, went straight to the point, and put us in possession of the salient features, so that we could at once respond in the same spirit. We drew one hundred mules, four horses, and twenty-four natives under Mr. Leach, Civilian Conductor, and selecting forty-two N.C.O.'s and men, five ambulances, five general service wagons, two water-carts and one Scotch cart, made all ready for an early start in the morning. Civil Surgeons Hunt, White, and Bensusan, with five men, were also sent to accompany us to Rietfontein, where they were to rejoin their units. Staff-Sergeant Russell and three men were left in charge of our stores and for duty with Colonel Kilkelly. We also had to leave seven sick in the hospital, and regret to say two died of enteric.

On December 15th réveillé sounded at 3.30, but we were not ready to march till 9 a.m. as the new boys seemed quite unused to their work and the mules were exceptionally troublesome. Marching through Daaspoort we entered the

Hekpoort Valley, and at 5 p.m. reached Reitfontein, at Commando Nek. We pitched our camp opposite Uitvals Nek, some two miles east of Grootplaats, where we had camped on August 10th and 11th. About half a mile from us was a stationary hospital under Captain Probyn, R.A.M.C., and a little further off part of the 12th Brigade Field Hospital under Captain Longhurst, R.A.M.C.

All sorts of rumours greeted us on our arrival, some true, others false. General Clements with a considerable force, stated at anything up to four thousand, was camped close to us, and two thousand Boers were reported to be on the other side of Uitvals Nek, only waiting for an opportune moment to attack. Had they done so we should have had a hot time of it, as the cow-guns

UITVALS NEK LOOKING NORTH.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

were in emplacement just in our rear, but throughout our stay we were not troubled, though occasional gun-fire some miles away aroused conjecture.

In the hospital under Captain Probyn there were already many of the wounded from Nooitgedacht, and we had opportunities of seeing many very interesting cases. As a large convoy was expected the next day (December 16th) we quickly made our arrangements for their reception. About 10 p.m. Captain Marshall, New South Wales Ambulance, brought in eighty-two wounded, including six officers: of these we took sixty and soon had them comfortable for the night.

During our stay at Rietfontein there was ample work to be done, and Captains Probyn and Longhurst, and those with them, worked equally hard. Major Hale was, in virtue of his seniority, S.M.O., a position entailing an immense

amount of work in connection with the reception and dispatch of convoys, official returns and telegrams, and a score of other matters. Colonel Gubbins had courteously asked me to act as consultant, and give my advice in bad cases in the other hospitals, a duty I was not only glad to perform, but one which the cordiality and kindness of Captains Probyn and Longhurst and their staffs made especially agreeable.

For many days large convoys of sick and wounded poured in, the former gradually largely outnumbering the latter. The wounded from Nooitgedacht were not all picked up for about five days, the difficulty of finding some of them among the huge boulders of the mountains being very great. I could tell many a tale of heroic endurance among these men, and yet it was very

OUR CAMP AT RIETFONTEIN: THE MAGALIESBERG IN THE DISTANCE.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

noticeable how little they had suffered. One man I remember especially—he had a badly comminuted compound fracture of the right leg, and was not found for five days; when picked up he said that he was just going to crawl in search of water, after having eaten grass. Not a few of these poor chaps came in with inflamed and suppurating wounds, which, in some instances, were full of maggots. A cheerier or more contented lot of patients, many of them extremely ill, it would be difficult to find. As we were not moving we decided to keep some of the bad cases with us until the transit to Pretoria would not prove harmful. It is gratifying to record that by so doing we not only spared men much suffering, but may fairly say that we saved the limbs of some and the lives of others.

Our work at Rietfontein was much facilitated by Colonel Gubbins (P.M.O., Pretoria): we were in constant heliographic and telegraphic communication with him, and we had only to ask for such things as we required to get them when the steam sapper came out, which it did twice a week. Colonel Kilkelly, at the

Yeomanry Hospital, also helped us very much, sending us from his stores pyjamas, blankets, handkerchiefs, shirts, socks, &c. These were most necessary, as the wounded men came in with nothing, and we were enabled to fit them out, and make them comfortable.

Colonel Gubbins sent us a few extra tents and also mattresses. The latter were a great boon to many of our patients, and, by putting a mattress on a stretcher, we made a very decent substitute for a bed, especially when we could put sheets on, as we were eventually enabled to.

The neighbouring farms, whose inmates we supplied with medicines, paid in kind, and thus we had a supply, albeit a small one, of fresh milk, eggs (not fresh), and chickens (tough).

Colonel Gubbins always kept us informed as to the hospital accommodation in Pretoria, and, on receipt of a wire from him as to how many patients could be received, Major Hale made up a convoy from the three hospitals and sent it in: Colonel Gubbins, in turn, causing orders to meet it at Daaspoort, apportioning the patients to their respective destinations. The Yeomanry, of course, always went to the Yeomanry Hospital. The convoy wagons returning to us the next day brought such requisites as we stood in need of, and also supplies of fresh vegetables kindly obtained for us by Colonel Kilkelly.

In addition to our hospital work we visited various Boer women and children in the neighbourhood; some of the latter were suffering from measles and lung trouble, but fortunately none died. At one time we also had medical charge of the Concentration Camp, temporarily formed here for three or four hundred people, chiefly women and children from the Rustenburg district, pending the time when they could be sent to Pretoria. They all had tents, were well rationed, had ample water, and were in no way molested. We also helped the Boers, for, on December 18th, a Dr. Graham, a Scotchman, who having been in the country eighteen years had thrown in his lot with the Boers, brought in two wounded men, and came on to us to get some dressings, &c., as he said he had used all theirs for our men. We gave him all we could spare, and told him, if he ran short, to apply again, when we should have fresh stores from Pretoria.

Rietfontein proved unhealthy: many of our men went sick and had to be sent to Pretoria, and as time went on the sickness increased: towards the end Major Hale and Dr. Stewart developed malaria, and a few days later Dr. Green and I followed suit, and I further enjoyed the distinction of becoming deeply jaundiced. The weather was usually good, but heavy storms came nearly every day and converted our camp into a pond of slush; deep trenches, however, kept the tents dry. On Christmas Day, Clements and Alderson came in from Oliphants

Nek, where they had been chasing the Boers, and brought in a convoy of seven sick and fourteen wounded. We made things as cheery as we could for the men, serving out plum pudding and grog to such as could take it; but Christmas Day doesn't count for much in the field.

After the reverse at Nooitgedacht, General French was put in supreme command of troops in this neighbourhood.

On December 19th the Boers had been defeated at Thorndale, and driven west by a strong mounted force under Brigadier-General Gordon, from Krugersdorp, acting in conjunction with Clements, and the enemy were subsequently cleared from the Rustenburg district. Beyers, with 1400 men and several guns, passed eastwards, crossing the line between Pretoria and Elandsfontein on January 12th.

In the east, Botha, Viljoen, and Grobelaar were active. On December 29th they had captured our post at Helvetia and had carried off a 4·7-inch gun, and had made many simultaneous night attacks on the line, but were everywhere repulsed.

THE STEAM SAPPER AT SIX-MILES' SPRUIT GOING TO PRETORIA.
(Photo by F. Green.)

New Year's Day 1901 was an easy day, and in the evening we celebrated the occasion by dining with a few friends, adjourning later to a smoking concert round a camp fire, to hail the New Year as well as our circumstances permitted. The next day Colonel Kilkelly wired that two of the surgeons at the Yeomanry Hospital, Pretoria, were on the sick list, and asked if I could arrange to go in and help with the surgery; so the next morning I took in the sick convoy and arranged with Kilkelly to divide my time as seemed best in the interests of both between the Field hospital and the Base hospital at Pretoria. This was now quite feasible, as most of the men coming to us at Rietfontein were sick, the wounded having been disposed of, and there was, therefore, greater need of surgical help at Pretoria, to which place most of the wounded had been sent. Moreover, there was constant telegraphic communication between Pretoria and Rietfontein, and on receipt of a message from either Major Hale or Colonel Kilkelly I could easily cover the twenty miles or so which separated us. This

was fortunate, as Mr. Davies, the remaining surgeon at Pretoria, went sick of enteric a few days later.

I remained in Pretoria till January 13th, and then, accompanied by Dr. Washbourn, went out to Reitfontein where we had a bad case, a man shot through the abdomen by a sentry. Captain Probyn was also ill, and Dr. Washbourn kindly saw him, pronounced him as having enteric, and advised his removal to Pretoria, where he went two days later. Thus I oscillated between Pretoria and Rietfontein until a telegram reached me from the latter place saying that Major Hale and Dr. Stewart were down with fever, and asking me to come out. After seeing Colonel Gubbins and putting him in possession of the facts, I rode out to Reitfontein, and arranged to send Major Hale, who was very bad, and Dr. Stewart (convalescent) into Pretoria the next morning with a convoy of fifty sick. At 11 p.m. another convoy of ninety sick came in from Clements' column, so we were still very busy. Many of the men were seriously ill, and some of them had to be sent into Pretoria. There is no doubt that Rietfontein was, at that time of year, very unhealthy.

BOER REFUGEES AND THEIR WAGONS.
(Photo by F. Green.)

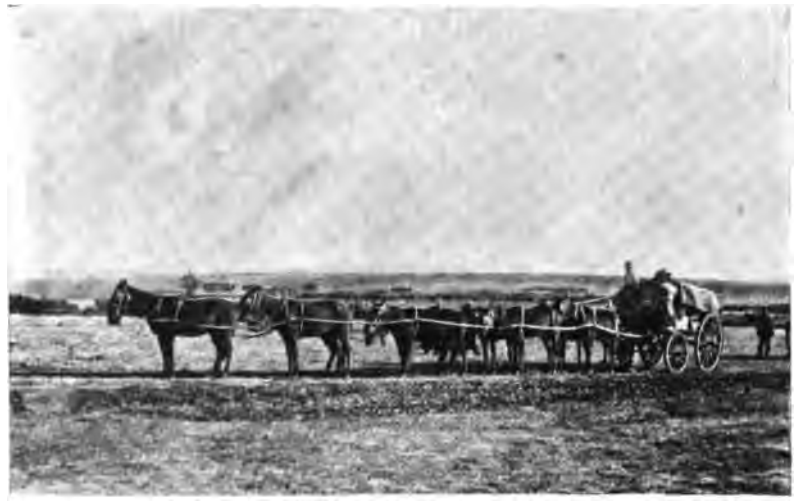
Most of us had our turn. On January 20th Dr. Green and I both became feverish and proportionately depressed and miserable, feelings not improved by the alarming news of the Queen's illness, which reached us the next day.

On January 22nd we received orders by telegram to march to Pretoria and take with us a convoy of fifty sick: it was about time, for in another couple of days the Field Hospital and Bearer Company would have been minus officers. Leaving Dr. Green to strike the camp and march on the following day, I went on in advance to Pretoria, as my fever had considerably increased and was accompanied by great pain and jaundice. On my arrival there I was soon comfortably warded in the Yeomanry Hospital, where I was joined by Dr. Green the next day. Under Dr. Washbourn's care we soon, however, began to pick up. How many who profited by that same care in South Africa must truly sorrow for the death of the man to whose skill and kindness they owe so much, in not a few cases life itself! Dr. Washbourn's untimely death, within a year of his returning

to London, is not only a grievous loss to his numerous friends, but to the profession and to the public at large. Of all those men who left lucrative consulting practices in London to render such assistance as was in their power to do in the South African campaign, none did better work or deserved better of his country than John Wychenford Washbourn.

On January 25th we lent five ambulances, one general service wagon, and one water-cart, with stretchers and water-bottles, to go with General Alderson's column to Erstefabriken, but we could not accompany them, as all the officers and many of the men were ill.

Similar orders came for us to send a detachment to Wonderfontein: as no



MULE TEAM IN A GENERAL SERVICE WAGON.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

officers were fit to go, although we were all getting much better, we sent two sergeants, two corporals, and nine men with some of our equipment,* who entrained early the next day. These men rejoined on February 12th.

As I was still ill Dr. Washbourn advised me to precede the men and go down to Cape Town: I accordingly left on January 30th, in No. 2 Hospital Train under Captain Fleming, and arrived in Cape Town February 5th after a very tedious journey, but feeling very much better. The term of service of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company had expired, and the staff was only waiting facilities for going to the coast.

On February 15th, Major Hale and Dr. Green with the rest of the men left Pretoria. At Elandsfontein the trucks conveying the men were, owing to some

* Two panniers of kettles, mugs, plates, &c.; two surgical panniers; one Congo case; two panniers of antiseptic dressings; and one pannier of medical comforts.

mistake, detached and left behind, so that they did not reach Cape Town till February 19th, one day after Major Hale and Dr. Green had joined me at the Queen's Hotel, Sea Point. The men camped at Woodstock with the R.A.M.C. details. During our stay at Cape Town we were most hospitably treated by Mr. Hamilton and many friends we had met before we went up country, and we all of us benefited very much in health by the sea air.

The time had now come to bid farewell to South Africa. On March 1st we embarked for home on the *Harlech Castle*, but as Major Hale could not be spared we had reluctantly to say good-bye to him, as he was returning to Pretoria. On March 2nd we sailed. Besides ourselves there were Lieut.-Colonel Aytoun, Queensland Imperial Bushmen, O.C. troops, Captain Manley, R.A. Adjutant, Lieutenant Buckle, R.N., some of the officers and men of the ill-fated *Sybille*, six hundred and fifty N.C.O.s and men, and twenty naval and military prisoners.

We reached St. Vincent on the 19th March, and after coaling in quarantine and exchanging civilities and tokens with the Portuguese and natives, we sailed again in twenty-four hours, and arrived in Southampton Water March 31st, but did not disembark till the next day.

So ended what to all of us must ever remain a most enjoyable remembrance, not only on account of the varied scenes we had witnessed and new experiences we gained, but also, let us hope, from the higher and better feeling that we did our best to relieve many suffering men who were striving and enduring so much for their country.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MULE.

THE sight of a mule, indeed the bare mention of his name, must excite in all who have seen his labours in South Africa mixed feelings of animosity, pity, and respect.

His indefatigable perseverance—whether in your interests or his own, depends

MULE TEAM AND AMBULANCE WAGON NEARING BARBERTON.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

upon circumstances—his patient endurance, his obstinacy which irritating though it be yet commands admiration, compelled at least our everlasting respect; and if his failings are great they are more than compensated by his excellent qualities as a transport animal.

Under what conditions have we not seen him? As the sleek and almost pampered animal in Cape Town, whose very exuberance of spirits threatened wagons and men with damage or destruction, through all gradations of misery, induced by constant hard work and short rations, down to the miserable, spiritless creatures which day by day dragged our wagons over rough country till they could stagger no further. To have seen our mules on the march to Barberton would have made the hardest heart ache, their ranks thinning steadily, but the wagons

remaining always the same. The poor creatures with daily diminution of their most scanty ration toiled on and on (and only those who know what they had to do can form a just estimate of what that toil was) like machines, too broken-spirited to object to being inspanned, and too feeble to show the slightest pleasure when outspanned. They at last dragged our wagons in; living skeletons covered with a hide of patchwork, foul islands of hair alternating with bare skin plentifully beset with loathsome ulcers, which, more often than not, were hidden from view by hosts of flies that battened on the carrion and added to the animals' sufferings.

The stubbornness of the mule of both sexes is justifiably proverbial. This

NEARLY DONE.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

quality has, however, its good side—indomitable tenacity; for once harnessed and set to his work the mule will struggle on till he drops, never to rise again, as we saw only too frequently.

The mule is as insistent as a mongoose and almost as inquisitive; if he makes up his mind that anything about the camp needs his personal attention, that thing will get it in spite of volleys of abuse, showers of stones, and repeated rebuffs. Sometimes a mule will decide to pay you a visit in your tent. He announces his arrival by stumbling over the ropes and threatening all with ruin: not being received with any show of cordiality or courtesy he trots off with his head in the air, as if too dignified to intrude where he finds himself an unwelcome guest: an accompanying flourish of his heels seems to convey an expression of contempt, but he returns again and again until he is captured or some more attractive

object engages his attention. Such pertinacity is, however, the quality which, when directed in the proper channels, makes him so useful an animal. But he is equally diligent in wrong-doing; that is, wrong from his master's point of view. He resists being inspanned with a fixity of purpose which compels admiration—and bad language: he will return to a place from which he has been driven as an outcast, and as a rule he attains his end by sheer dint of superior persistence. An abandoned mule is specially importunate when the scanty feed is served out; spurned alike by the 'boys' and by his fellows, by the former with vituperation and insulting references to his ancestors, by the latter with iron-shod hoofs or a

MULES DOING THEIR BEST.
(Photo by Major G. E. Hale.)

mouthful of teeth, he returns again and again to the assault, and finally generally manages to get some share, albeit a small one, in the ration allowance.

Of these derelicts many attached themselves to us, following our wagons day by day, until they had sufficiently recovered to be able to work, when they were promptly impressed into the service. Unfortunately, in too many instances they were reclaimed, usually just after we had got them fit again, by those who had turned them adrift, and we had, reluctantly, to surrender them.

We believe the mule to be practically omnivorous; we know that his appetite is by no means fastidious.* He would eat what little mealies he

* It is curious to note that our mules would not eat oats: when these were served out the mules almost without exception refused their feed after the first day, and yet we never observed that the corn made them ill.

got (sometimes, though rarely, the ration was only 2 lbs. a day), as a *hors d'œuvre* and then, in default of grazing, would fall to on sticks and the like; but what he seemed to enjoy most was a tail-board or disselboom, which he resolutely gnawed as if it were the only thing on earth fitting a mule's gastronomic dignity. One of our mules is reported to have made a nocturnal tour of the camp in search of additional rations: visiting a tent where there was a box of sparklet cartridges he quickly disposed of them with apparent, but short-lived, satisfaction, for a little later he met a three-pronged fork which shared the fate of the sparklets and

HIS LAST TREK.
(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

pierced the caps with resulting super-aëration of the stomach and proportionate discomfort.

On another occasion a mule attacked and ingested (the question of digestion is an open one) a large part of the wooden framework of a water-cart standing next to another presented to the hospital by the South Down Hunt: the latter he carefully eschewed, which tends to show that the mule is not only possessed of the power of discrimination, but is also a bit of a sportsman. How the mule picked up a living on the hard sun-baked veldt is best known to himself; even he, poor devil, found the day come when, with a ruined digestion, he had to retire from work and received a bullet in his brain by way of pension.

Our mules were never watered in the early morning because at that time they will rarely drink, and if they do so soon develop 'gripes,' entailing con-

siderable suffering, often with a fatal termination. When a mule gets gripes the 'boy's' treatment is prompt, and, although apparently cruel, usually successful. The animal is seized by the tail and literally twisted on to his feet, and, as soon as he is up, is kept moving: in a very short time he is all right. At about 11 a.m. we outspanned when possible for half an hour or so to let the mules drink, and they always had plenty of water on camping for the night. While crossing a drift the thirsty ones would endeavour to stop and drink as soon as they got to the water, but this was never allowed, as it too often resulted in the wagon sticking, and at least delayed the column's crossing.

OUTSPANNED FOR WATER.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

Inspanning always took some time, especially if the mules were comparatively fresh animals and the boys strange to them. When we left Pretoria in December, 1900, the boys were new, and the latter had evidently not had much experience of the former, with the result that it took them from 3 a.m. to 9 a.m. to inspan the teams. This, however, was extreme, and trained boys with well-worked mules could usually collect and inspan the animals in less than half an hour.

RATIONS.
(Photo by F. Green.)

To the casual observer most mules are counter-parts of each other, but the Cape boy can on the shortest acquaintance pick out his mules from among hundreds, and at the time for inspanning each boy would round up his beasts, and never, unintentionally, make a mis-

INSPANNING.
(*Photo by E. R. Carling.*)

take. There is evidently some subtle bond of union between the nigger and the mule: certainly there are points of close resemblance, which need not be detailed.

It is during the process of inspanning that the mule's attribute of stubbornness—we have heard it called stupidity, but as it was eminently purposeful we prefer to think that the mule knew quite well what he was about and the object he had in view—is called into play: he is as mild as a lamb when being outspanned, and small wonder. The boy having captured his team ties them to the front wheel of the wagon, from which he detaches them one by one. The harness is a weird collection of leather which would drive an English coachman to distraction, a state from which he would only emerge after scratching his head and anathematising the maker; this accumulation the boy arranges on the ground in proper order in front of the wagon and seizes a wheeler by his head rope. Then ensues the contest between man and brute. The mule

MULES OUTSPANNED FOR THE NIGHT NEAR BARBERTON.
(*Photo by E. R. Carling.*)

resists, throws up his head and pulls back; the boy insists, and attempts to pull forwards, at the same time heaping insults on the mule and his unlucky forebears, and eventually winning. The rest of the team succeed the pioneer, and at last the wagon is ready for the march.

As soon as he is outspanned, and often when only just inspanned, the mule usually lies down and rolls so vigorously that one naturally suspects he must be endeavouring to rid himself of certain objectionable lodgers in the shape of ticks: inspection would prove the suspicion well-founded. When outspanned, the mules were head-haltered in bunches of three, four, or five, or knee-haltered separately

THE EFFECT OF BAD WEATHER ON MULES.
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

or in couples, and, after watering, were fed, and then usually allowed to roam at pleasure to supplement their ration as circumstances permitted. The plan of head-haltering mules in batches is a bad one and detrimental to their interests, but it has the advantage of keeping them together and of allowing their easy capture when their services are required. The result of this method of tethering is that the animals do not graze properly; the mule, say, in the centre or on either flank finds a small patch of grass, the others do not, and they promptly drag him off elsewhere. In the end they none of them get as much to eat as they could were they separate. Further, it not infrequently happens that the head-halters of a bunch of mules get inextricably mixed up, so that the animals either come to a standstill, or one luckless individual with his legs over the head-

rope is initiated into the mysteries of the circus by his companions. Should a mule get his legs entangled in his harness or tethering-rope he does not get excited or fall down as a horse under similar circumstances would do, but quietly tries to extricate himself; failing to achieve this, he stays without struggling till his boy puts him right.

The mule is certainly not a musician—at any rate, not one of a high class. Have you ever heard a mule express himself? A barrel-organ is a lullaby to it, and I firmly believe there is nothing like it in the world: doleful and hideous are mild epithets to apply. The noise is a weird compound of the neigh of a horse and the bray of the jackass, sometimes the first, sometimes the second pre-

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD (BALMORAL).
(Photo by W. Sheen.)

dominating; but whatever blend the individual mule affects it is bad for the human ear, and it is to be hoped that the mule himself derives some satisfaction from it: he certainly deserves it.

The mule, at least on column, rarely plays: poor beast, he is too tired and dispirited to waste his leisure, which is devoted to the much more important functions of sleeping and picking up such scraps of grass as may be available. He is, however, occasionally amusing, and enjoys a frolic and kick like any colt. One of his chief means of social intercourse is the infliction and reception of kicks, and the verve and energy with which a mule will endeavour to land his neighbour in the ribs is really quite human. The Spaniards have a proverb, '*amor de asno, coz y bocado*, 'asses love, with teeth and heels.'

Ill-feeling between the animals was rarely observed, although occasionally a

fight did take place. We never saw much harm inflicted, for the simple reason that the mule's body appeared too poor to bear the impress of a kick and his hide too tough to be eaten.

To all who love animals (as surely all do) not the least sad part of the campaign was the unmitigated miseries, aggravated by the rains and cold, undergone by our transport animals. One felt almost as much for their trials as even for those of the soldiers: both endured much, as was inevitable, but the transport animals suffered in silence, and the dumb pleading in their sunken eyes too often made the heart ache. They were not there from choice, and shared none of the honours which might fall to the lot of the soldier. They had at least one compensating advantage—their death left no gap at the fireside and none near and dear to weep their loss.

Well, good-bye, Mr. Muley; when I see one of you I feel impelled to raise my hat in respectful salute to your race — peace be with you, and in the next world may your lot be cast on happier lines.

MULES FIGHTING.
(Photo by F. Green.)

CHAPTER XV.

THE 'BOY.'

THE Cape 'boy' is drawn from all the black races within the local sphere of European control. His usefulness and character vary somewhat with the race of which he is a member. We had with us, as wagon-men, half-caste

A GROUP OF 'BOYS.'
(*Photo by W. A. Chapman.*)

Hottentots, Zulus, Basutos, Pondos, and others. Of these the Zulu was undeniably the finest specimen, physically, intellectually, and morally; the Hottentot probably the worst. From whatever stock they originally spring, the Cape 'boys' are classed as 'Kaffirs.' This is incorrect; the true Kaffirs come from the Transkei, and do not form the majority of the boys.

Very few of the 'boys' can speak English; those who can, speak it well. They neither employ, nor appear to know, any native dialect, the Taal* being the universal language. By adoption of this they exchange thoughts with each other, and hurl abuse at the unoffending and much harder-working transport animals. I have used the term 'exchange thoughts,' perhaps inadvisedly. To

* Debased Dutch, spoken by the Boers. It is somewhat analogous to the Creole French, as used in the island of Martinique.

exchange anything implies possession, and it is reasonably open to doubt if the average native owns any thoughts of marketable value. Even if he does, he talks so volubly that rational conversation or interchange of ideas must, unless the Dutch language is peculiar and the native brain of a highly receptive quality, be practically impossible.

The 'boy' is an odd compound—native impassibility mixed with apish mischievousness and mulish obstinacy. His sobriquet could not have been better chosen, although at times one is inclined to think that 'baby' would have been an even more appropriate name. He is truly a grown-up child, having an infinite capacity for talking and laughing immoderately over the veriest trifles, which makes one meditate upon him with mingled pity, contempt, and envy, the predominant feeling probably depending on the state of one's liver.

THE 'CRUMPLED ROSE-LEAF' (RIGHT).
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

Even by his most ardent admirers, the 'boy' can hardly be accused of an overwhelming desire to work. If the truth be told, he is lazy—consumedly lazy—and it is to be feared that his service during the war has not improved him in this or in any other respect. Like many others descended from more highly cultured races, he never does more than he is absolutely obliged, and often does that little with mute protest and an aggrieved air. To be effective, any attempt to hasten his movements must be energetic and backed by a determination which leaves him in no possible doubt but that he must obey orders. If you ask a 'boy' not belonging to your own unit to do anything, he hardly deigns to notice you or your request, but passes on stolidly indifferent, vouchsafing, perhaps, that characteristic word, 'Icona.' What a world of meaning is there in that word, 'Icona!' With varying intonation and accompanying demeanour it signifies, 'I must not,' 'I cannot,' 'I won't,' 'I'll see you d——d first.' Indeed, so frequently is this expression used that a 'boy' was often known by it. Some of our 'boys,' however, proved themselves brilliant exceptions to the general rule. They were

always alert, ever willing, usually smiling, and anxious to do their best. Pete, a Zulu, is specially worthy of mention; but then, as I have said, the Zulu is a long way ahead of the average native in every respect.

Save in rare cases, the native is improvident. Pay him, and he will gamble away his wages in the shortest possible space of time, but always with good-natured indifference. We were finally compelled to take measures to repress gambling, which deterred the boys from doing their proper work.

Some of the boys, however, kept part of their money and sent it to their families as occasion offered. Many instances of strong family affection came

BAD DRIVING.
(Photo by E. R. Carling.)

under our notice. It was also to be noted that quarrelling was rare, the 'boys' living together in good-fellowship.

The Cape boys were mostly attached to the army as drivers. It was well that they were sent to us with this designation, for, with very few exceptions we should never have suspected them of possessing any qualifications for this post. If at a drift or other bad piece of road they could break a pole they did it, and it was simply owing to the excellence of our wagons that they did not cripple them too. Was one part of the road worse than another, that part was usually discovered by the wheel. I only do not say 'selected by the boy,' because I feel that had he done so the wagon would have gone somewhere else. Did a huge stone lie in the way, the wagon mounted it, and though on

numberless occasions the 'boys' were enjoined that jolting was to be avoided, at least as far as the ambulances were concerned, such warnings might as well have never been uttered.

But if the 'boy' leaves much to be desired as a Jehu, he certainly can manage his animals, whether mules or oxen. In speaking of the mules I have adverted to the fact that in a very short time the driver, like the Scotch shepherd with his sheep, can pick out his own animals amongst hundreds, and never make a mistake. He has a name, complimentary or otherwise, for each mule in his charge, and on the march, when he brings his long-thronged whip into use as

GOOD DRIVING ACROSS A RIVER: WHIPPING UP THE LEADERS.

(Photo by Capt. Langman.)

a stimulus to any particular animal whose performances do not satisfy him—and none are spared—he addresses him by this, following it by the worst possible language, or what, at any rate, sounds like it. 'Kruger' and 'Hollander' were not unfrequent appellations; 'Englishman' we never heard, although before the war, probably in deference to Boer sentiment, it was a common name for the recalcitrant. While crossing a drift the general effect of the noise, shouting, and whip-cracking of the 'boys' was something to live in one's memory for ever. The din was specially great if the wagon came to a temporary standstill; worse still if it stuck—a condition of things due to over-loading, to failure of the brake, or to the 'boy,' fearful of wetting and spoiling his own clothes (such as they were), allowing his leaders to slacken their efforts.

The 'boy's' wardrobe is neither extensive nor select, but he shows a decided

preference for gaudy coloured scarves, handkerchiefs, and blankets, red and orange being the favourite colours. His sense of colour-blending is by no means inartistic.

So far as his costume permits it must be allowed that the Cape boy is tidy, and tolerably clean. He certainly took such opportunities as offered of washing himself with a plentiful use of soap—when he had it. In the matter of boots he is peculiar, and affects the fashion of wearing them round his neck in preference to the customary place. In connection with personal adornment, it was the habit of natives whose kraals were in our vicinity to come into camp when we were moving and annex such rubbish as might be discarded. The various things upon which they set value would, if enumerated, fill a page. They showed a special predilection for bright biscuit tins, and the avidity with which the collecting was carried on and the emulation which was exhibited reminded one of the race for wealth among more civilised peoples. These tins were used to decorate the outside of the huts, and Dr. Green and I saw a particularly fine specimen of this work at Colenso.

Take him all round the 'boy' is not a pleasant companion; he is more odorous, one might say malodorous, than entertaining, and his passion for music (!) is apt to jar upon the strongest nerves. His favourite instruments, the acquisition of which seems to be his chief ambition, are a mouth organ and a concertina. The possession of a concertina seems to afford him as much pleasure as it inflicts pain upon his white brethren. After camping the boys would congregate round the fire and one would start the entertainment by manipulating his instrument utterly regardless of tune; then with much self-denial and good-fellowship the implement of torture was passed round until, the circle being completed, it was returned to its owner who, after a second performance, handed it on again; and so the vicious cycle was repeated until the concert was stopped by superior authority. The horrible discordance and its deadly monotony were in course of time in danger of producing serious mental consequences to one of us who, in self-defence, had all the concertinas seized on camping and impounded until camp was struck next morning.

It must be admitted that the boy is a glutton. His gluttony was always to the fore when it was necessary to serve out to each man three or four days' rations at one time. For a couple of days he was in clover, for the remainder in misery, physical rather than mental, his sensations being chiefly referred to the region of his belt. He learnt in time, however, that as rations were limited, economy had to be practised. Although the boy, in common with other individuals, has a keen notion of doing the best he can for himself gastronomically and otherwise, he is by no means fastidious. When Dr. Green and I rode ahead of our

column into Pretoria in order to arrange for a camping ground, we came across two elderly and portly Kaffir women cutting up a dead trek-ox by the wayside; it was absolutely green from decomposition, but they seemed highly delighted at the prospect of much meat, which they were cutting off in huge slabs. Their exhilaration was shared by two curly-headed piccaninnies, who sat on the veldt watching, with watering mouths, the process of disjointing.

Talking of piccaninnies reminds me of the amusement we derived from the many small boys, little curly-headed niggers of ten or twelve, who accompanied General Mahon's Brigade. How they came there, what they did, or how they managed for rations, I never discovered. It is, however, probable that they were accompanying their fathers or elder brothers, and it is more than likely that the predatory instinct was in some cases in great measure responsible for their presence. I remember especially two of these small youngsters. One had annexed a horse, a long-necked, raw-boned animal over sixteen hands, and reminding one of Rosinante. How the urchin got on it I don't know, but there he was. This juvenile had a pair of khaki over-alls, long enough for a six-footer, one puttee and one spur, of which he was inordinately proud, and to see him marching daily with the gravity and non-chalance of a veteran was amusing to a degree. The second boy, a mere child, had taken possession of a small go-cart, such as one sees early precocity dragging along a country road. In this he had a battered helmet and a few articles which, though useless, were to him probably of priceless value. He was his own mule-team, driver, and commanding officer, and marched along day by day until, alas! the hind wheels came off the cart and matters grew serious. But he was not to be done, so, putting the offending wheels inside the cart and picking up the whole concern, he approached a wagon, and furtively looking round to see that no officer was present who might arbitrarily interfere he quickly added his only joy to the load of that wagon, which he henceforth added to his responsibilities, and beside which he sturdily marched.

SMALL BOYS MOUNTED CORPS.

(Photo by F. Green.)

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

MR. THOMAS ATKINS has an individuality well worthy of careful study. He is a creature *sui generis*, occupying a unique position in the animal kingdom. Taking him all round, he is perhaps less of a square peg in a round hole than the generality of mankind following other walks in life. Tommy has many virtues, and probably no more and no greater vices than the rest of us. As a fighting machine he is inimitable; as a source of human intelligence he is capable of drastic reform. Take Tommies in bulk, and they are up to anything; take Tommy individually, and he is almost as helpless as a baby. Pluck and 'last' are to him second nature, and if he 'grouses' consistently and emphatically, he merely emphasizes thereby the prerogative of his countrymen.

Nowhere, perhaps, is Tommy's pluck more in evidence than when he unfortunately has to pass through the ordeal of the operating tent. With few exceptions, so few that all remarked the fact, the wounded men showed great fortitude, even under the severest injuries and while suffering extreme pain—in some instances even cracked a joke while awaiting the ministrations of the surgeon.

Of his kindness and unselfishness to his companions in misfortune I could tell many an instance, as I could of his gratitude, patience, and appreciation of small acts of consideration. His endurance is great, as any who can realise what this war has been will readily understand. It is perhaps out of this power of endurance that a spirit of resignation is evolved: for resigned he certainly is; indeed, he is philosophical, his creed being 'that which must be, must be, and there is an end of it.' I remember one case in particular illustrative of this spirit. A young fellow was shot by the sentry in the abdomen, and was brought to the Field Hospital. I took some pains to explain to him the nature and extreme danger of his injury, pointing out that he was in such a state that his only chance lay in operation. At the same time he was told that it was to be feared that even this would not save him, and I felt that he should, so far as he was able, judge for himself as to whether he would submit to it or not. After thinking a few minutes he said, 'Well, sir, if I am going to die, I may as well give the operation a chance.' Poor chap, he was operated on unsuccessfully, and died the next day.

He never uttered a word of complaint from first to last, and took the whole thing as a matter of course. A good story is told of a man who, having been probed, cut, and examined without evident result, asked if the surgeons would be much longer. 'Well, my man,' was the reply, 'I am sorry to say we can't find the bullet.' 'Oh! it's the bullet you want, is it! Why, that's in my 'aversack!' This did not occur in the Imperial Yeomanry Field Hospital, and perhaps in no other, but it is good as a story, and is characteristic of the man.

It may be that Tommy's fortitude under serious wounds is in some measure due to an inherent religious sense, a sense of something higher than human power—an ill-defined sense doubtless, yet shared by all. That he has such is evident, and with it is mixed a curious sentimentalism which those who do not know the man may doubt the existence of. Here is a story, vouched for by one who overheard the conversation, which shows the quiet acknowledgment of a superior force, coupled, as it always must be, with a keen admiration for nature. Two men stationed at a gun-emplacement were watching a very beautiful sunset. 'I say, Bill,' said one, 'I wish I 'ad one o' them atheist beggars 'ere.' 'Do ye. Why?' ''Cause it makes ye think o' Gawd.' After a pause the second inquired, 'And if ye 'ad 'im 'ere, what 'ud ye do with 'im?' To which came the emphatic and scornful reply, 'Do with 'im? Why, I'd shove the beggar over them bloomin' rocks.'

The soldier's endurance and stolid determination to keep on in spite of all came to our notice day by day when on the march. You would spot a man wearily dragging himself along and looking ill: on inquiring what was wrong, 'Oh, just a touch of the dȳ-sentāry, sir! I've 'ad it on me for a long time now.' And then his gratitude for a seat in a waggon, and a promise of shelter at night and such help as we could give him, was good to see.

One of Mahon's staff officers told me the following story in evidence of the pluck of the British Tommy. During a forced march on Pretoria, when twenty miles had been covered and more had to be done, the order was given that any man who could not complete the march might fall out and get on an empty ox-waggon. One man, with a strong brogue, said, 'I've no soles to me boots and no skin on me feet, but I'll knock the head off any man as falls out.' With all this it must be acknowledged that Tommy is often a skrimshanker. 'Pains in the 'ed and giddiness' often sufficed as an excuse to attend sick parade in the hope of getting an 'easy;' but skrimshanking is not by any means confined to Tommy.

Tommy probably knows more hymns and hymn tunes than others in his own rank of life, and what is more he sings them with a gusto which, if it does not conduce to musical excellence, at least means business. Perhaps his sentimental soul

comes nearest to the surface when he performs at a sing-song: if he can he sings the most dismal and melancholy song you can imagine, references to his mother and his delinquencies as a son, coupled with everlasting regrets; something about a soldier's grave or some equally dismal topic, and on the veldt one rather near home, such will always call forth, irrespective of musical talent, boisterous applause. His sentimental side is always stirred when burying his dead comrades. These men, hardy, rough, devil-may-care as they are, would stand by the lonely grave-side in the veldt, sad-visaged and often silently and shamefacedly weeping, and would slink away, when all was over, as if they had done something reprehensible and unmanly—who will not honour them?

In the field Tommy exhibits an indifference to personal discomfort and danger which is to be admired in the former, condemned in the latter. A story is told—but I will not vouch for its truth—of a Tommy, who, among others, had been told to build a sangar for his personal protection. When the post was visited this man was found asleep with his hand resting on three or four stones which he had collected and apparently intended to represent a sangar. He was awakened, and the order, with which he was left to comply, repeated with some emphasis. A little later he was again found asleep with a couple more stones, and on being remonstrated with and threatened with the penalty for disobedience of orders, said in a half sleepy voice, 'Oh! a sangar is it ye want? From the fuss you make about it I thought you wanted me to build a bloomin' 'ouse.' This incident leads me to speak of Tommy's appreciation of the power of annoyance—exhibited by the following example. It is but a 'story,' for I feel sure that Tommy's sense of chivalry,' testified to in this war by a thousand and one facts, would deter him from the culminating point.

A body of men were searching a kopje after an action, and one of them found a Boer crouching behind a sangar, a heap of empty cartridge cases by his side. 'Oh, you're there, are you?' says Tommie. 'Ja,' replies the Boer. 'Yes, I see you are, and did you fire all them things?' pointing to the empty cases. 'Ja.' 'Oh, did ye; then let me tell ye, ye didn't 'it nothink, and you ain't a going to have another chance.' The story relates that the bayonet closed the discussion.

Tommy has a keen sense of humour, he gives and takes chaff with limitless good nature, and is full of stories and anecdotes replete with fun, even if they be, to put it mildly, risky! And this sense of humour is part and parcel of the man, it is not straining after effect, nor cultivated as a pose; it is either there inherently and accentuated by his surroundings, or he has it not.

At Rietfontein a man of the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers was brought into the operating tent, having just come in some twenty miles by ox-wagon, with a

severe comminuted compound fracture of the upper end of the left femur. When he was on the table and his temporary dressings had been removed, I found the wound smothered with iodoform (a yellow powder), and made certain animadversions against it as seeming to be the pet antiseptic with many surgeons. Tommy listened, and then, raising himself on one elbow, looked at the wound and said, 'Yes, sir, it do make ye look like a bloomin' kinary, don't it?' and heartily joined in the laugh he had evoked.

Many of the men, while possessing humour, don't know it. They are irresistibly funny, and when you laugh seem to wonder why. This was the case with the man whose recital of the prowess of the North Corks is recounted on a previous page. He never smiled the whole time, but stated all with a gravity

A SCRATCH PACK: 'THE SUFFOLK HUNT.'
(*Photo by F. Green.*)

becoming the momentous events he was describing and inventing, and this made the story simply inimitable.

I remember another instance worth relating. When we were nearing Rustenburg the convoy had halted while the scouts were ascertaining what was ahead of us. I was sitting on my horse close to an ox-team, the leaders' noses touching the tailboard of the wagon in front. A Tommy wished to cross the column, and after looking at the leading span with an inquiring eye for about a minute, addressed them, 'Do you beggars bite?' and then dived underneath them. The whole thing was unintentionally comic, but the man looked at me in great surprise when I burst out laughing.

Tommy's cheerfulness is always to the fore, even under the most trying circumstances. He goes about his job whistling and singing, chaffing his comrades, and taking life as if it were all a huge joke.

His kindliness of heart was abundantly evident in the way he treated the Boer women and children, always with consideration and gentleness. No fouler libel has ever been uttered than that which has attributed to the British soldier the feelings and behaviour of a brute.

Tommy is a great lover of animals; stray dogs were adopted and marched with the troops day by day, welcomed and petted by all, and not a few of the men had pet monkeys and mere-cats.

By no means the least pleasant recollection I have of the campaign is the gratitude of many of those whose lot it was to pass through our hands. Whatever your detractors may say, Tommy, you are one of the best, and your countrymen may well be proud of you.

PERSONNEL AND EQUIPMENT
OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FIELD HOSPITAL & BEARER COMPANY.

THE Field Hospital and Bearer Company were equipped on the lines laid down in the 'Field Service Manual, 1899,' and in the 'Mobilization Store Tables for the Army in the Field,' 'Field Hospital, Army Form G 1098–41,' 'Bearer Company, Army Form G 1098-40.'

Certain modifications and additions, however, were made, and the ambulances were not of the same pattern as those supplied to the Army. The detailed account of our equipment naturally falls under definite headings, and will be so set forth here. I have ventured also to make certain criticisms and suggestions—which our experience in the field forced upon our notice—in the hope that should such an organization as ours have. unhappily, to be equipped in the future, the experience which we gained in the South African campaign may not be altogether lost, but may be utilised to further perfect a system designed to afford immediate relief in the field, and the transportation of the sick and wounded to the stationary or base hospital.

The good which was achieved in the campaign by the energy, determination, and hard work of the Committee, its officers and men, should, I venture to think, not end with the campaign, and it is with this conviction that I make the criticisms and suggestions to which I have referred.

Our equipment was matter for the most earnest daily consideration in which all concerned did what was possible to secure efficiency, and efficient I submit we were. There never has been and there never will be any organization so perfect that experience could not better it, and if at this time, when our task is ended, one sees how things might be simplified, a matter of vital importance in such an organization as ours, it is only in the nature of things that this should be so.

A Field Hospital is equipped for a hundred patients, and is capable, when necessary, of being divided into two sections. With it is usually associated a Bearer Company, but the units, according to present regulations, are distinct and have separate camps, although they are mutually dependent.

Throughout our period of service the Field Hospital and Bearer Company worked as one unit, the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men performing

such duties as were allotted to them, irrespective of whether they were, on paper, attached to the Field Hospital or to the Bearer Company. Before leaving England, and during our voyage out, Major Hale and I had frequent conversations on this matter, and we came to the conclusion that this was the best course; but, at the same time thought it wiser to see how things shaped before finally deciding. I can confidently assert that this method is *the* method, and I feel sure that its general adoption in the Army is imminent.

In order to ensure the greatest efficiency and the least confusion as to orders, we decided that while Major Hale controlled the Transport and general arrangements of the camp—for which his expert knowledge of campaigning made him so specially fit—all matters in connection with the Hospital, its patients, and its staff were under me. In cases of doubt Major Hale and I consulted together, decided on what appeared to us to be the wisest course, and acted accordingly. At all times Major Hale, when not engaged with the duties of the camp, lent a most willing hand in the duties of the hospital, and on many a busy day his help tended not a little to render its labours lighter. In every way we regarded the two units as one, we gave each other all the help we could, and all, officers and men, worked together for the benefit of the combined units, and there was no question of Bearer Company *versus* Field Hospital. The mutual help thus given not only materially assisted to simplify and expedite our work, but made for solidarity of interest and *esprit de corps*—no small matter in the field.

Our stores were sent out in the Transports *Winkfield*, *Mahratta*, *Manchester Merchant*, and *Siberian*. Our detention at Cape Town had the advantage, at any rate, that it enabled us to collect the stores from those ships which arrived after we did. We would strongly urge that, in the future, the entire equipment of any unit should be shipped with it. Such a plan not only saves much time and labour but also obviates, to a large extent, that loss of stores which is otherwise almost unavoidable.

PERSONNEL.*

The regulations provide the following personnel for a Field Hospital of 100 beds and for a Bearer Company, on Special War Establishment:—

Field Hospital.—Medical details: 4 Officers, 36 N.C.O.'s and men. Transport details: 29 N.C.O.'s and men. Total, 69.

Bearer Company.—Medical details: 3 Officers, 58 N.C.O.'s and men. Transport details: 38 N.C.O.'s and men. Total 99.

The combined units thus have a personnel of 7 Officers and 161 N.C.O.'s and men.—Total 168.

* For a full list of the officers, N.C.O.'s, and men, and their duties, period of service, &c., see Appendix.

PERSONNEL AND EQUIPMENT.

This was the numerical basis on which the personnel of the Imperial Yeomanry Field Hospital and Bearer Company was recruited, but it will be seen that our numbers did not quite tally with those above for reasons which will be stated. When the units left England they were staffed thus:—

Field Hospital.—Medical details: 5 Officers, 37 N.C.O.'s and men. Transport details: 19 N.C.O.'s and men. Total, 61.

Bearer Company.—Medical details: 3 Officers, 56 N.C.O.'s and men. Transport details: 24 N.C.O.'s and men. Total, 83.

Total for the combined units, 144.

We were thus short of the regulation number by twenty-four. This shortage was due to the fact that we intended employing natives in South Africa to manage the mule teams, the number being calculated as one per wagon.

We might with advantage and the saving of considerable expenditure have still further reduced our numbers, for in South Africa we had attached to us two civilian conductors and fifty-four natives, being two per wagon. As a matter of fact, we could have managed perfectly well had we reduced our transport details from forty-three to about fifteen, as this number would have been quite sufficient to provide grooms, wagon-repairers, &c.

The extra officer on our staff was appointed primarily to administer anæsthetics; he also took his share of the ordinary medical work. We were exceptionally fortunate in securing the services of seven gentlemen (one from St. George's and six from the Westminster Hospital), who with a public spirit worthy of all praise, although acting as surgeon-dressers, enlisted as privates. One of these gentlemen was subsequently made sergeant-in-charge of the medical and surgical equipment; in the work this entailed he derived considerable help from the other dressers. These men rendered us the most valuable assistance throughout, and I cannot speak too highly of their work. In selecting our men from the many hundreds who offered their services to the Committee we exercised all possible care, and made a point of giving the preference to those who, besides being physically fit, would be able from the nature of their ordinary avocations to render good service in the field; thus we had men who were skilled carpenters, wheelwrights, wagon-repairers, sail-makers, butchers, cooks, &c., and one veterinary senior student. Further, it is to be recorded that we found not a few of them who were capable of turning their hands to anything which turned up, and were only too willing so to do. Seven of these men were trained male nurses, and did excellent service among the patients.

A certain number of old army men were also included in our personnel, and their influence served to get the men into line and accustom them to discipline.

From the St. John Ambulance Brigade we took twelve men, and from the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps fifty. These men proved most useful, because not only had they received some special training in the work which would be required of them, but were disciplined.

It was not, however, until we had actually tried them in the field that we finally decided upon the specific work which each man should undertake. The same remark applies, to some extent, to the appointment of non-commissioned officers. With some exceptions, we deferred making these until, on the voyage out or later, we had got to know our men.

On embarkation each N.C.O. and man had the following equipment:—Suit of khaki drill, suit of khaki serge, blue cloth overcoat, helmet, field service cap, pair of puttees, pair of brown boots, one hold-all, haversack, water-bottle, mess-tin, and cholera-belt. In addition to this kit each N.C.O. and man was presented by Her Majesty the Queen, on the day of the inspection at Devonshire House, with a parcel containing a flannel shirt, a pair of socks, a cholera-belt, a Balaclava helmet, and a muffler. As regards cholera-belts I may here state that those usually in vogue are bad, the best of all is a puttee, as all who had to use such protection soon found out.

During the time we were in Africa additional clothing was drawn from the Ordnance Stores in Pretoria, on August 29th, 1900, and deficiencies were again made good from the stores at the Yeomanry depôt on Oct. 31st.

At the end of our period of service in South Africa, Major Hale and I naturally discussed the work done by the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who had served under us, and it seems fitting that our conclusions should find some mention here. While making special mention of some, it is but right to insist that, with very few exceptions, all did their best and 'played the game.'

To Surgeons Evans, Green, and Sheen, and the Surgeon-dressers we owed more than we can acknowledge in words. These gentlemen did all in their power to ensure the success of our undertaking: at all times they not only carried out their orders most zealously, but were ever mindful of the spirit of their agreement with the Committee.

Dr. Scot-Skirving's illness unfortunately deprived us of his services at an early date; during the time he was with us in the field he did all he could to maintain the high standard of efficiency at which we aimed. Of the non-commissioned officers we especially commended the work done by Sergt.-Majors Sherwood (Chief Wardmaster), Burden (Field Hospital Transport), Baynes (Bearer Company), Hall (Acting Quartermaster).

Sergeants Williams (Steward and Storekeper), Lambert (Carpenter and

Wagon Repairer), Dalkin (Dispenser), Ward (Clerk and Secretary), Birtles, W. A. Chapman, H. Chapman, Russell, and Scott.

Corporals Jones and Benson.

Privates Findlay (Wagon Repairer), Atkins, Gale, Greysmith, and Smallwood (Ward Orderlies), Montgomery and Thompson (Officer's servants). Each and all of these men did most excellent work in their several capacities.

Transport Details.

Under 'Personnel' I have already stated that we enlisted forty-three N.C.Os. and men as transport details instead of the full number of sixty-seven prescribed by the Army regulations, and I have further explained that this was done intentionally, the object being to make up the deficiencies by the employment of natives in South Africa, the number of these being calculated as one per wagon.

As a matter of fact, we were allotted in South Africa fifty-four native drivers and two civilian conductors, whose duties were to look after the natives and animals, and use their knowledge of the country for our benefit.

Under the heading of Personnel I have stated my reasons for saying that about fifteen Europeans as transport details would be sufficient, and have shortly indicated what their duties should be.

The conductors and natives joined us after our arrival at Bloemfontein. One conductor and some of the natives were dispensed with when we left the detachment at Pretoria, the others remained with us until our return from Barberton in October (they were actually discharged in November), when we were ordered to send them in, as we should probably not want them again for some time. When ordered to Commando Nek in December we drew a conductor, 26 natives, 100 mules. and 10 horses.

The harness, whips, &c., for the mules were drawn by us from the Transport Department in Cape Town, the animals at Bloemfontein. We originally drew seventeen saddle-horses and saddles and 254 mules. Each ambulance and G. S. wagon had a team of ten mules, each supply cart and water-cart had six, and a Cape cart, which I obtained at Bloemfontein, had two. These last the Boers took from us at Rhenoster, as they said they had been taken from them by the British. Losses among the animals were made up as far as possible by drawing fresh ones, but we were never able, owing to the large demand from all units, to obtain the equivalent of our losses, and hence had to make shift as best we could with reduced teams. This was specially the case on our march to and from Barberton.

When we left a detachment of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company at

Pretoria on July 17th, 1900, we left some of our wagons and mule teams. It was our intention to call on these teams to replace losses or tired and temporary useless animals on our return to Pretoria, but unfortunately this supply was denied us, as the mules were, after we had left with the column, handed back to the transport. While we were in the field our animals were re-shod by the supply column of the Army Service Corps.

We were equipped with picketing-pegs and loops, head-ropes, heel-ropes, picketing-ropes, lashings, and drag-ropes fitted with hooks for the wagon wheels.

FIG. 1.—AMBULANCE WAGON.

In Cape Town we drew canvas nose-bags, canvas mangers, and picketing-gear for the mules. Pack-saddles were also shipped from England, but were never used.

WAGONS.

The Field Hospital and Bearer Company had twenty-six vehicles in all:—

Ambulances (special pattern)	10
General Service Wagons	9
Supply Carts	2
Water Carts	4
Cape Cart	1

We had every reason to congratulate ourselves on having wagons of such excellent make and construction, for in spite of the numerous and often extremely

difficult drifts which had to be negotiated, and the bad country, especially in the Barberton district, we never had a serious breakdown. Poles were occasionally broken, and wheels wanted small repairs, but this rather as the result of execrable driving on the part of the natives.

Our ambulance wagons merit special description. We and many others who saw them considered these ambulances the best in the country, although our experience proved that many improvements could be made.

The ambulances we took to South Africa had the great advantage of being

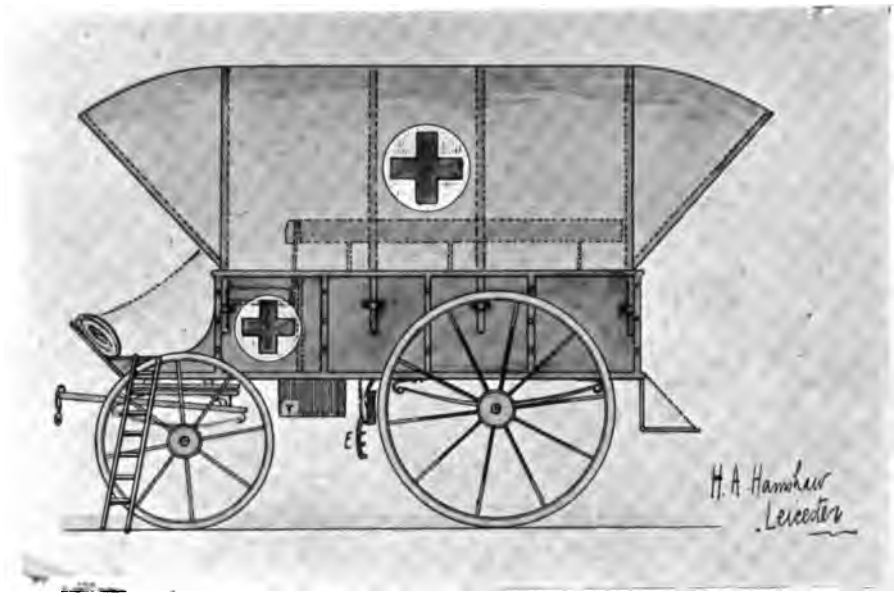


FIG. 2.

made to carry four lying down and two sitting cases; two lying and eight sitting or fourteen sitting. We were thus enabled to carry twice the number of lying-down cases which could be accommodated in the regulation ambulance.

Two stretchers were placed on the floor of the wagon, separated from each other by a centre-board. Above these were two other stretchers, supported in front and behind by carriers (BB, fig. 3). The outside carriers were fixed to the sides of the wagon, the inside ones were connected by a chain with the roof.

When a wagon was not required for stretcher cases, the seats (CC, fig. 4), which were usually left lying flat against the side of the body of the wagon, could be raised, and each afforded space for six men; two others sat on the box, and in case of necessity two could sit on the tail of the wagon, whether stretchers were in place or not. The stretchers when not in use were placed beneath the seats. The space under the driver's seat was divided into two compartments, each

provided with a padlock. One was used for medical and surgical stores which might be required on the march, the other for spare bolts, tools, and such things as might be necessary for repairing slight accidents to the wagon.

The wagons were fitted with a powerful screw brake, and a slipper was also carried for use on very steep gradients.

The rathes (FF, fig. 4) extended the full length of the sides of the body, and were used for carrying a spare pole or swingletrees, and for the patients' haversacks and light kit.

The tilt-cover could be drawn away from the body of the wagon, and each bottom edge fixed to the outside bar of the rathes. This was specially advantageous in hot weather, as it allowed a good current of air to pass through the wagon from the sides; during the rains it prevented the kits, &c., from getting wet.

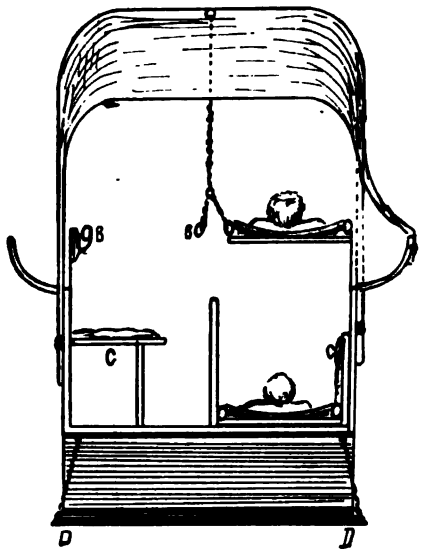


FIG. 3.

The box-seat was easily gained by a small, light, movable ladder (which, however, is hardly necessary), and the driver and box-seat patients were protected in wet weather by an apron, which, when not in use, was stored away under the footboard.

A curtain, usually kept rolled up, could be let down in front and behind, and thus the patients could be protected against wind, rain, or dust-storms.

The wagons were mounted on powerful but easy springs, and the axles were made with phosphor-bronze boxes to the War Office pattern. The axles, wheels, poles, and swingletrees of all our vehicles (ambulances and others) were made on this pattern, so that we could easily replace them from the Government stores in the case of mishap or a failure of the extra supply of these items which we took out. The water-cistern (T, fig. 2) went right across the bottom of the body; it was fitted with a tap on each side, and could be easily unshipped for refilling. The wagons were quarter-locked.

It is no mean tribute to the excellence of our wagons to be able to say that when we had finished our service in South Africa they were in perfectly good order.

As the result of our experience of these ambulances, we came to the following conclusions as to various points which we thought might be improved upon:—

(1) The carriage of our ambulances was forty-two inches from the ground, and hence lateral movement on a bad road, and especially while crossing stony drifts and river-bed, was marked. We came to the conclusion that this distance should be reduced by ten or twelve inches. This would, however, necessitate

either a smaller wheel or a bent axle. The latter would be distinctly preferable, because the larger the wheel the steadier and easier the wagon moves, and furthermore a large wheel is much less likely to get 'bogged' in soft ground, and should this happen is more readily extricated.

(2) The inside beam was only forty-eight inches, and was divided by a centre board running the length of the wagon. This space is inadequate, and should be increased by eight or nine inches; such an increase would not only give more room for the patients, but would add to the stability of the ambulance and diminish jolting.

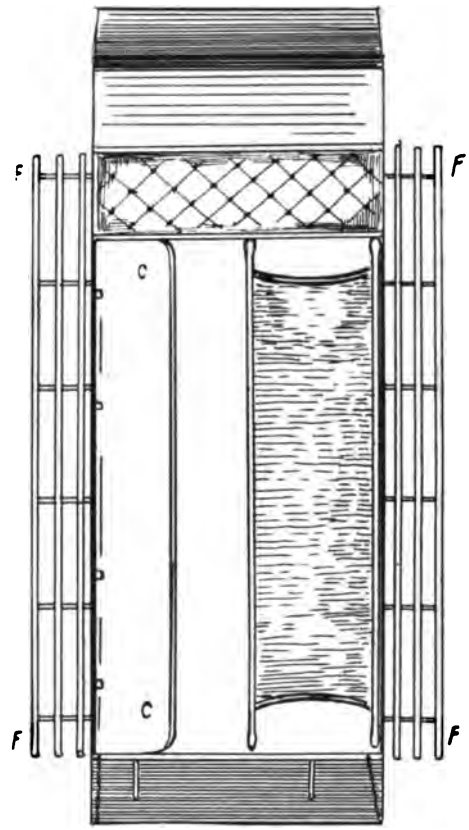


FIG. 4.

(3) The centre board above mentioned was fixed; it should be movable, so that when the ambulance is used for sitting patients only it can be laid flat, and thus more room given for the men's legs. We found that sitting patients became much cramped after a long day's trek.

(4) For the men on the lower stretchers arm-slings should be fitted to the centre board and to the side of the wagon. For those on the top stretchers a bed-pulley should be fixed to the hoop-stave in front and behind. These would give a patient the opportunity of slightly altering his position without much trouble, and would further enable him to obtain some purchase and steady himself when the wagon was passing over rough ground.

(5) Our ambulances were quarter-locked, and this was the cause of many a broken pole. We think they should be half or full-locked.

(6) Our water-tanks were behind the fore-carriage, and in turning the wagon they were injured. They should be in rear.

(7) The seats were uncushioned, and when not in use doubled downwards against the side of the wagon. They should be well cushioned, and should double upwards so as to be out of the way of the lower stretcher.

(8) A curtain suspended from the hoop-staves should run fore and aft the wagon, and should connect below with the top of the centre board. By this means the men on one side of the wagon would be screened from those on the other. We make this suggestion because on more than one occasion the death of a patient while on the march caused great distress to his opposite neighbour.

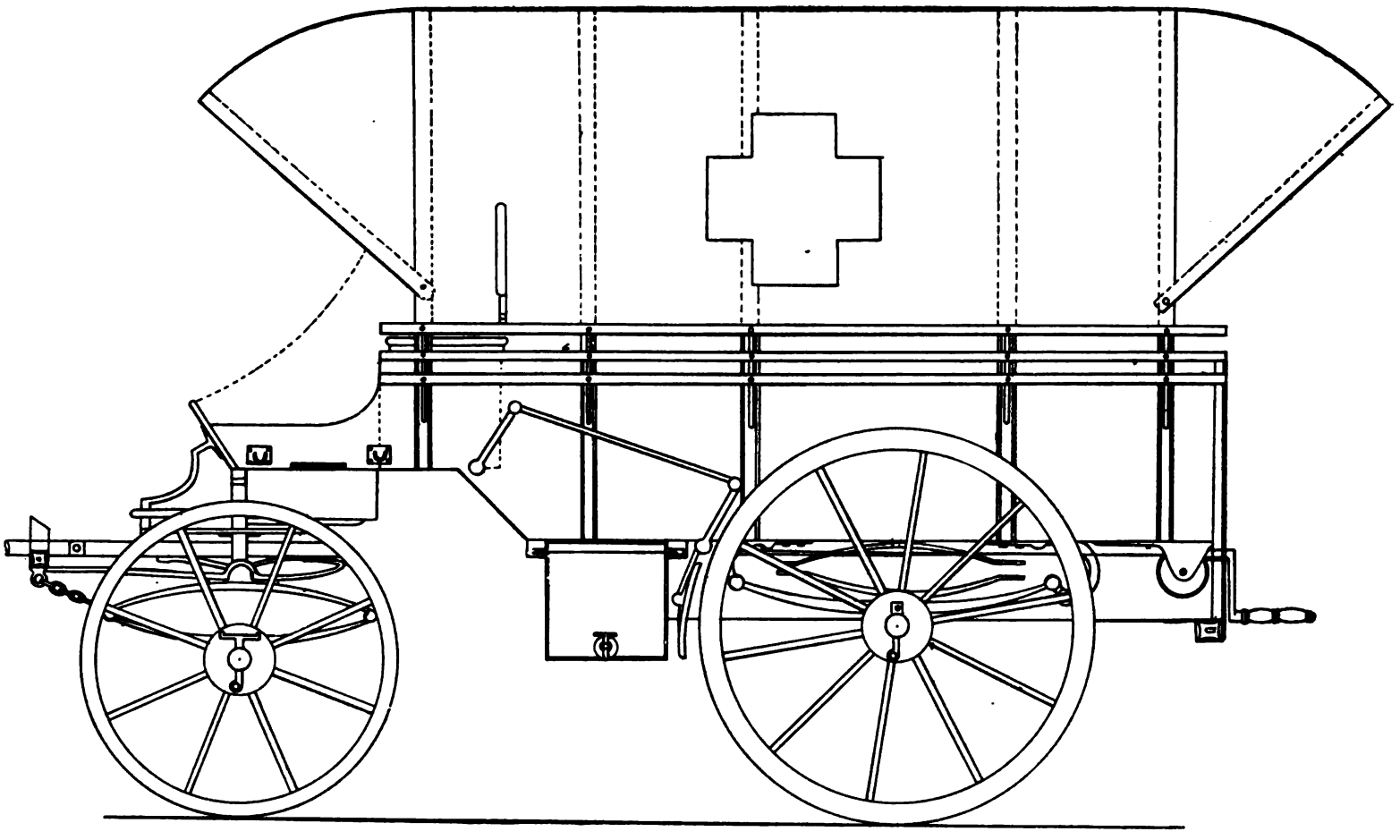


FIG 5.—THE LATEST PATTERN AMBULANCE WAGON WITH IMPROVEMENTS.

(9) The centre chain support for the two top stretchers should be prolonged downwards, if retained, so that it may be fixed to the centre board or bottom of the waggon, and thus afford increased security.

(10) We found that the side supports for the top stretchers were not strong

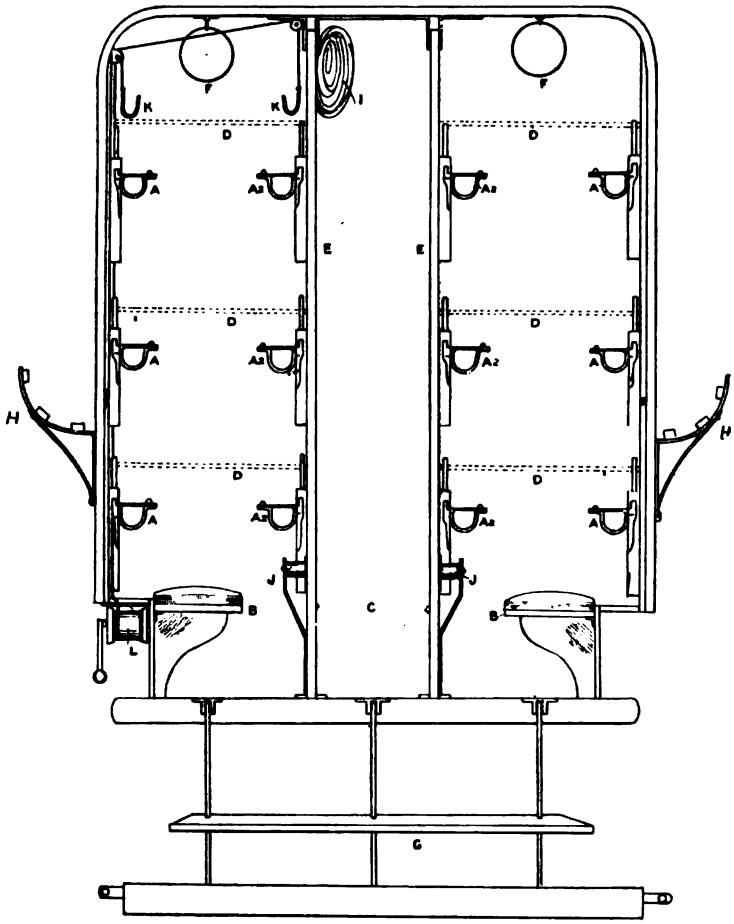


FIG. 6.

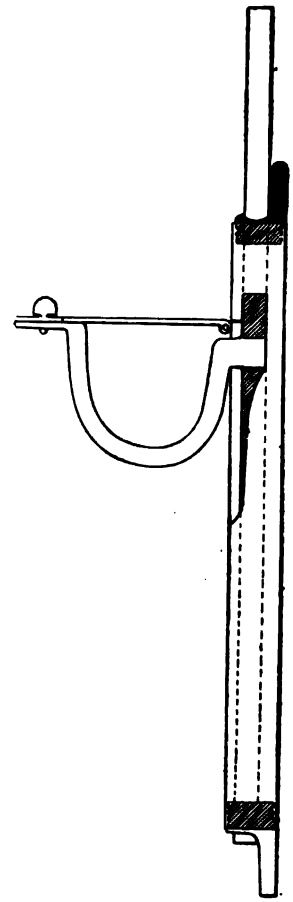


FIG. 7.—SECTION OF STRETCHER ATTACHMENT.

A. Patent spring attachments for carrying stretchers.
A2. Stretcher attachments which fold up to roof when not in use.
B. Seats, running the whole length of body, for sitting patients when the two lower tiers of stretchers are not in use. These seats fold down against the body when they are not in use.
C. Passage-way up centre of wagon for attendants to pass between the stretchers.
D. Bars to afford support to centre pillars when attachments are loaded.
E. Light pillars suspended from roof and carrying centre stretcher attachments. These fold up to roof and are secured by straps when not in use.
F. Pulleys for patients in top stretchers to help them to steady themselves or shift their position.
G. Folding tail-board, the centre batten of which forms a step when the tail-board is down.
H. Rathes going full length of body, for light kit, &c.
I. Rolled up curtain which can be let down to partition off the stretchers if necessary.
J. Rollers to facilitate running the stretchers into the body of the wagon.
K. Hooks of pulley which take the handles of the stretchers when raising or lowering the top tiers.
L. Winch of pulley.

enough, and that they should be fixed by three stays instead of one, as was the case in our ambulances.

(11) We strongly felt that all stretchers should be placed on supports connected with strong spiral springs, or such other form as might seem best.

On my return to England, being anxious to give practical effect to the suggestions above indicated, I consulted with Mr. Hamshaw, of Leicester, who built our waggons, explained to him the shortcomings we had found they possessed, and submitted to him our suggestions. The result of our deliberations was that a wagon was built with the suggested improvements for the Middlesex

GENERAL SERVICE WAGON.

Imperial Yeomanry. I have had ample opportunity of testing this wagon, and find it excellent. This has been further improved upon.

The drawings of the latest pattern with explanatory notes, are here reproduced.

We also took out with us two field stretchers and under-carriages, but as we found these were not suitable in the field they were left at Pretoria when we detailed a detachment to remain at that place. We feel, however, that these would be most useful in stationary and base hospitals.

The General Service wagons, water-carts, and forage-carts were made on the Government pattern, and nothing need be said concerning them. They answered well, and we have no suggestion to offer except that the cistern of the water-carts should be made of enamelled iron.

PERSONNEL AND EQUIPMENT.

Wagon Loads.

The General Service wagons were loaded in such a manner that we could obtain at the shortest possible notice such medical stores, food, &c., as might be required on an emergency. Each wagon was put in charge of one or more men, who were responsible for its load; these men worked under the senior non-commissioned officers of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company transport details. The natives had no duty in connection with the wagons or their loads, and had only to look after their animals and harness and act as drivers. I have given shortly an indication of the loads these various wagons carried; these loads were necessarily altered somewhat from time to time when our number of wagons was reduced, as at Pretoria when we left the detachment, and again at Barberton and Godwaan River when some of our vehicles and men went by train to Machadodorp; but under these circumstances the general plan was adhered to.

1. *General Service Wagon.*—Cases of milk, cornflour, Bovril, preserved meats, and other hospital comforts. In the rear half of the wagon were four wicker panniers, which could be readily got at in cases of need, containing—

No. 1. Milk, portable beef-tea, and cornflour.
„ 2. Rice, tapioca, sago.
„ 3. Liebeg's extract, plasmon, beef essence, oatmeal, and Quaker oats.
„ 4. Knives, spoons, forks, enamelled mugs, plates, soup-bowls, and feeders.

2. *General Service Wagon.*—The surgical and medical equipment. In the rear part the complete outfit of the operating tent was packed in definite order, an arrangement which our experience proved to be of absolute necessity for rapid service.

3. *General Service Wagon.*—Cases of butter, sugar, tea, coffee, block foods, and vegetables. In the rear half of the wagon were panniers for immediate use, containing—

No. 1. Arrowroot, corned beef, tongues, preserved vegetables, salt, pepper, mustard.
„ 2. Wines and spirits.
„ 3. Cheese, biscuits, tea, coffee.
„ 4. Enamelled ware for hospital use, saucepans, &c.

4. *General Service Wagon.*—Hospital marquees, tents, poles, &c.

5. *General Service Wagon.*—Cases of stimulants, milk, beef-tea. One pannier containing lamps, candles, oil, matches. One pannier containing utensils, &c., for field kitchens.

6. *General Service Wagon.*—Blankets, towels, linen, hospital utensils, carpenter's tools.

7. *General Service Wagon.*—Tents and poles, men's kits.

8. *General Service Wagon.*—Quartermaster's stores and hospital comforts.

9. *General Service Wagon.*—Officers' kits and mess panniers, officers' servants' kits.

1. *Supply Cart.*—Kitchen apparatus.

2. *Supply Cart.*—Forage and sundries.

When the ambulance wagons were not all in use we utilised them for carrying forage, and in some instances partially loaded them to relieve the strain on the animals drawing the General Service wagons.

WATER-CART.

Over heavy ground, especially when at the end of many days' trekking our animals were not only reduced in numbers, but were also out of condition, we requisitioned for and obtained empty buck-wagons from the Supply Column, A.S.C., and were thus enabled to lighten our loads. For the most part, the repairs which wear and tear to our wagons necessitated were executed by our own men, but when this was not possible we patched them up for the time being until we could get them more efficiently attended to in Pretoria.

Camping Equipment.

Tents.—The tentage equipment of the Field Hospital and Bearer Company was as under; but after reducing our staff at Pretoria we, of course, propor-

tionately reduced the number of tents for field services. Before leaving Bloemfontein we also handed over to No. 9 General Hospital three large marquees which we had in excess of our requirements:—

Tents.	No.	Estimated Capacity for Hospital Use.
Tortoise tents, 20 × 24	6	12 patients each.
Marquees, 40 × 20	3	25 patients each.
„ 35 × 17	1	20 patients each.
„ 30 × 16	1	Store tent.
„ 22 × 14	2	Operating and medical store tents.
Square bell-tents	14	4 patients each.
Round bell-tents	14	4 patients each.
Latrine tents	4	
Cooks' shelters	2	

The tortoise and square bell-tents were certainly the best and most useful of any we had. Unfortunately three of the former had to be returned to Cape Town, as we found that the pieces composing these did not fit, and consequently the tents could not be pitched. The tortoise tent is easily pitched with a little practice, and has the great advantage of being capacious for its weight of canvas and very airy. The sides are easily put up. We found that the side poles were too feeble to withstand constant and heavy storms. These tents practically never leaked even in the heaviest rain. Under pressure of work we could manage sixteen men in a tortoise tent, and also more in the other tents than appears under 'Estimated Capacity.'

Tortoise tents and marquees were only pitched when we remained in one camp for two or more days; while daily trekking we relied on the bell-tents. The square bell is infinitely superior to, though less roomy than, the round bell; it has the great advantage that it can be easily pitched by three men (by two if necessary) in less than half the time required for a round bell.

The operating marquee answered admirably, but I would suggest that in hot climates spare walls made of mosquito netting should be carried. After some hours' work in the tent the heat became unbearable, and it was necessary to let a large part of the wall down to get ventilation: the dust then blew in and soiled everything. Under those circumstances the walls of mosquito netting would, I think, prove a great boon. As a matter of fact a rectangular tent is undoubtedly the most convenient form for operating work: it can be more economically arranged.

The E. P. (European Private) tent was unquestionably the best in use in South Africa, but the weight of canvas, pegs, and ropes unfortunately precludes its employment in the field.

We were supplied with cork mattresses for the tents, but it was quite impossible to take them on column, and on leaving Bloemfontein we handed them over to No. 9 General Hospital.

I would insist here on the absolute necessity of taking iron tent-pegs; the wooden ones are practically useless on hard ground, and offer temptations of

SCOTCH CART.

almost irresistible force to the man who is short of fuel. The same remarks apply to mallets.

Distinguishing Flags and Lanterns.

Each vehicle had a distinguishing red-cross flag on the left side of the driver's seat. For camping purposes we carried the usual flagstaffs and red-cross flags distinguishing a hospital by day, and the mast-head lanterns for use by night. For lighting purposes we took candle-boxes, tent lanterns, folding lanterns, hurricane lamps, bull's-eye lanterns, and reflecting lamps for the operating theatre. It is worth while insisting that some efficient substitute for glass is a desideratum for the manufacture of lamp chimneys for field use. It is much to be desired that only hospitals should be permitted the use of flags in the field.

PERSONNEL AND EQUIPMENT.

Kitchen Equipment.

Fuel.—In South Africa there was the greatest difficulty in obtaining fuel. Each man who had to do with the kitchens had during the march to annex such fuel, irrespective of source, as presented itself; often enough dried cow-dung was the only material available. It had to be obtained, not only for cooking, but for the boiling of water for surgical and drinking purposes. We would strongly insist that in all future campaigns petroleum should be carried as a matter of routine, so that all water used for drinking purposes may be readily boiled; the amount would, of course, necessarily depend on the local facilities for obtaining fuel in the country, not forgetting that green trees must not be relied upon. This question of fuel is of the very first importance, with a view to minimising the ravages of water-borne diseases.

Kitchen Utensils.—These should be made of enamelled iron of good quality; it is durable and easy to thoroughly cleanse, two most desirable qualifications which other forms do not possess. In the field this question of quickly cleansing all cooking and commissariat utensils is one of great moment, for too frequently there is but little time available for such work, and the more rapidly it can be accomplished the less risk there is of intestinal trouble arising from the contamination of food with putrid remnants of previous meals.

Stoves.—Although we had four Congo stoves, we found that for a Field Hospital and Bearer Company, at least, the open camp fire, with its cauldrons, cooking-bars, and other utensils, which could be brought into requisition within ten minutes of camping, was the best. After a long day's trek, with only such food for the patients as could be given on the march, it was essential, or at least advisable, that they should get a hot ration as quickly as possible. Our cooks and kitchen orderlies, after a little practice, could serve hot milk, beef-tea, &c., within fifteen minutes of camping; thus by the time the tents were pitched and the patients under canvas, an appropriate meal was ready for each.

Bread.—As regards baking bread, no provision, we think, need be made in a field hospital, because when on trek it is virtually impossible, from lack of time; and when in standing camp this is undertaken by the Army Service Corps, and the hospital draws such bread ration as may be indented for.

Repairs.

We were thoroughly equipped with every requisite for the very various repairs to be expected, and to this end carried carpenter's tools, shoemaker's tools, saddler's tools, and tent-maker's tools and materials.

Sundries.

Entrenching tools, groom's and butcher's requisites, and secretarial materials were all amply supplied.

Surgical and Medical Equipment.

In the selection and purchase for the Committee of the necessary surgical and medical equipment I occupied much time, and gave the matter the most anxious consideration. In this work I received the greatest possible help from Mr. Evans and Dr. Stewart; these gentlemen worked hard and zealously to carry out my wishes, offered many valuable suggestions, and took every pains to ensure that the orders when finally given were properly executed. Our experience of this equipment in the field was most satisfactory, and fully repaid us for the trouble we had taken in selecting it.

Before leaving this subject I desire further to record the very valuable services which were rendered in the field by Sergeant Jeffreys, B.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., surgeon-dresser. The wagon containing the field equipment was placed under his care, he being helped in his duties by the other gentlemen who acted as dressers. It is only fair to these men to state that on no occasion were they found wanting when a sudden call was made upon them. The operating tent and medical store tent were also under their care; it was their duty to have all prepared at the shortest notice, instruments and dressings ready, antiseptic solutions prepared, sterilised water obtained from the field kitchen, and, indeed, to make all the arrangements necessary for surgical purposes, and in these duties they never failed.*

* For the suggested alterations and improvements in the equipment I am for the most part indebted to Sergeant Jeffreys and the surgeon-dressers, who, having had special charge of this equipment in South Africa, were specially qualified to test its efficiency as it stood and to suggest improvements. Sergeant Jeffreys at the time of my writing is absent from England, but before leaving he furnished me with notes on this matter which are of the greatest value. Mr. Carling has assisted me in the preparation of this part of the report and has offered many valuable suggestions.

PERSONNEL AND EQUIPMENT.

The following table shows the number of panniers, &c., we took with us in accordance with army regulations. [*Field Service Manual*, 1899: Articles of 1898 Pattern.]

Stores.	Field Hospital.	Bearer Company.
Field medical companions	2	2
Field medical panniers	2 pairs	–
Field surgical panniers	1 pair	1 pair
Reserve field medical panniers ...	1 pair	–
Surgical haversacks	2	8
Field fracture boxes	1	1
Antiseptic boxes	1	1
Water bottles	4	10
Operating tables	2	1

Alterations which were considered advisable in view of the recent improvements made in surgical instruments, &c., were made in the contents of these tabulated items in the equipment.

Table of Additional and Reserve Stores not included in Army Regulations.

Additional and Reserve Stores.	Field Hospital.	Bearer Company.
Reserve field fracture boxes	4	1
Reserve antiseptic boxes	8	2
Congo boxes	1	1
Case of extra instruments	1	–
Reserve drugs	1 case	–

We left 140 cases of extra dressings, medical comforts, &c., at Bloemfontein; these were sent for in September, and brought up to Pretoria by Mr. Scot-Skirving when we had run short of supplies. After replenishing our panniers, dressing and fracture boxes, we handed over the balance of 65 cases to Colonel Kilkelly, who was in command of the Yeomanry Hospital at Pretoria. The appended tables will show particulars as to our supply of dressings, drugs, &c., and it is only necessary here to make a few explanatory remarks and suggestions.

The Field Medical Companion is most useful. Its tabloid case was in daily, I may say hourly, requisition, and was perhaps the most useful emergency

equipment we had. I would desire, however, to insist that the contents of this should not be a fixed quantity, but should be varied according to the country and circumstances of a campaign; *e.g.*, in South Africa our experience showed that the following alterations would have been beneficial. (*Vide* Regulations for Army Medical Services, 1900: Appendix 34A.)

*(2) Pot. chlor. instead of Pil. hydrarg. cum antimon.
(4) Sod. salicyl. instead of Pulv. cret. cum opio.
(5) Caffeine co. (B. W. & Co.) instead of plain antipyrine.
(11) Bismuth salicylate instead of Pil. opii cum capsici.
(13) Ammon. carb. grs. iv. instead of liver pill.

Surgical Panniers [*loc. cit.*, Appendix 39 A].—Panniers No. I. and No. II. should be inseparable companions; we found it necessary to greatly simplify the contents of tins A and B (Pannier I.) and C, D, E (Pannier II.) thus:—

Tin A contained antiseptic gauze *only*. Tin C contained chloroform *only*.
„ B „ bandages and pins *only*. „ D „ swabs *only*.
Tin E contained antiseptic wool *only*.

On hurriedly pitching the operating tent these tins were laid out in a row, and a sufficiency of dressings was at once at hand, and anything required could be found expeditiously, without trouble.

Apart from this detail of *arrangement*, our field surgical panniers only differed from the regulation form in that all the instruments were of the latest surgical aseptic pattern.

Surgical Haversacks.—Our surgical haversacks were of an entirely new pattern, and, although these were more bulky than those used in the army, they were far more useful, and the weight might have been considerably reduced by substituting aluminium for the tins, cases, &c. The contents were secured in twenty-six pockets, each of which was numbered to correspond with a card of contents enclosed in the haversacks. It would be advantageous in the future to avoid constant reference to the card, which is apt to be lost or become illegible, by labelling the pockets directly with their contents. Each haversack contained the following articles:—

Triangular sal. Alembroth bandages (nine).
Roller sal. Alembroth bandages (six, 2½ in. broad).
(More bandages and wider ones are desirable.)
Double cyanide gauze in waterproof bag. Double cyanide wool.
Salicylic wool. Adhesive plaster (three reels).

* These numbers correspond to those *loc. cit.*

Spatula. Hagedorn's needles. Dissecting forceps.
Clasp knife. Scissors. Probe and director.
Gooch's splinting (two pieces, each 1 ft. square).
Esmarch's tourniquets (two). Samway's tourniquets (two).
Medicine Case: Sal volatile (oz. ii.); carbolic acid (oz. i.); hypodermic morphia solution; boric acid powder; double cyanide powder.
Hypodermic syringe and tabloids.
Safety pins, common pins, and thread.
Sterilised silk for ligatures.
Specification tallies.
Candle and wax matches in tin box.

Field Fracture Boxes (2).—These boxes we made to the army regulation pattern, but the contents did not correspond. Ours contained:—

2 pairs Cline's splints.
1 pair Carr's splints.
1 Liston's splint (jointed).
2 pieces Gooch's splinting.
1 extension apparatus.
8 strips of pine wood.
8 sheets perforated zinc.
8 sheets pasteboard.
6 18-in. webbing splint straps.
3 27-in. " " "
Anvil and hammer.
1 gross copper rivets.
1 box tin-tacks.
1 tennant saw.
50 sal. Alembroth bandages.
20 triangular bandages.
12 plaster bandages.
6 lbs. absorbent gauze and wool.
6 empty sand-bags with tapes.

Antiseptic Boxes (2).—These cases were tin-lined and had a sliding lid; it would be better to have the ordinary box-lid which could be fastened at each end by a slip-bolt. Each box contained:—

50 sal. Alembroth roller bandages.
48 yards double cyanide gauze.
8 lbs. double cyanide wool.
2 lbs. absorbent wool.
6 yards Jaconet waterproof.
3 tubes of drainage tubing (different sizes).
Tubes of sterilised horsehair, silkworm gut, silk and chromic gut.
2 housewife cases (needles, pins, thread, &c.).

(More bandages might be added with advantage.)

Operating Tables.—Of these we took three, two of the Jordan Lloyd pattern and one wooden one; they were not strong enough, and patterns now in vogue would be more useful.

Reserve Fracture Boxes (5, not regulation).—These were only opened when

the field fracture boxes needed replenishing. More bandages should be put in, and it would be advantageous to have each plaster of Paris bandage separate instead of half-a-dozen in a tin, as this number leads to waste. Each case contained :—

50 calico bandages.
8 tins, each containing 6 plaster bandages.
12 pieces of millboard.
16 sheets of perforated zinc.
4 pieces of pine boarding.
2 rolls of Gooch's splinting.
2 Carr's splints.
2 lbs. of wadding.
2 boxes of safety pins.
1 gross of rivets (assorted).

Reserve Antiseptic Boxes (10).—From these cases were replenished our field antiseptic cases, medical and surgical panniers, &c. These ten cases each contained :—

8 doz. sal. Alembroth roller bandages.
1½ doz. sal. Alembroth triangular ditto.
1 doz. fine buttercloth bandages.
3 lbs. salicylic wool.
3 lbs. sal. Alembroth wool.
3 lbs. absorbent wool.
54 yards double cyanide gauze.
1 lb. boric lint.
6 yards Jaconet waterproof.
3 doz. hydrarg. perchlor. soloids.
1 doz. carbolic acid soloids.
1 lb. powdered boric acid.
3 ozs. collodion in 1-oz. bottles.
6 tubes of drainage tubing (various sizes).
2 glass syringes.
Safety pins.
Common pins.

The only criticism I have to offer on this equipment is that a small irrigator with the necessary tubing should be substituted for the glass syringes; these never work well, and were too frequently broken. The rubber tubing for the irrigators would keep perfectly sound even in the hottest weather if of good quality and in constant use. The collodion was most useful, but, unfortunately, it could not be kept; it is hardly possible to keep this preparation in hot weather.

Congo Cases (2).—We found these boxes of the greatest service; they are compact, easily carried, and contain a large store of drugs, &c., in a most convenient form. Our experience in South Africa, however, suggested the following alterations; but it must be remembered that such would not necessarily hold good in other countries. The bottles should, we think, be arranged as follows :—

2 Quiniæ hydrochl. (gr. 5).
2 „ „ (gr. 3).
4 Sodii salicylates (gr. 5).
3 Pot. chlorat. (gr. 5).
3 'Livingstone rousers.'
2 Lead and opium.
2 Bismuthi salicylat (gr. 5).
2 Ipecacuanha (gr. 5).

PERSONNEL AND EQUIPMENT.

One each of the following :—

Soda mint.	Ammon. carb. (gr. 4).	Trional.
Iron and arsenic.	Vin ipecac. (oz. 5).	Pot. iod. (gr. 5).
Pot. permang.	Hyd. c. cret.	Tr. nucis vom.
Caffeine co.	Dover's powder.	Cocaine.
Calomel (gr. 1)	Ipecac. c. scillæ.	Salol (gr. 5).
Alum.	Opium (gr. 1).	Morphia (gr. $\frac{1}{8}$).
Chlorodyne.	Pot. bromid.	

In the lid compartments there should be hypodermic and ophthalmic tabloids and hamellæ, hypodermic syringe, clinical thermometer, and tubes of ointments—*e.g.*, boracic and mercurial.

Reserve Drugs.—We had a large supply of reserve drugs, unfortunately (for convenience) packed in one case; in future the supply should be in at least three cases. It is needless to state specifically here the drugs and amounts of each which we actually took, but it may serve some useful purpose if I indicate those which our experience proved would be the most useful for ordinary purposes in South Africa. They are as follows:—

Quiniæ hydrochlor.
Sod. salicylat.
Pot. chloratis.
Bismuth salicylat.
Pulv. ipecac. sine emetine.
Ammon. carb.
Vin ipecac.
Iron and arsenic.
Calomel.
Magn. sulph.
Ol. ricini.
'Livingstone rousers.'
Hydrarg. c. cret.
Lead and opium tabloids.
Opium pills (1 gr.).
Morphia and atropine tabloids.
Trional.
Pot. bromide.
Caffeine co.
Pot. iodide.
Pot. permang.
Salol.
Sulphur tabloids.
Hypodermic tabloids.
Ophthalmic lamellæ.
Carbolic acid.
Boracic acid.
Biniodide of mercury.
Eucaine.
Liniments (various).
Mustard leaves.
Boracic ointment.
Mercurial ointments.
Iodine (for skin parasites).
Keating's powder or other insecticide.
Apothecaries' scales (these are necessary, unless a constant supply of tabloids of known strength can be guaranteed).
Minim and ounce measures made of horn.

It is almost needless to say that the tabloid form is the form in which all drugs should, if possible, be taken, for no other reason than that it saves so much time.

Anæsthetics.—We took 90 lbs. of chloroform and 30 lbs. of ether in tin-lined cases. Of the latter we used practically none; the hot climate of South Africa causes it to evaporate so quickly that it is almost useless as an anæsthetic, and, further, in the field the use of naked flames for illuminating purposes renders ether dangerous. Chloroform is THE anæsthetic for hot countries.

Additional Instruments.—The following instruments were taken in a properly made lined case:—

3 doz. Spencer-Wells pressure forceps.
6 long-pressure forceps.
6 dissecting forceps.
2 bone forceps, fluted, angular and straight.
1 laminectring forceps.
1 Keen's trephining forceps.
1 lion forceps.
1 parrot-bill forceps.
1 necrosis forceps.
1 La Place's anastomosis forceps.
1 hawksbill stump forceps.
1 upper stump forceps.
2½ doz. scalpels assorted.
4 finger knives.
4 bistouries.
2 large breast knives,
1 doz. probes (assorted).
6 pairs scissors (assorted).
2 Spencer-Wells needle-holders.
1 blunt dissector.
8 retractors.
1 Horsley's brain-searcher.
1 trephine.
2 Volckman's spoons.
1 Wheelhouse staft.
1 parallel gag.
2 McEwan's chisels.
2 bone gouges.
1 metal mallet.
1 aseptic Archimedean drill.
2 doz. ivory pegs.
3 doz. Lane's screws (assorted).
1 screw-driver.
12 Murphy's buttons.
2 intestinal clamps.
4 whalebone aural probes.
28 packets suture needles (assorted).
3 packets sewing needles.
1 curved eye speculum.
1 nasal dilator.
1 rectal speculum.
1 aural speculum.
2 doz. reels silver wire.
1 doz. straight ivory pegs.
1 mirror and head band.
1 doz. flanged rubber drainage tubes.
6 saline infusion apparatus.
200 sealed tubes of salt.
2 enema syringes.
6 glass, 1 metal syringes.

Safety pins, instrument trays, solution dishes.

Antiseptic Precautions.—The antiseptic powders which we took in bulk and

chiefly relied upon were cyanide of zinc and mercury, and boracic acid. For making solutions we took absolute phenol, carbolic acid tabloids, mercuric chloride, mercuric biniodide, and chloride of zinc.

The tabloid form for preparing antiseptic solutions is to be strongly recommended; it has the advantages of easy and secure carriage, light weight, and ready manipulation, all of which are of the first importance in the field.

For our antiseptic solution we carried enamelled iron jugs, basins, &c., and found that they answered well; but we would suggest that, in place of these, enamelled iron barrels, such as are used (but of glass) in hospital theatres, with supply taps and tubing, should be substituted.

Each dresser drew the supplies of dressings which would be required for his patients from the medical stores; these he placed and carried in a linen bag, which could be easily sterilised by boiling. Such bags should, we feel, be an integral part of surgical equipment.

Operating aprons for the surgeons, Jaconet aprons for isolating the area of operations, towels, and such necessaries as a modern aseptic operation requires, were invariably used.

In the field it is absolutely impossible, considering the conditions under which the work has to be performed, considering the dust (at least in South Africa), and further the impossibility on an emergency of thoroughly cleansing the area of operation in accordance with modern surgical practice. to ensure rigid asepticism. Yet it behoves all those who have the care of wounded men to do all which lies in their power to ward off septic diseases, and we may here state that we had no serious septic mischief among our patients, although it is true that wounds inflicted by shell almost invariably suppurated. This was inevitable from the nature of and circumstances attending the injury, and was not to be attributed to defects in our antiseptic *régime*.

Filters.

We elected in favour of the Berkfeldt filter, of which we took four for field use and ten hand filters; the latter, however, we never used. A more effective method of packing the candles than that employed by the makers is necessary. Even with this provision the spare supply should be increased. These filters certainly acted well, and throughout the expedition (with the exception of the march to Barberton, when we had run out of candles) we had all drinking water filtered, and when fuel permitted also boiled, so that every man could fill his water-bottle at night with pure water. There is no doubt that the habit of drinking is one which can be encouraged or held in check. A man who gratifies

his thirst at all times and with any filthy water he can come across will be perpetually thirsty; but it is quite easy to do without if the habit be acquired at the outset. Bad water is, of course, one of the curses of a campaign, and it behoves all to obtain as good a supply as possible and to purify it at all costs; typhoid and dysentery are largely, though by no means solely, caused by improper drinking water.

I desire most emphatically to impress upon all who may read these lines the paramount necessity for steps being taken to safeguard an army against water-borne disease. A glance at the official returns is sufficient to indicate that the real foe in warfare is disease. In view of the discoveries of modern science, of the knowledge we possess of the origin and causation of such diseases as typhoid and dysentery, and of the means of prevention of these and allied conditions, it is surely not asking too much that steps should be taken to prevent their occurrence as far as may be. In view of other means of infection, *e.g.*, dust and flies, it is too much to hope that the purification of water will entirely abolish these diseases in time of war, but there is no question that they can be reduced to comparative insignificance. Practical immunity should be guaranteed in standing camps, and it was within our constant experience that typhoid fever originated in such infected centres.

All water should be boiled, and thus rendered pure and innocuous. This *can* be done if only the necessary steps dictated by the teachings of science are carried out. The cost of the appliances, transport, and *personnel* which would be necessary to carry out this obvious sanitary measure would be small; the saving in hospital transport, organization, medical comforts, and all the requirements for the sick and wounded, to say nothing of men's health and lives, would be enormous.

Hospital Comforts.

Of hospital comforts we had a most liberal supply, and more could have been obtained on a wire from us to the Committee in England, so that on this head we had no anxiety, more especially as we could, and actually did, draw on the Supply Column.

It is needless to give details, but we shortly indicate here their nature:—

Soups (various), Maggi, meal extracts and essences, portable beef-tea in slabs (Meggerson).

Cocoa and milk, chocolate, coffee, coffee extract, tea, tea tabloids, condensed milk, rennet, sugar.

Oatmeal, cornflour, arrowroot, sago, rice, tapioca, plasmon, maccaroni, vermicelli, biscuits.

Jams and marmalade, bottled fruits, raisins, currants, &c.

Tongues, various tinned meats, bacon, potted meats, sauces, pickles and condiments, curry powder.

Tinned and dried vegetables.

Cheese, butter.

Baking powder, yeast powder, powder for effervescing drinks.

Sardines, herrings (tinned), meat lozenges, lime-juice, wines, spirits, sparklets and bottles.

Candles, bar and soft soap, dubbin, kerosene.

Condensed milk, sweetened and unsweetened, should be taken in liquid form; for one reason, the liquid form requires only two small holes in the tin to let it run, and in our experience involves least waste.

Cocoa and milk and block chocolate are most important, for they are capable of being easily prepared, and can keep a man going for a long time.

Soups, meat extracts, &c., are, of course, invaluable; they are easily prepared, highly nutritive, and are acceptable to capricious patients.

Arrowroot and crushed oatmeal are not only nutritive, but have the advantage in the field of being quickly made.

The jam, served as a ration throughout the campaign, was invaluable; it served in place of fresh vegetables, which were so difficult to obtain, and when obtainable were so dear that they were practically out of reach of the men. It is most noteworthy that men who in ordinary life would rarely touch jam were as keen as possible on their ration. The jam ration had only one defect, it was insufficient, not perhaps for men's health, but for their craving.

Clothing, &c., for Patients.

Towels, ground sheets, and blankets were supplied in plenty, but we would suggest that in the future field hospitals should be supplied with a fair number of pyjamas, handkerchiefs, flannel shirts, socks, vests, and pants. Many men coming into hospital are practically destitute of such articles. While we were at Rietfontein, near Uitvals Nek, in December, 1900–January, 1901, we were fortunately able to obtain such articles from Colonel Kilkelly, who was in command of the Yeomanry Hospital in Pretoria, and the boon which such a supply proved strongly emphasised the necessity for some such provision in this direction in the field.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A.

PERSONNEL.—IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FIELD HOSPITAL.

Duty.	Name.	Rank on Embarkation.	Promotions.	Service.*	Date of Discharge, Invaliding, etc.†	Remarks.
Officer Commanding and Chief Surgeon	Stonham, C. ...	Major (R.A.M.C.)	... ...	Headquarters.		
Civil Surgeon ...	Openshaw, T. H.	Civil Surgeon	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Left for England 21st Aug., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Sheen, W. A. ...	,,	... ...	Headquarters	Left Barberton for England, 1st Oct., 1900.	
,, ...	Evans, A. H. ...	,,	... ...	,, ...	Left Pretoria for England in charge of Detachment, 14th Nov., 1900.	
Anæsthetist and Physician.	Stewart, Purves .	,,	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July. Rejoined Headquarters 30th Oct., 1900.	Left Pretoria for England Feb., 1901.	
Surgeon Dresser, with charge of Operating Tent and Equipment.	Jefferys, H. C....	,, ...	... ..	Headquarters	With Detachment for England, 14th Nov., 1900.	
Surgeon Dresser ...	Carling, E. R. ...	Surgeon Dresser	... ...	,, ...	Detachment for England, 14th Nov., 1900.	
,, ...	Crowther, S. W.	,,	... ...	,, ...	... ...	
...	Gill, C. A. ...	,,	... ...	,, ...	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	
,, ...	Hughes, C. H. M.	,,	... ...	,, ...	,, ,,	
,, ...	Marett, P. J. ...	,,	... ...	To Pretoria Detachment, 30th Aug., 1900.	Left for England 6th Oct., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Nimmo, W. C....	,,	... ...	Headquarters.	... ...	
Quartermaster ...	Mackay, J. ...	Quartermaster	... ...	Transferred to Deelfontein Yeomanry Hosp., 2nd May, 1900.		
Acting Quartermaster.	Davis, F. ...	Quartermaster-Sergeant.	Promoted Acting Quartermaster, 17th Mar., 1900	... ...	Invalided 22nd June, 1900.	
Transport Sergeant-Major.	Burden, A. ...	Sergeant-Major	... ...	Headquarters.	.. ..	
Sergeant-Major and Chief Wardmaster	Sherwood, T. ...	,,	... ...	,,	... ...	
Assistant Wardmaster.	Russell, W. H....	Staff-Sergeant	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Rejoined Headquarters, 29th October, 1900. Duty at Pretoria Yeomanry Hospital, Nov. to Jan., 1901.	... ...	V. M. S. C.
Compounder ...	Dalkin, T. ...	Sergeant ...	... ...	Left sick at Bloemfontein 27th May, 1900. Joined Detachment at Pretoria 28th July, 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	... ...	
Cook	Fowler, S. G. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Invalided to England 12th Nov., 1900.	

* All served with Headquarters till July 18th, on which date a detachment was left at Pretoria.

† Where no entry is made in this column, the individual served throughout, and was discharged at Southampton on April 1st, 1901.

PERSONNEL.—IMPERIAL YEOMANRY FIELD HOSPITAL—*continued.*

Duty.	Name.	Rank on Embarkation.	Promotions.	Service.	Date of Discharge, Invaliding, etc.	Remarks.
Transport	Hinton, E. ...	Sergeant ...	Reduced Corporal, 23rd May, 1900.	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Discharged 6th Oct., 1900.	Joined Imperial Military Railways.
Steward	Williams, E. H. .	,, ...	.. ...	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment, 27th Jan., 1901.	... ...	
Hospital Cook ...	Woodford, J. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 30th Aug., 1900.	Discharged 6th Oct., 1900, at Pretoria.	,, ,,
,, ...	Baum, A. F. ...	Corporal ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Discharged 13th Nov., 1900.	V. M. S. C. Joined R.A.M.C. in S. Africa.
Cook...	Clowes, A. ...	,, ...	... ...	,, ,,	Discharged 30th Oct., 1900, at Pretoria.	Obtained employment at Pretoria Mint.
Assistant Steward...	Evershed, A. W.	,, ...	... ...	,, ,,	Discharged 13th Nov., 1900, at Pretoria.	Joined R.A.M.C. in South Africa.
Assistant Wardmaster.	Foster, E. C. ...	,, ...	... ...	,, ,,	Left for England, 6th Oct., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
Ward Orderly ...	Preston, R. H....	,, ...	... ...	,, ,,	Invalided 21st Aug., 1900.	V. M. S. C. Joined Paget's Horse.
Clerk and Secretary	Ward, A. W. ...	,, ...	To Sergeant, 30th Oct., 1900.	Headquarters.	... ...	
Ward Orderly ...	Atkins, J. ...	Private ...	... ...	,, ...	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	
Transport Service, Veterinary.	Benson, B. H. ...	,, ...	To Corporal, Nov. 1900.	,, ...	,, ,,	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Bloomfield, W....	,, ...	... ...	,, ...	Discharged 3rd Nov., 1900, at Pretoria.	Joined Imperial Military Railways.
,, ..	Broom, F. ...	,, ...	... ...	,, ...	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	
Instrument Sharpener	Collett, J. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Invalided 31st July, 1900.	
Officer's Servant ...	Edis, G. T. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	
Transport Service ...	Elliott, R. H. ...	,, ..	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 1st Aug., 1900.	... ...	
Transport Service, Butcher.	Elphick, A. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	Left for England 29th Aug., 1900.	
Transport Service ...	Feltham, H. ...	,, ..	... ...	,, ...	.. ..	Returned to S. Africa.
,, ...	Fincher, W. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900. Sick to Yeom. Hosp., Pretoria, 5th Dec., 1900.	Died 21st Dec., 1900.	Died of enteric fever.
Ward Orderly and Cook.	Gale, E. ...	,, ..	... ..	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment, 27th Jan., 1901.	... ...	Joined R. A. M. C.
Ward Orderly ...	Greysmith, G. F.	,, ..	... ...	To Pretoria Detachment, 23rd Aug., 1900. Rejoined Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	... ...	,, ,,
Officers' Mess Cook	Hall, A. W. ...	,, ..	... ...	Headquarters	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	

Pack Storekeeper ...	Hartland, H. W.	,, ...	To Acting Serg., 5th July, 1900.	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Discharged 6th Oct., 1900, at Pretoria.	Joined Imperial Military Railways.
Transport Service ...	Heffernan, J. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	Discharged 13th Nov., 1900.	Joined Johannesburg Fire Brigade.
Ward Orderly ...	Horner, F. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Left for England 21st Sept., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
Transport Service ...	Jones, A. ...	,, ...	... ..	,, ,,	Discharged 30th Aug., 1900.	Joined Johannesburg Fire Brigade.
Transport Service, Wagon Repairer.	Lambert, E. W.	,, ...	To Corpl., 23rd May, 1900. To Serg. 9th July, 1900.	Headquarters.	... ...	
Transport Service ...	Markey, A. ...	,, ...	.. ...	Headquarters. Sent into Pretoria injured, 25th July, 1900.	Invalided 22nd Aug., 1900.	Injured in wagon accident at Rustfontein.
Officers' Mess ...	Montgomery, J.	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	Returned to S. Africa to join Imperial Yeom. Hosp. at Pretoria.
Cook	Moore, C. H. ...	,, ...	To Corpl., 16th Oct., 1900.	,, ...	Left sick at Pretoria Yeom. Hosp. when Unit entrained for Cape Town on 14th Feb., 1901.	V. M. S. C. Joined R. A. M. C. and returned to S. Africa.
Ward Orderly ...	Mundy, W. H. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Rejoined Headquarters 29th Oct., 1900. Sick Pretoria Yeom. Hosp. 10th Dec., 1900, to 30th Jan., 1901.	... ...	V. M. S. C.
Transport Service ...	Paine, T. ...	,, ..	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	
Ward Orderly ...	Parry, R. A. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Rejoined Headquarters 30th Aug., 1900.	... ...	V. M. S. C.
Bootmaker	Percival, F. ...	,, ...	... ..	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1000. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	... ...	
Transport Service ...	Perrin, W. J. S.	,, ...	... ...	,, ,,	Left sick at Pretoria Yeom. Hosp. when Unit entrained for Cape Town 15th Feb., 1901.	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Reeves, A. J. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Left for England 3rd Sept., 1900.	
Ward Orderly ...	Smallwood, C. C.	,, ..	... ...	Headquarters. Temporary duty at Yeom. Hosp., Jan. 1901.	... ...	V. M. S. C.
Transport Service ...	Storie, E. ...	,, ..	... ...	Headquarters	Discharged 17th Oct., 1900, at Machadodorp.	Joined Imperial Military Railways.
,, ...	Studley, B. ...	,, ..	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Invalided 18th July, 1900.	
Officer's Servant ...	Thompson, H. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters.	... ...	
Transport Service ...	Ward, W. ...	,, ...	... ...	,,	... ...	
Ward Orderly ...	Woolgar, P. H....	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Invalided 23rd Nov., 1900.	V. M. S. C.

APPENDIX B.

PERSONNEL.—IMPERIAL YEOMANRY BEARER COMPANY.

Duty.	Name.	Rank on Embarkation.	Promotions.	Service.	Date of Discharge, Invaliding, etc.	Remarks.
Officer Commanding	Hale, G. E., D.S.O.	Major, R.A.M.C.	... ...	Headquarters	Left at Cape Town 28th Feb., 1901, when Unit embarked for England.	
Civil Surgeon ...	Scot-Skirving, A.A.	Civil Surgeon	... ...	Sent down sick 14th June, 1900, from Roodewal to Kroonstad. Joined Detachment at Pretoria.	Left for England 19th Oct., 1900.	
,, ...	Green, F. ...	,,	... ...	Headquarters	... ...	
Acting Quartermaster.	Hall, W. ..	Sergeant-Major	Acting Quartermaster, 21st June, 1900.	,, ...	Left at Cape Town 28th Feb., 1901, on embarkation of Unit.	
Sergeant-Major ...	Moreton, J. ...	,,	... ...	... ...	Sent home from Roodewal 20th June, 1900.	
Sergeant-Major of Transport.	Quarles, W. ...	,,	... ...	... ...	,, ,,	
Sergeant-Major ...	Baynes, P. A. ...	Sergeant ...	Sergeant-Major, 20th June, 1900.	Headquarters	... .	V.M.S.C.
Sergeant	Chapman, H. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment, 27th Jan., 1901.	.. ..	V.M.S.C.
,, ...	Chapman, W. A.	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	... ...	V.M.S.C.
Transport Service, Wagon Repairer.	Couves, E. J. ...	,, ...	Sergeant-Major, 20th June, 1900.	,, ...	Left for England 3rd Sept., 1900.	
Sergeant ... , ...	Tytheridge, A. B.	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Left for England 6th Oct., 1900.	V.M.S.C.
Transport Service, Wheeler, &c.	Wesley, W. ...	Corporal ...	Sergeant, 22nd May, 1900.	Headquarters.	Left for England 3rd Sept., 1900. Time expired.	St. John Ambulance Brigade.
Stretcher-bearer ...	Arnold, R. P. ...	Private ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	... .	V.M.S.C.
Transport Service ...	Bagg, F. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters.	... ...	
Stretcher-bearer ...	Balme, H. ...	,, ...	Corporal, 22nd May, 1900.	Pretoria Detachment, 2nd Aug., 1900.	Left for England 6th Oct., 1900.	V.M.C.S.
Stretcher-bearer and Pioneer.	Beattie, E. ...	,, ...	... ...	Left sick at Bloemfontein 27th May, 1900. Joined Pretoria Detachment 18th July, 1900. Headquarters 30th Aug., 1900. Wonderfontein Detachment.	... ...	
Quartermaster's Stores	Birtles, C. A. ...	,, ...	Corporal, 3rd Aug., 1900; Sergeant, 11th Oct., 1900.	Headquarters.	... .	V.M.S.C.
Transport Service ...	Blanchard, T. ...	,, ...	... .	,, ...	Detachment for England 14th Nov. 1900.	V.M.S.C.
Stretcher-bearer and Ward Orderly.	Boam, H. N. ...	,, ..	.. ..	Headquarters. Left at Mackenzie's farm 28th Feb., 1901, on embarkation of Unit.	... .	Attached to staff of Maitland Yeomanry Hospital.

,,	Bolton, G. H. ...	,, ...	.. ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	Invalided 14th Dec., 1900.	V.M.S.C.
Transport Service ...	Bunning, E. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Left for England 1st Aug., 1900.	
,, ...	Cann, T. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	Invalided 23rd Nov., 1900.	
Stretcher-bearer ...	Carr, W. A. ..	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment	Left sick at Pretoria Yeom. Hosp. 15th Feb., 1901, when Unit entrained for Cape Town.	V.M.S.C.
,, ...	Case, W. E. ...	,, ...	... ...	,, ,,	.. ..	V.M.S.C.
Cook	Coddy, R. ...	,, ..	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Discharged at Pretoria 6th Nov., 1900.	To Civil Employment in S. Africa.
Stretcher-bearer ...	Collins, J. R. ...	,, ...	... ...	Sent sick from Roodewal to Kroonstad 14th June, 1900. Joined Pretoria Detachment 27th Aug., 1900. Headquarters, 30th Aug., 1900.	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	V.M.S.C. Joined Imperial Light Horse at Cape Town.
Transport Service ...	Cook, H. E. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Left for England 1st Aug., 1900.	V.M.C.S.
Stretcher-bearer ...	Cox, A. T. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters. Left sick Middelburg 3rd Sept., 1900.	Left for England 3rd Oct., 1900. Time expired.	St. John Ambulance Brigade.
,,	Cox, F. W. ..	,, ...	... ..	Headquarters. Left sick at Pretoria 31st July, 1900.	Left for England 3rd Sept., 1900. Time expired.	St. John Ambulance Brigade. Joined Duke of Edinburgh's Volunteer Rifles at Cape Town.
Transport Service ...	Craig, H. ..	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Left for England 30th Oct., 1900.	
,, ...	Cunningham, M.	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 30th Aug., 1900.	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	
,, ...	Dangerfield, A.	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 17th Nov., 1900.	Sick on board *Harlech Castle* (enteric).	Taken to Westminster Hosp. from Southampton with enteric fever.
,, ...	Darling, J. ...	,, ...	To Corp., 18th March, 1900. Reduced 13th April, 1900.	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Discharged 29th Sept., 1900.	Joined Pretoria Police.
,, ...	Dowman, S. G....	,, ...	... ...	,, ,,	Discharged 13th Nov., 1900, at Pretoria.	Joined Staff of Field Force Canteen, S. Africa.
Stretcher-bearer and Compounder.	Dunkerton, N. E.	,, ...	To Corp., 22nd May, 1900.	,, ,,	Left for England 6th Oct., 1900.	V.M.C.S.
Stretcher-bearer ...	Ellis, A. E. R. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	Left for England 3rd Sept., 1900, time expired.	St. John Ambulance Brigade.
Transport Service ...	Evans, L. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Discharged 1st Aug., 1900.	
Wheeler, &c. ...	Findlay, W. E. ...	,, ..	... ...	Headquarters.	... ...	
Ward Orderly ...	Foghill, A. W. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 30th Aug., 1900.	... ...	V.M.S.C.
Officer's Servant ..	Graham, G. A. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	Discharged at Cape Town 1st March, 1901.	Joined Imperial Military Railways.
Stretcher-bearer and Cook.	Green, J. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment.	... ...	V.M.C.S.
Transport Service ...	Green, W. J. ..	,, ..	... ...	Headquarters	Discharged at Pretoria 6th Nov., 1900.	To civil employment in S. Africa.

PERSONNEL.—IMPERIAL YEOMANRY BEARER COMPANY—*continued.*

Duty.	Name.	Rank on Embarkation.	Promotions.	Service.	Date of Discharge, Invaliding, etc.	Remarks.
Stretcher-bearer and Ward Orderly.	Grundon, J. ...	Private ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 30th Aug., 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
Transport Service ..	Haigh, A. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 30th Aug., 1900.	,, ,,	
Stretcher-bearer ..	Harper, J. G. ...	,, ...	... ...	Sent to Pretoria, sick, from Haman's Kraal, 23rd Aug., 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900. Sick, Pretoria, 27th Jan., 1901, to 9th Feb., 1901.	... ...	V. M. S. C.
Cook	Hine, W. ...	,, ...	.. ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Discharged 2nd Nov., 1900.	
Stretcher-bearer ...	Hook, G. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	Left for England 3rd Sep., 1900. Time expired.	St. John Ambulance Brigade.
Pioneer & stretcher-bearer.	Husted, F. J. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment.	... ...	
Stretcher-bearer ..	Inkersole, G. G.	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 30th Aug., 1900.	Left for England 3rd Sep., 1900.	
,, ...	Jones, B. H. ...	,, ...	Corp. 22nd May, 1900. Serg. 13th Nov., 1900.	Headquarters	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Judd, A. ...	...	... ...	,, ...	... ...	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Kirk, A. ...	,, ...	... ...	,, ...	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	
,, ...	Lewis, C. R. H.	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	Invalided 12th Dec., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Lewis, G. S. ...	,, ..	... ...	Left sick at Johannesburg 29th June, 1900. Pretoria Detachment, 30th Aug., 1900.	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Livermore, A. ...	,, ...	Corp. 22nd May, 1900.	Left sick, Kroonstad, 5th June, 1900.	Discharged 3rd Sep., 1900, time expired.	St. John Ambulance Brigade. Joined Maitland Yeomanry Hospital.
Transport Service ...	Lowe, N. G. ...	,, ...	... ...	Left sick at Deelfontein 1st May, 1900. Joined Pretoria Detachment 21st July, 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900, and Wonderfontein Detachment.	Left sick at Cape Town 1st March, 1900. In Woodstock Hospital on embarkation of Unit.	V. M. S. C.
Cook	Maury, A. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment.	... ...	
Transport Service ...	Nicolls, A. J. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Left for England 6th Oct., 1900.	
Stretcher-bearer ...	Nobbs, J. H. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	Left sick at Yeom. Hosp., Pretoria, 14th Feb., 1901, when Unit entrained for Cape Town.	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Phillips, J. ...	,, ...	... ...	,, ...	Left for England 3rd Sep., 1900. Time expired.	St. John Ambulance Brigade.

,, ...	Pightling, W. J. C.	,, ...	Corp. 22nd May, 1900.	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment.	... ...	V. M. S. C.
Transport Service ...	Potter, E. C. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Discharged 12th Nov., 1900, at Pretoria.	Joined R. A. M. C. in S. Africa.
Stretcher-bearer ...	Pursey, J. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 30th Aug., 1900.	Left sick at Pretoria Yeom. Hosp. 14th Feb., 1901, when Unit entrained for Cape Town.	V. M. S. C.
Bugler	Ranger, A. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters.	... ...	
Transport Service . .	Robson, H. C. ...	,, ...	Corporal, 20th June, 1900.	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 30th Aug., 1900.	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	
Stretcher-bearer ...	Ryan, R. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	... ...	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Savage, G. R. ...	,, ...	... ...	,, ...	Discharged 6th Nov., 1900.	Obtained an appointment in Pretoria Treasury Dept.
Transport Service ...	Scott, R. G. ...	,, ...	Corporal, 18th Mar. Sergeant 20th June, 1900.	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 29th Oct., 1900.	... ...	
Cook...	Seifert, R. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Discharged 14th Nov., 1900, at Pretoria.	Joined R.A.M.C. in S. Africa.
Stretcher-bearer ...	Scotson, R. ...	,, ...	Corporal, 22nd May.	Headquarters	Left for England 3rd Sept., 1900. Time expired.	St. John Ambulance Brigade.
,, ...	Shaw, H. ...	,, ...	... ...	,, ...	,, ,,	St. John Ambulance Brigade. Returned South Africa, and died of Enteric, 1902.
,, ...	Stoddart, J. W. A.	,, ..	... ...	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment.		
,, ...	Swettenham, J. A.	,, ...	Corporal, 18th March, 1900.	Headquarters	... ...	St. John Ambulance Brigade.
Transport Service ...	Taylor, F. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 31st July, 1900.	Discharged at Pretoria 11th Nov., 1900.	Joined Commander-in-Chief's Body-guard.
Stretcher-bearer ...	Taylor, L. ...	,, ...	... ...	Sent down sick from Haman's Kraal 23rd Aug., 1900.	Left for England 3rd Sept., 1900.	St. John Ambulance Brigade. Joined Maitland Yeomanry Hospital.
Transport Service ...	Tolson, E. ...	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900. Headquarters, 30th Aug., 1900.	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	
Stretcher-bearer ...	Vickery, J. A. ...	,, ..	... ...	Headquarters	Left for England 3rd Sept., 1900. Time expired.	St. John Ambulance Brigade.
,, ...	Walker, T. R. ...	,, ...	Sergeant, 11th Oct., 1900.	,, ...	Sick to Yeom. Hosp., Pretoria, on Nov. 30th, 1900.	V. M. S. C. Died of Enteric Fever, Dec. 18th, 1900.
,, ...	Warren, T. ...	,, ...	Corporal, 22nd May, 1900.	Headquarters and Wonderfontein Detachment.	... ...	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Whitehead, F. E.	,, ...	... ...	Pretoria Detachment, 18th July, 1900.	Left for England 6th Oct., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Wolff, E. D. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters	Detachment for England 14th Nov., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
,, ...	Wood, G. E. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters. To Pretoria Detachment 30th Aug., 1900.	Left for England 3rd Sept., 1900.	V. M. S. C.
Cook...	Wright, E. ...	,, ...	... ...	Headquarters. To Pretoria Detachment sick from Commando Nek, 10th Aug., 1900. Rejoined Headquarters 29th Oct., 1900.	... ...	

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITALS.

APPENDIX C.

PERSONNEL.—SUMMARY.

Unit.	No.	Left for England at various dates, Time-expired, Invalided, &c.	Died in South Africa.	Discharged to Employment in S. Africa, left in Hospital on Embarkation, &c.	Embarked for England with Headquarters on ss. *Harlech Castle*.	Total.	
Field Hospital:							
Officers	5	4	—	—	1	5	All ranks 61.
Warrant Officers...	4	1	—	1	2	4	
Other Ranks ...	52	23	1	12	16	52	
Bearer Company:							
Officers	3	1	—	1	1	3	All ranks 83.
Warrant Officers...	5	3	—	1	1	5	
Other Ranks ...	75	32	1	19	23	75	

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX D.

MARCHES MADE BY THE FIELD HOSPITAL AND BEARER COMPANY.*

Date. 1900.	Marched from	Camping at	Distance.	Total.
May 27th ...	Bloemfontein	Glen Drift	13 miles.	
,, 28th ...	Glen Drift	Glen Siding	3 ,, ...	16
,, 29th ...	Glen Siding	Karree Siding	10 ,, ...	26
,, 30th ...	Karee Siding	Brandfort...	17 ,, ...	43
,, 31st ...	Brandfort...	Vet River...	15 ,, ...	58
June 1st ...	Vet River	Smaldeel	10 ,, ...	68
,, 2nd ...	Smaldeel	Sand River	25 ,, ...	93
,, 3rd ...	Sand River	Holfontein	24 ,, ...	117
,, 4th ...	Holfontein	Kroonstad	20 ,, ...	137
,, 5th ...	Kroonstad	Jordan	5 ,, ...	142
,, 6th ...	Jordan	2 m. N. of Serfontein...	22 ,, ...	164
,, 7th ...	Serfontein	Roodewal and Rhenoster	6 ,, ...	170
,, 22nd ...	Rhenoster River ...	Vredefort Road...	20 ,, ...	190
,, 23rd ...	Vredefort Road... ...	Wolverhoek	17 ,, ...	207
,, 24th ...	Wolverhoek	Viljoen's Drift	15 ,, ...	222
,, 25th ...	Viljoen's Drift	Vereeniging	6 ,, ...	228
,, 26th ...	Vereeniging	Herzenbergfontein	17 ,, ...	245
,, 27th ...	Herzenbergfontein ...	Johannesburg	19 ,, ...	264
,, 29th ...	Johannesburg	Witpoort	15 ,, ...	279
,, 30th ...	Witpoort	Pretoria	20 ,, ...	299
July 7th ...	Pretoria	Grootfontein	14 ,, ...	313
,, 8th ...	Grootfontein	Rietfontein No. 6	24 ,, ...	337
,, 12th ...	Rietfontein No. 6 ...	Springs	18 ,, ...	355
,, 15th ...	Springs	Witfontein	19 ,, ...	374
,, 16th ...	Witfontein	Drooge Groond	20 ,, ...	394
,, 17th ...	Drooge Groond	Pretoria	7 ,, ...	401

The above marches were made by the entire Field Hospital and Bearer Company--those following were made by only a part of the Unit, as it was now determined to leave a detachment at Pretoria.

July 18th ...	Pretoria	Kameel Drift	15 ,, ...	416
,, 20th ...	Kameel Drift	Pienaars River	10 ,, ...	426
,, 21st ...	Pienaars River	Diamond Hill	12 ,, ...	438
,, 22nd ...	Diamond Hill	Rustfontein	15 ,, ...	453
,, 24th ...	Rustfontein	Bronkhorstspruit	10 ,, ...	463
,, 25th ...	Bronkhorstspruit ...	Near Balmoral	14 ,, ...	477
,, 26th ...	Near Balmoral	Balmoral and return to Eloff's Brug	10 ,, ...	487
,, 27th ...	Eloff's Brug	Bronkhorstspruit	11 ,, ...	498
,, 28th ...	Bronkhorstspruit ...	Rietfontein No. 501	16 ,, ...	514
,, 29th ...	Rietfontein 501	Eerstefabriken	16 ,, ...	530
,, 30th ...	Eerstefabriken	Pretoria-Daaspoort	15 ,, ...	545
Aug. 1st ...	Daaspoort...	Middlewater	10 ,, ...	555
,, 2nd ...	Middlewater	Uitvals Nek	10 ,, ...	565

* This does not comprise the marches made in taking Convoys of sick to various places as detailed in Appendix F.

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITALS.

Date. 1900.	Marched from	Camping at	Distance.	Total.
Aug. 3rd ...	Uitvals Nek	Crocodile River	6 miles ...	571
,, 4th ...	Crocodile River	Sterkstroom	15 ,, ...	586
,, 5th ...	Sterkstroom	Rustenburg	15 ,, ...	601
,, 6th ...	Rustenburg	Magata Pass, Rustenburg	20 ,, ...	621
,, 7th ...	Rustenburg	Sterkstroom	15 ,, ...	636
,, 8th ...	Sterkstroom	Crocodile River	15 ,, ...	651
,, 9th ...	Crocodile River	Grootplaats	9 ,, ...	660
,, 11th ...	Grootplaats	Bultfontein	12 ,, ...	672
,, 12th ...	Bultfontein	Thorndale...	14 ,, ...	686
,, 13th ...	Thorndale...	Kaalfontein	10 ,, ...	696
,, 14th ...	Kaalfontein	Vaalbank	13 ,, ...	709
,, 15th ...	Vaalbank	Vlaakfontein	12 ,, ...	721
,, 16th ...	Vlaakfontein	Roodekloof	15 ,, ...	736
,, 17th ...	Roodekloof	Rustenburg, *viâ* Olifants Nek ...	20 ,, ...	756
,, 18th ...	Rustenburg ...	2 m. E. of Sterkstroom	17 ,, ...	773
,, 19th ...	E. of Sterkstroom ...	Commando Nek	17 ,, ...	790
,, 20th ...	Commando Nek... ...	Krokodil Kraal	14 ,, ...	804
,, 21st ...	Krokodil Kraal... ...	Zoutpansdrift	25 ,, ...	829
,, 22nd ...	Zoutpansdrift	Zwartboois' Location	12 ,, ...	841
,, 23rd ...	Zwartzboois' Location ...	Zaaguil Drift	17 ,, ...	858
,, 24th ...	Zaaguil Drift	Warmbaths	16 ,, ...	874
,, 26th ...	Warmbaths	Pienaar's River	23 ,, ...	897
,, 27th ...	Pienaar's River	Waterval	26 ,, ...	923
,, 28th ...	Waterval	Pretoria	15 ,, ...	938
,, 30th ...	Pretoria	Donkerhoek	18 ,, ...	956
,, 31st ...	Donkerhoek	Jackalsfontein	20 ,, ...	976
Sept. 1st ...	Jackalsfontein	Geddrug	15 ,, ...	991
,, 2nd ...	Geddrug	Eland's Drift	20 ,, ...	1010
,, 3rd ...	Eland's Drift	Little Olifants River	11 ,, ...	1021
,, 4th ...	Little Olifants River ...	Wonderfontein	22 ,, ...	1043
,, 5th ...	Wonderfontein	5 m. to Carolina	8 ,, ...	1051
,, 6th ...	N.W. of Carolina ...	Carolina	20 ,, ...	1071
,, 9th ...	Carolina	Derdepoort	15 ,, ...	1086
,, 10th ...	Derdepoort	Silverkop	12 ,, ...	1098
,, 11th ...	Silverkop	Hlomo-hlomo	12 ,, ...	1110
,, 12th ...	Hlomo-hlomo	Tafel-kop	8 ,, ...	1118
,, 14th ...	Tafel-kop	To the Top of Pass	2 ,, ...	1120
,, 15th ...	Top of Pass	Devil's Shute	8 ,, ...	1128
,, 16th ...	Top of Shute	To Plain Below...	12 ,, ...	1140
,, 17th ...	... ...	Barberton...	8 ,, ...	1148
Oct. 2nd ...	Barberton...	North de Kaap River	19 ,, ...	1167
,, 3rd ...	De Kaap River	To the Kantoor Road	8 ,, ...	1175
,, 4th, 5th	Up the Kantoor ...	Kaapsche Hoop	6 ,, ...	1181
,, 6th ...	Kaapsche Hoop	Godwaan River	12 ,, ...	1193
,, 7th ...	Godwaan River	Nooitgedacht	12 ,, ...	1205
,, 8th ...	Nooitgedacht	Waterval Onder	12 ,, ...	1217
,, 9th ...	Waterval Onder ...	Machadodorp	12 ,, ...	1229
Dec. 15th ...	Pretoria	Uitvals Nek	20* ,, ...	1249
Jan, 24th ... 1901.	Uitvals Nek	Pretoria	20* ,, ...	1269

* During our stay here twelve convoys of sick and wounded were sent in to Pretoria, making an additional total distance travelled by our ambulances of 480 miles.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX E.

TRAIN JOURNEYS OF FIELD HOSPITAL & BEARER COMPANY.

Cape Town to Bloemfontein	750 miles.
Machadodorp to Pretoria	161 ,,
Pretoria to Cape Town	1040 ,,
	1951
Total Marching	1269
	3220

APPENDIX F.

SICK CONVOYS BY THE AMBULANCE WAGONS OF THE BEARER COMPANY, OR BY TRAIN.*

Date. 1900.	Removed from.	Conveyed to.	Means of Transport.	No. of Patients.
June 14th ...	Rhenoster River	Kroonstad	By Road ...	106
,, 19th ...	Rhenoster River	Kroonstad	,, Train ...	101
,, 24th ...	Vredefort Road	Johannesburg	,, Train ...	21
July 12th ...	Rietfontein, No. 6	Springs for Train	,, Road ...	60
,, 26th ...	Bronkhorstspruit	Pretoria	,, Train ...	36
,, 28th ...	Bronkhorstspruit	Pretoria	,, Train ...	16
Aug. 2nd ...	Middlewater	Pretoria	,, Road ...	6
,, 11th ...	Commando Nek	Pretoria	,, Road ...	28
,, 14th ...	Vaalbank	Krugersdorp	,, Road ...	11
,, 20th ...	Commando Nek, N. of ...	Grootplaats	,, Road ...	32
,, 23rd ...	Zwartbooi's Location ...	Hammans Kraal	,, Road ...	24
,, 26th ...	Warmbaths	Pretoria	,, Road ...	13
Sept. 1st ...	Balmoral	Pretoria	,, Train ...	5
,, 3rd ...	Middelburg	Pretoria	,, Train ...	8
,, 5th ...	Wonderfontein	Middelburg	,, Train ...	15
,, 8th ...	Carolina	Belfast	,, Road ...	9
,, 17th ...	Menzies' Concessions ...	Barberton	,, Road ...	17
Oct. 1st ...	Menzies' Concessions ...	Barberton	,, Road ...	8
,, 12th ...	Machadodorp	Pretoria	,, Train ...	26
,, 15th ...	Machadodorp	Pretoria	,, Train ...	55
Dec. 18th ...	Rietfontein, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	51
,, 21st ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	38
,, 24th ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	5
,, 27th ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	26
,, 29th ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	37
1901.				
Jan. 3rd ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	25
,, 7th ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	10
,, 12th ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	28
,, 18th ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	27
,, 20th ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	4
,, 21st ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	25
,, 24th ...	,, Uitvals Nek ...	Pretoria	,, Road ...	50
				923

* This List only deals with such convoys as were actually sent by us from the field, and does not include the cases which we took with us into Pretoria and other places. Nor does it include such transport service as our wagons performed in the various towns.

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITALS.

APPENDIX G.

STANDING ORDERS.*

1. All patients admitted will be allotted to the Medical Officers by the Commanding Officer.

2. Officers will visit patients under their care at 9.30 a.m., between 4 and 6 p.m., and at any other time that their services may be required.

3. Officers will personally superintend the dressing of the wounded, and will be accompanied by the Dresser and Ward Orderly.

4. At the morning visit the Diets for the following day will be made out and the Diet Sheets will be handed in to the Orderley Room.

5. Any extras for the day will be ordered at the morning visit.

6. The amount of stimulants for each patient for 24 hours will be entered on the Diet Sheet, and will be drawn by the Dressers from the Steward.

7. The Orderly Medical Officer will not leave camp for the period of his duty without leave from the Commanding Officer.

8. The Orderly Medical Officer will visit all the hospital tents the last thing before going to bed in order to see that the Orderlies are at their posts and attending to the patients.

9. Each Officer will see that a Bed Card giving details of each case is affixed to the tent over each patient and is duly filled up. These Cards can be obtained from the Orderly Room.

10. The Medical Officers will report to the Commanding Officer all instances of neglect of duty.

11. The Medical Officers will enter up their cases in the Case Books, which will be kept in the Orderly Room.

12. No operation is to be performed without a consultation with the Commanding Officer who, as Chief Surgeon, is generally responsible for the work of the Hospital.

13. Two Medical Officers are always to remain in camp, of whom the Orderly Medical Officer shall be one.

14. Sergeant-Major Sherwood is appointed Wardmaster; Corporal Foster, Assistant Wardmaster; Staff-Sergeant Russell, Night Wardmaster. Staff-Sergeant Russell and Corporal Foster will change duties each week, at dinner-time.

15. The Wardmaster on duty will immediately notify the Commanding Officer when patients are admitted.

16. The Wardmasters will report to the Commanding Officer immediately they come off duty.

17. The Wardmaster will be responsible that the Ward Orderlies perform their duties properly and draw diets for patients, and that the meals are served punctually. They will exercise general supervision of the work of the Hospital under the Medical Officers.

18. Sergeant Jeffreys will be in charge of the Operating Tent. He will be responsible for the Surgical and Medical Equipment, and will issue Dressings, &c., on Medical Officers' requisitions. He will see that soiled bandages are washed, boiled, rolled, and stored for future use,

19. Private Collett will perform such duties in the Operating Tent as may be allotted him by Sergeant Jeffreys.

20. When an operation is to be performed, Sergeant Jeffreys is to be at once acquainted of its nature. He will summon the Dresser to the case, and one or two others as may be required, and will at all times employ their services when required in the Operating Tent, except when they are with the Medical Officers.

21. The Dressers will be allotted as follows:—

To Major Stonham	Dresser Carling.
,, Mr. Openshaw	,, Marett.
,, Mr. Sheen	,, Gill.
,, Mr. Evans	,, Crowther.
,, Mr. Scot-Skirving	,, Nimmo.
,, Dr. Green	,, Hughes.

* These orders were necessarily modified after we had detailed a detachment for duty in Pretoria, but their practical effect remained the same throughout.

22. The Dressers will attend the Medical Officers at their visits, and will assist in the dressings. They will draw dressings and drugs from Sergeant Jeffreys and stimulants from the Steward.

23. The Dressers will be responsible that a sufficient quantity of water is boiled and filtered for use in the Operating Tent, and for drinking purposes.

24. The following are to act as Ward Orderlies.

For Day Duty:—

To Major Stonham	Private Atkins.
,, Mr. Openshaw	,, Kirk.
,, Mr. Evans	,, Greysmith.
,, Mr. Sheen	,, Mundy.
,, Dr. Stewart	,, Smallwood.
,, Mr. Scot-Skirving	,, Parry.
,, Dr. Green	,, Gale.

For Night Duty:—

To Major Stonham	The Night Wardmaster.
,, Mr. Openshaw	Private Horner.
,, Mr. Evans	Corporal Preston.
,, Mr. Sheen	Private Judd.
,, Mr. Scot-Skirving	,, Foghill.
,, Dr. Green	,, Boam.

25. The Day and Night Orderlies will exchange duties as may be subsequently directed.

26. The Day Orderlies will parade at 7.55 a.m. for duty at 8 a.m.

27. The Night Orderlies will parade at 7.55 p.m. for duty at 8 p.m.

28. The Ward Orderlies will attend to the wants of the patients, and will not absent themselves from their Wards except on duty and for their meals.

29. (i.) The Ward Orderlies will attend the visits of the Medical Officers. They are on no account to dress Patients unless the Medical Officer is present and orders them to do so.

(ii.) They will see that blankets of all convalescent patients are aired daily.

(iii.) A close stool and bed-pan will be under the care of each Orderly, and when used will be at once emptied into the latrine and cleaned.

(iv.) The Orderlies will collect all soiled bandages and dirty linen, and will deliver them to Sergeant Jeffreys as soon as possible.

(v.) Orderlies are to at once summon the Medical Officer, and, in his absence, the Orderly Medical Officer, in any case of emergency or doubt which may arise.

(vi.) The Ward Orderlies will draw breakfasts, dinners, and teas, and give them to patients.

(vii.) The Ward Orderlies, who may be assisted by such convalescent patients as are able, will be responsible for the cleanliness of all utensils used by patients.

30. Privates Jones and Heffernan are appointed Hospital Washermen. Each morning they will collect from Sergeant Jeffreys such articles as require washing, and will return them to him when cleaned. All bandages and such linen articles as may be directed are to be boiled after washing.

31. Sergeant Hinton, Corporal Baum, Privates Bloomfield, Benson, Elliott, Perrin, and Storie will fill water-carts by 8 a.m., and again by 4.30 p.m.

32. Sergeant Fowler, and Privates Studley and Ward will collect wood and be responsible for the boiling of water.

33. The Quartermaster will issue stores to the Steward on requisition, and will keep an account of what he issues. He will be responsible for Hospital Clothing, Tents, and for the general camp equipment.

34. The Quartermaster will collect, label, and register the kits of patients which require storing, and will hand all valuables to the Commanding Officer.

35. The Steward, Sergeant Williams, will draw on daily requisition, all supplies for the following day for patients. He will issue them to the Cooks and Ward Orderlies. He will keep an account of all stores issued to him by the Quartermaster and by him to the Cooks and Orderlies.

36. Corporal Evershed is appointed Assistant Steward.

37. Corporal Ward, the Clerk and Secretary, will be assisted in his duties by Private Hartland.

38. Sergeant Woodford and Corporal Clowes are appointed Hospital Cooks. They will draw rations from the Steward for the following day, and will, when in standing camp, have the patients'

meals ready as follows;—Breakfast, 8 a.m.; dinner, 1 p.m.; tea, 5 p.m.; and such extras at such times as may be ordered.

39. Privates Percival and Moore will act as Men's Cooks; will draw their supplies from the Quartermaster, and have breakfast ready, while in standing camp, 7.30 a.m.; dinner, 12.30 p.m; tea, 5.30 p.m.

40. Officers' Mess Cook, Private Hall. Breakfast, 8 a.m.; lunch, 1 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m., while in standing camp.

41. Sergeants' Mess Cook, Private Reeves. Breakfast, 7.30 a.m.; dinner, 12.30 p.m.; tea, 5.30 p.m., while in standing camp.

42. Cooks are to scrub and scrape their Chopping Boards daily. They will be responsible for the cleanliness of their utensils, which will be inspected daily by the Commanding Officer.

43. Sergeant-Major Burden will be responsible for the Wagon Loads, for the Animals, for the Transport generally, and for the work of those under him.

44. The following Grooms are appointed:—

Major Stonham	Driver Feltham.
Mr. Openshaw, Mr. Sheen	,, Fincher.
Mr. Evans, Dr. Stewart	,, Paine.
Warrant Officers	,, Markey. Broom.

45. Private Elphick is appointed Butcher.

46. Corporal Lambert is appointed Carpenter.

47. The Commanding Officer will attend at the Orderly Room daily at 9.30 a.m. in order that any defaulters be brought before him.

(Signed) C. STONHAM, Major R.A.M.C.,
Officer Commanding and Chief Surgeon Imperial
Yeomanry Field Hospital.

Rhenoster River, 12th June, 1900.

ADDITIONS AND AMENDMENTS TO STANDING ORDERS.

15TH JUNE.

48. At sundown all Tortoise Tents containing patients are to be laced up securely on the windward side, and are not to be unlaced till after 8 o'clock the following morning.

17TH JUNE.

49. Sergeant Fowler, in addition to superintending Wood Fatigue and boiling water, will take over the duties of Standing Orderly Sergeant to the Field Hospital.

18TH JUNE.

50. All lamps for trimming will be taken to the Lamp Trimmer, Private Ellis, not later than 10 a.m. daily.

18TH JUNE.

51. Orderlies in charge of each Tent will be held responsible that all blankets issued to Patients are collected and handed in to the Steward, and that all utensils are properly cleansed and returned to Store.

30TH JUNE.

52. Private Hartland has been appointed Acting Sergeant, and will assist Quartermaster-Sergeant Hall in his duties, and take over the duties of Pack Storekeeper.

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